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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FROM

MAY TO AUGUST INCLUSIVE.

1831.

VOL. II.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1831.

ART. I.—*History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the year* 1807 *to the year* 1814. By W. F. P. Napier, C.B. Colonel H.P. Forty-third regiment, and Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Military Sciences. Vol. iii. 8vo. London: T. & W. Boone. 1831.

COLONEL Napier's work will appear, we think, to most readers, to have taken what the sailors call in turning a cape, rather a distant offing. We have no right to complain of the intervals that elapse between each volume and its successor. On the contrary, the more time the author spends in the preparation and revision of his labours, the more likely they are to be worthy of the public attention. But as he has already attained a considerable and not unmerited degree of success, some persons will suspect that he has resolved to take advantage of it, in order to spin out his history to the utmost possible extent. Judging from the course pursued in the present volume, we should apprehend it to be essential to his plan, to record not only every combat in which the British troops were engaged, but every skirmish, every trivial affair of pickets, which gave a moment's work to their Spanish or Portuguese allies. Even the desultory warfare of the Guerilla parties is treated with unnecessary minuteness. As the Colonel has now written above eighteen hundred pages, and has advanced only as far as the battle of Albuera, we may conclude that the important events by which that sanguinary conflict was followed, will occupy thrice that number, and afford the industrious author abundant literary occupation for many years yet to come.

We must therefore take the liberty to suggest it, as a question well entitled to Colonel Napier's serious consideration, whether he ought not to take in some of his canvas, and steer somewhat more directly towards the haven for which he is destined. Let him not lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he has secured popularity for his exertions, and may therefore prolong them as he pleases.

The public taste is exceedingly capricious, and it might happen even to Colonel Napier to experience its despotism. He will find himself much mistaken if he think that he can repeat with impunity the experiment which he has made in the volume before us, of spreading over three or four hundred pages details of insignificant transactions, which, if they might not have been altogether omitted, might undoubtedly have been most advantageously compressed within the limits of a single chapter. Even military readers, men who peruse this work as a professional exercise, or who desire to be reminded by it of scenes in which they have been themselves engaged, must contend manfully with the power of *ennui*, in order to obtain a knowledge of whatever it contains of real importance. Nay, the author admits more than once, that the multiplicity of small incidents which he relates must prove wearisome; if he felt this, why did he swell them to such an unreasonable proportion?

It is not our desire to offer the smallest objection to the fulfilment of the author's ultimate design, which is to show that the war in the Peninsula was conducted to its happy termination, exclusively by the masterly genius of the Duke of Wellington. Of this fact the world has never doubted, and never will doubt if it should endure for thousands of ages. But there have been writers, French, Spanish, and others, who have affected to dispute the voice of history upon this point, and it is well that their falsehoods should be contradicted, their sophistries detected, and their miserable detractions exposed to just contempt. But we maintain that in order to accomplish this purpose, it was not necessary for Coloniel Napier to devote two hundred pages, for instance, to the matters which occurred in the Spanish army, between the period when Blake abandoned Aragon, and that of the surrender of Ciudad Rodrigo. The battle of Ocana, where the Spanish army was in effect destroyed, one or two sieges, and the investment of Cadiz, were really the only events worth much notice during that interval, and considering the little comparative influence which they had upon the final issue of the war, they might well have been summed up in a few compendious sections, after the manner of Tacitus.

Colonel Napier should learn that prolixity from him is less endurable than from most living writers, inasmuch as he well knows how, when he pleases, to be sententious in narrating events, and by a few picturesque touches to place a scene before his readers in the most perfect manner. In describing battles, particularly, he is unrivalled. The ground, the marshalling of the troops, the actual conflict, are painted so distinctly, that we see the whole affair at once, as in a cabinet picture. Beneath these master-pieces of the artist, he displays a technical precision in delineating the whole engagement, as a demonstration upon which the military critic is afterwards to exercise his skill, in awarding praise or distributing censure. It is true that we are aided on these occasions by plans and maps, but these might generally be dispensed with, so highly

relieved, so well defined and graphic are the written sketches. Of the justness of the critical observations on the military movements of the contending armies, it is impossible for us to form an accurate judgment; that we leave to those whose professional experience has enabled them to speak upon the subject. It is our business to treat the Colonel merely as an author, and in that respect we must say that he never quits a field of battle without exciting our enthusiastic admiration. He sends the blood tingling through our veins oftener than any writer, who has for a long time come under our notice.

Nor does the gallant officer omit the mighty moral of his theme, the disaster, the misery, the demoralization which war uniformly produces. Although as a soldier he mingles with unaffected delight in the stormy perils of the field, he constantly recurs with the feelings of the man to the desolation, the ruin of families, the destruction of social happiness, with which often the most brilliant victories in defence of freedom are attended. It is captivating to observe the softened glance with which he turns away sometimes from the shout of successful combatants and roaring artillery, to commiserate the fate of villages and their innocent inhabitants, all whose calculations of felicity are put to flight, like visions, by those sounds of terror. We are thus led occasionally to ask ourselves what is all this turmoil about, and for what end? Is it worth while thus to prostrate towns, and disperse so many families, merely that a king may vindicate his honour, or a nation its pride?—merely that a little angle may be added to our territory, or a stream may acknowledge our dominion? Seeing how events have turned out, one might seriously question the utility of all the battles which have been won by the Duke of Wellington, not to speak of the enormous expenditure of blood and treasure by which they were purchased.

It is not discreditable to Colonel Napier's humanity, that his work gives rise frequently to such reflections as these. He truly represents the object of the British arms in the Peninsula, to have been the support of the aristocratical principle, against the democratical tendency of the French revolution, and its empire. We now see how little has been really gained upon these points. We overthrew the revolution and destroyed the giant to whom it gave birth, but we failed to chain its spirit, and it is at this moment as much alive, and may very probably, before many months, be as turbulent and as domineering as ever. Doubtless we have learned too severe a lesson to think of again opposing it. A generous though inevitable compromise will teach us that the aristocratical principle is no longer tenable, and, even if it were, that it is no longer worth fighting for.

In another respect Colonel Napier's history is most valuable. It is certainly the best authenticated work, as well as the most impartial, that has yet appeared upon the war in the Peninsula. The

author has received information from the leaders, and from individuals of the French, as well as of the British armies, which enables him to rectify many mistakes that have been made by preceding writers, as well as to explain many things that might otherwise have been involved in obscurity. He does not think it necessary to the cause which he has in hand, to detract on any occasion from the merit of those who were then our bitter enemies. He freely censures their conduct, indeed, when blame is deserved, and points out their errors, when errors were committed. But all this he does with the frankness, chivalry, and good faith of an honourable foe. He eulogises the French marshals whenever they are entitled to his approbation, explains the merit of their plans and combinations without a particle of bias, and indeed thus more completely establishes the superiority of that gifted warrior, who baffled and overthrew, before crossing the Pyrennees to a still higher destiny, the ablest men whom Napoleon could send against him.

Notwithstanding the foolish boasts of the Spaniards,—boasts which they persevere in to this hour,—we shall not follow Colonel Napier in his demonstrations, tiresome from their number, that upon every point where Spanish troops were assailed, they were absolutely incapable of defending their own cause. It is enough for us to know that 'every action, every correspondence, every proceeding of the six years that the war lasted, rise up in support of this fact.' Neither do we deem it necessary to make any observation upon the author's account of the defence of Portugal by the Duke of Wellington. That great operation which enabled him at first to make a bold stand against the French invaders, and afterwards to expel them from the whole Peninsula, must for ever shew that fortune had less to do with that warrior's splendid successes, than the military sagacity, and inflexibility, which so strongly characterise his mind. Indeed it was not in Portugal alone, that his comprehensive genius displayed itself most conspicuously. From the commencement of his contact with the enemy in Spain, he clearly foresaw the points on which they would be most vulnerable, and the periods at which his resources might be applied against them with the greatest advantage; and in his calculations, moral causes and results were considered with as much attention as military probabilities. It is in this respect that the fame of the Duke of Wellington will shine with the truest lustre; no envious criticism can rob him of this part of his glory. Firm and full of hope at a period when his plans were the subject of much opposition, both in the camp, and the senate at home, he still grandly persevered; and even when there was a question of altogether giving up the contest in Portugal, and withdrawing the troops, a question which was not only entertained by our statesmen, but decided by them in the affirmative, he did not despair of the fortunes of his country. Besides the efficacy of the celebrated lines, which he established for protecting the re-embarkation of his troops, if that should ultimately

be unavoidable, he well knew the character of the soldiers upon whose assistance he chiefly relied—a character which Colonel Napier describes with not less accuracy than eloquence.

'That the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation, can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe; and, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue, and wet, and the extremes of cold and heat, with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty, and his movements free; the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing, nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not, indeed, possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril.

'It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle, is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope; his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore! Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, and, with incredible energy, overthrow every opponent, at all times proving that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him!

'The result of a hundred battles and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations has given the first place, amongst the European infantry, to the British; but, in a comparison between the troops of France and England, it would be unjust not to admit that the cavalry of the former stands higher in the estimation of the world.'—vol. iii. pp. 271, 272.

Nor were the soldiers against whom such troops were matched unworthy of their admiration. On few occasions, perhaps, during the Peninsular war, were the opposing regiments committed in closer conflict, bayonet to bayonet, and sword to sword, than during that series of remarkable operations which was undertaken by Colonel Crawfurd in the summer of 1810, with the view of affording succour to Ciudad Rodrigo. The combat of the Coa afforded brilliant evidence of the courage and determination, which actuated every man engaged on either side.

'Crawfurd's whole force under arms consisted of four thousand infantry, eleven hundred cavalry, and six guns, and his position, one mile and a half in length, extended in an oblique line towards the Coa. The cavalry piquets were upon the plain in his front, his right on some broken ground, and his left, resting on an unfinished tower, eight hundred yards

from Almeida, was defended by the guns of that fortress; but his back was on the edge of the ravine, forming the channel of the Coa, and the bridge was more than a mile distant, in the bottom of the chasm.

'A stormy night ushered in the 24th of July. The troops, drenched with rain, were under arms before day-light, expecting to retire, when a few pistol shots in front, followed by an order for the cavalry reserves and the guns to advance, gave notice of the enemy's approach; and as the morning cleared, twenty-four thousand French infantry, five thousand cavalry, and thirty pieces of artillery were observed marching beyond the Turones. The British line was immediately contracted and brought under the edge of the ravine; but meanwhile, Ney, who had observed Crawfurd's false disposition, came down with the swoop of an eagle. Four thousand horsemen and a powerful artillery swept the plain. The allied cavalry gave back, and Loison's division coming up at a charging pace, made towards the centre and left of the position.

'While the French were thus pouring onward, several ill-judged changes were made on the English side, part of the troops were advanced, others drawn back, and the forty-third most unaccountably placed within an enclosure of solid masonry, at least ten feet high, situated at the left of the road, with but one narrow outlet about half-musket shot down the ravine. While thus imprisoned, the firing in front redoubled, the cavalry, the artillery, and the caçadores successively passed by in retreat, and the sharp clang of the ninety-fifth rifle was heard along the edge of the plain above. A few moments later, and the forty-third would have been surrounded; but that here, as in every other part of this field, the quickness and knowledge of the battalion officers remedied the faults of the general. One minute sufficed to loosen some large stones, a powerful effort burst the enclosure, and the regiment, reformed in column of companies, was the next instant up with the riflemen; there was no room to array the line, no time for any thing but battle, every captain carried off his company as an independent body, and joining as he could with the ninety-fifth or fifty-second, the whole presented a mass of skirmishers, acting in small parties and under no regular command; yet each confident in the courage and discipline of those on his right and left, and all regulating their movements by a common discretion, and keeping together with surprising vigour.

'It is unnecessary to describe the first burst of French soldiers. It is well known with what gallantry the officers lead, with what vehemence the troops follow, and with what a storm of fire they waste a field of battle. At this moment with the advantage of ground and numbers, they were breaking over the edge of the ravine, their guns ranged along the summit, played hotly with grape, and their hussars, galloping over the glacis of Almeida, poured down the road, sabring every thing in their way. Ney, desirous that Montbrun should follow this movement with the whole of the French cavalry, and so cut off the troops from the bridge, sent five officers in succession to urge him on, and so mixed were friends and enemies at the moment, that only a few guns of the fortress durst open, and no courage could have availed against such overwhelming numbers. But Montbrun enjoyed an independent command, and, as the attack was made without Massena's knowledge, he would not stir. Then the British regiments, with singular intelligence and discipline, extricated themselves

from their perilous situation. For falling back slowly, and yet stopping and fighting whenever opportunity offered, they made their way through a rugged country, tangled with vineyards, in despite of their enemies, who were so fierce and eager, that even the horsemen rode in amongst the enclosures, striking at the soldiers as they mounted the walls or scrambled over the rocks.

'As the retreating troops approached the river, they came upon a more open space; but the left wing being harder pressed, and having the shortest distance, arrived while the bridge was still crowded, and some of the right wing distant. Major M'Leod, of the forty-third, seeing this, rallied four companies on a hill just in front of the passage, and was immediately joined by a party of the ninety-fifth, and at the same time, two other companies were posted by brigade-major Rowan, on another hill flanking the road; these posts were thus maintained until the enemy, gathering in great numbers, made a second burst, when the companies fell back. At this moment the right wing of the fifty-second was seen marching towards the bridge, which was still crowded with the passing troops; M'Leod, a very young man, but with a natural genius for war, immediately turned his horse round, called to the troops to follow, and, taking off his cap, rode with a shout towards the enemy. The suddenness of the thing, and the distinguished action of the man, produced the effect he designed; a mob of soldiers rushed after him, cheering and charging as if a whole army had been at their backs, and the enemy's skirmishers, astonished at this unexpected movement, stopped short. Before they could recover from their surprise, the fifty-second crossed the river, and M'Leod, following at full speed, gained the other side also without a disaster.

'As the regiments passed the bridge, they planted themselves in loose order on the side of the mountain. The artillery drew up on the summit, and the cavalry were disposed in parties on the roads to the right, because two miles higher up the stream there were fords, and beyond them the bridge of Castello Bom, and it was to be apprehended that, while the sixth corps was in front, the reserves, and a division of the eighth corps, then on the Agueda, might pass at those places and get between the division and Celerico. The river was, however, rising fast from the rains, and it was impossible to retreat farther.

'The French skirmishers, swarming on the right, opened a biting fire, which was returned as bitterly; the artillery on both sides played across the ravine, the sounds were repeated by numberless echoes, and the smoke rising slowly, resolved itself into an immense arch, spanning the whole chasm, and sparkling with the whirling fuzes of the flying shells. The enemy gathered fast and thickly; his columns were discovered forming behind the high rocks, and a dragoon was seen to try the depth of the stream above, but two shots from the fifty-second killed horse and man, and the carcases floating between the hostile bands, showed that the river was impassable. The monotonous tones of a French drum were then heard, and, in another instant, the head of a noble column was at the long narrow bridge. A drummer, and an officer in a splendid uniform, leaped forward together, and the whole rushed on with loud cries. The depth of the ravine at first deceived the soldiers' aim, and two thirds of the passage was won ere an English shot had brought down an enemy; yet a few paces onwards the line of death was traced, and the whole of the leading

French section fell as one man! Still the gallant column pressed forward, but no foot could pass that terrible line; the killed and wounded rolled together, until the heap rose nearly even with the parapet, and the living mass behind melted away rather than gave back.

'The shouts of the British now rose loudly, but they were confidently answered; and, in half an hour, a second column, more numerous than the first, again crowded the bridge. This time, however, the range was better judged, and ere half the distance was won, the multitude was again torn, shattered, dispersed, and slain; ten or twelve men only succeeded in crossing, and took shelter under the rocks at the brink of the river. The skirmishing was renewed, and a French surgeon coming down to the very foot of the bridge, waved his handkerchief, and commenced dressing the wounded under the hottest fire; nor was his appeal unheeded: every musket turned from him, although his still undaunted countrymen were preparing for a third attempt. The impossibility of forcing the passage was, however, become too apparent, and this last effort, made with feeble numbers and less energy, failed almost as soon as it commenced.'—vol. iii. pp. 287—292.

This affair was soon after followed by the third invasion of Portugal, expressly ordered by Napoleon, the prudence of whose plans is warmly vindicated by Colonel Napier. The instructions of that great warrior were however but feebly seconded by his marshals, who, from personal envy, or other causes, were almost always at variance with each other. The Duke of Wellington had also his difficulties to encounter; if his general officers were usually more obedient than those of the French Emperor, it was by no means uniformly the case. He held no practical controul whatever over the Spanish armies, and although those of Portugal were infinitely better disciplined, they were not always to be depended upon. He had moreover to contend against the open opposition, for open and manly it was at all times, of the Parliamentary antagonists of the ministers, and against the dark intrigues and vindictive deep rooted hostility of the Souza faction at Lisbon. He had not yet acquired that moral elevation, which victory gives to a military chieftain; and so little was known of his real plans at the time when he established the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, that not only the French generals, but the Spanish and Portuguese people, the opposition at home, and even the ministers, looked upon them as merely intended to cover his retreat and departure from Portugal, threatened now, as every body apprehended, for the last time. So prevalent was this conviction, that an officer of engineers arrived at this period at Lisbon, with a letter of instructions in his pocket from Lord Liverpool, (which at the time was unknown to Wellington) beginning thus:—"*As it is probable that the army will embark in September.*"

Nor was this probability unreasonably looked to, for it would appear that such an event was most likely to have taken place, if Massena had acted cordially with Ney and Regnier, and had not lost, by unaccountable delays, much precious time immediately

before the well remembered battle of Busaco;—the results of which, though very far from being so decisive as they were at first generally thought, had at least this good fortune about them, that they dissipated the gloom which prevailed in England, and inspired the army with brighter hopes than they had hitherto ventured to entertain. We see at once from Napier's description of this murderous contest, the immense advantage which an eye witness historian possesses over the writer who collects his information from documents. After a clear and picturesque sketch of the rugged mountainous scene of fight, and of the movement of the enemy on the night before it took place—a night on which 'none but veterans could have slept, for the weather was calm and fine, and the dark mountain masses, rising on either side, were crowned with innumerable fires, around which more than a hundred thousand brave men were gathered,' the author introduces us amidst the hostile columns, sets before us in such distinct points of view the prowess of the combatants on either side, their changes of position, their desperate struggles for superior ground, that we almost hear the pealing of the cannon and musketry, and the shouts of the furious multitude.

'Ross's guns were worked with incredible quickness, yet their range was palpably contracted every round, and the enemy's shot came singing up in a sharper key, until the skirmishers, *breathless and begrimed with powder*, rushed over the edge of the ascent, when the artillery suddenly drew back, and the victorious cries of the French were heard within a few yards of the summit. Crawfurd, who *standing alone on one of the rocks*, had been intently watching the progress of the attack, then turned, and in *a quick shrill tone* desired the two regiments in reserve to charge. The next moment a *horrid shout startled* the French column, and eighteen hundred British bayonets *went sparkling over the brow of the hill*. Yet so truly brave and hardy were the leaders of the enemy, that each man of the first section raised his musket, and two officers and ten soldiers fell before them. Not a Frenchman had missed his mark! They could do no more! The head of their column was violently overturned and driven upon the rear, both flanks were lapped over by the English wings, and three terrible discharges at five yards' distance completed the route. In a few minutes *a long train of carcasses and broken arms* indicated the line of retreat.' —vol. iii. pp. 332, 333.

Who that reads these sentences does not see before him the skirmishers 'breathless and begrimed with powder,' who does not see Crawfurd standing alone on the rock, like a wolf on the look out for prey, and hearing his quick shrill command to the charge, then follow that forest of bayonets as they go 'sparkling over the brow of the hill?' Nor is this appalling picture of human slaughter without its relief. After the battle was over, a little occurrence took place, which is thus tastefully brought into the painting by Colonel Napier, as if to shew, that even in such an hour, and in such a scene, these desperate combatants were still men, and had all the feelings of men beneath their blood-stained regimentals.

'Meanwhile an affecting incident, strongly contrasting with the savage character of the preceding events, added to the interest of the day. A poor orphan Portuguese girl, about seventeen years of age, and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain and driving an ass, loaded with all her property, through the midst of the French army. She had abandoned her dwelling in obedience to the proclamation, and now passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, totally unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile, and which the friendly troops, for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her.'—vol. iii. p. 334.

The proclamation here alluded to, was one that had been issued by the English general and the Portuguese regency, for laying waste every part of the country which was likely to fall into the power of the enemy. This dreadful mandate formed as necessary a part of the plan for the defence of Portugal, as the lines of Torres Vedras; and we may easily conceive the horrors with which its execution, though partial, was attended. 'Mothers with children of all ages; the sick, the old, the bedridden, and even lunatics went or were carried forth; the most part, with little hope and less help, to journey for days in company with contending armies.' This was not all. Upon the approach of the French to Coimbra, the light division of our troops marched hastily through the city, in order to gain the defiles of Condeixa, which commence at the end of the bridge. Immediately

'all the inhabitants who had not before quitted the place rushed out, each with what could be caught up in the hand, and driving before them a number of animals loaded with sick people or children. At the entrance to the bridge, the press was so great that the troops halted for a few moments, just under the prison; the jailor had fled with the keys, the prisoners, crowding to the windows, were endeavouring to tear down the bars with their hands, and even with their teeth, and bellowing in the most frantic manner, while the bitter lamentations of the multitude increased, and the pistol-shots of cavalry, engaged at the ford below, were distinctly heard.'

Colonel Napier's description of the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, is so lucid and free from technicality, that any reader may easily understand the great military objects which they were so well and so successfully calculated to accomplish. It is sufficient for us here to notice, that they comprised fifty miles of fortification, and one hundred and fifty forts, and that they were defended by six hundred pieces of artillery. Massena upon approaching them, and examining them every where, like a bull going round the arena to see where he might hope to leap over the barrier, found that they were utterly impregnable. Nevertheless, the state of affairs now became extremely critical. The army and a great part of the fugitive population being compressed within a few leagues of country, found the greatest difficulty in procuring subsistence. The most desponding letters were written home by several officers, especially by Generals Charles Stewart and Spencer.

The Souza faction again lifted its clamorous voice against the Commander, who, 'thus beset on every side,' as the author expresses it, 'rose like a giant.' The epistles from the two officers just mentioned having been referred to him by Lord Liverpool, who earnestly demanded an opinion upon their contents,

'He took a calm historical review of the grounds upon which he had undertaken the defence of Portugal, and which he had before pointed out to the minister he was addressing; then shewing that, up to that period, his views had been in every instance borne out by the results, he demonstrated that it was reasonable to confide in his judgment of what was to come. Having thus vindicated his own prudence and foresight by irresistible facts, he proceeded to trace the probable course of future events, entered largely into both his own and the enemy's designs, and with such a judgment and sagacity that the subsequent course of the war never belied his anticipations. This remarkable letter exists, and were all other records of Lord Wellington's genius to be lost, it would alone suffice to vindicate his great reputation to posterity.'

We must mention a curious revelation which was made at the time by Baron Eben and the editor of a Lisbon newspaper, who had previously belonged to the Souza faction, from which the reader may infer the extent and nature of the intrigues that were carried on against the English General.

'Those persons abandoning the faction, asserted that the Patriarch, the Souzas, and (while he remained in Portugal) the ex-plenipotentiary, Mr. Villiers, were personally opposed to Lord Wellington, Marshal Beresford, and Mr. de Forjas, and had sought to remove them from their situations, and to get the Duke of Brunswick appointed generalissimo in Portugal; that they had also endeavoured to engage the Duke of Sussex to take a leading part, but that his Royal Highness had repulsed them at the outset; that their plan was to engage a newspaper to be their organ in London, as the *Brazilienza* was to have been in Lisbon; that in their correspondence, Lord Wellington was designated under the name of *Alberoni;* Lord Wellesley, *Lama;* Beresford, *Ferugem;* Mr. Stuart, *Labre;* the Patriarch, *Saxe;* Antonio Souza, *Lamberti;* Colonel Bunbury and Mr. Peel, then under secretaries of state, as *Thin* and *By-Thin.* That after Mr. Villier's departure, the intrigue was continued by the Patriarch and the Souzas, but upon a different plan; for, overborne by the vigour of Mr. Stuart in the council, they agreed to refrain from openly opposing either him or Forjas, but resolved to write down what either might utter, and transmit that which suited their purpose to the Conde de Linhares and the chevalier Souza; these persons undertaking to represent the information so received, after their own fashion, to the cabinets of St. James' and Rio Janeiro.'—vol. iii. pp. 370, 371.

It is unnecessary for our purpose to pursue the course of these miserable intrigues, or to take any connected view of the progress of the war. From Corunna to Cadiz the allied armies presented a kind of crescent, and in order to remove the pressure of the enemy at its convex before Lisbon, a squadron of frigates was established at the former extreme, and an army and a fleet at the latter. Soult

having been baffled in all his efforts against Cadiz, was directed by Napoleon to assist Massena. The battle of Barosa, the commencement of the siege of Badajos, the combat of Sabugal, one of the most bloody fights that took place during the war, that of Fuentes Onoro, another desperate contest, and the battle of Albuera, served as so many fields of exercise, in which the British troops were disciplined and steeled for the more important engagements, in which they were afterwards destined to overthrow the ascendancy of Napoleon. A short sketch from the author's account of the latter battle, will shew how much of the fate of armies may sometimes depend on the incompetency, or the daring courage, of their leaders. We behold here the scales balanced in the hands of Fortune, and almost accidentally inclined in favour of the British troops by the impulse of a single individual!

'During the night, Blake and Cole, as we have seen, arrived with above sixteen thousand men; but so defective was the occupation of the ground, that Soult had no change to make in his plans from this circumstance, and a little before nine o'clock in the morning, Godinot's division issued from the woods in one heavy column of attack, preceded by ten guns. He was flanked by the light cavalry, and followed by Werlé's division of reserve, and making straight towards the bridge, commenced a sharp cannonade, attempting to force the passage; at the same time Briché, with two regiments of hussars, drew further down the river to observe Colonel Otway's horse.

'The Allies' guns on the rising ground above the village, answered the fire of the French, and ploughed through their columns, which were crowding without judgment towards the bridge, although the stream was passable above and below. But Beresford observing that Werlé's division did not follow closely, was soon convinced that the principal effort would be on the right; and, therefore, sent Blake orders to form a part of the first and all the second line of the Spanish army, on the broad part of the hills, at right angles to their actual front; then drawing the Portuguese infantry of the left wing to the centre, he sent one brigade down to support Alten, and directed General Hamilton to hold the remainder in columns of battalions ready to move to any part of the field. The thirteenth dragoons were posted near the edge of the river, above the bridge; and, meanwhile, the second division marched to support Blake. The horse artillery, the heavy dragoons, and the fourth division, also took ground to the right, and were posted; the cavalry and guns on a small plain behind the Aroya, and the fourth division in an oblique line about half musket-shot behind them. This done, Beresford galloped to Blake, for that General had refused to change his front; and, with great heat, told Colonel Hardinge, the bearer of the order, that the real attack was at the village and bridge. Beresford had sent again to entreat that he would obey, but this message was as fruitless as the former, and when the Marshal arrived, nothing had been done. The enemy's columns were, however, now beginning to appear on the right, and Blake, yielding to this evidence, proceeded to make the evolutions, yet with such pedantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient of his folly, took the direction in person.

'Great was the confusion and the delay thus occasioned; and ere the

troops could be put in order, the French were amongst them. For scarcely had Godinot engaged Alten's brigade, when Werlé, leaving only a battalion of grenadiers and some squadrons to watch the thirteenth dragoons, and to connect the attacks, countermarched with the remainder of his division, and rapidly gained the rear of the fifth corps as it was mounting the hills on the right of the Allies. At the same time the mass of light cavalry suddenly quitted Godinot's column, and crossing the river Albuera, above the bridge, ascended the left bank at a gallop, and sweeping round the rear of the fifth corps, joined Latour Manbourg, who was already in face of Lumley's squadrons; thus, half an hour had sufficed to render Beresford's position nearly desperate. Two-thirds of the French were in a compact order of battle, on a line perpendicular to his right; and his army, disordered, and composed of different nations, was still in the difficult act of changing its front. It was in vain that he endeavoured to form the Spanish line sufficiently in advance to give room for the second division to support it; the French guns opened, their infantry threw out a heavy musketry, and the cavalry outflanking the front and charging here and there, put the Spaniards in disorder at all points; in a short time the latter gave way, and Soult, thinking the whole army was yielding, pushed forward his columns, while his reserves also mounted the hill, and General Ruty placed all the batteries in position.

'At this critical moment General William Stewart arrived at the foot of the height with Colonel Colborne's brigade, which formed the head of the second divison. The Colonel, seeing the confusion above, desired to form in order of battle previous to mounting the ascent, but Stewart, whose boiling courage overlaid his judgment, led up without any delay in column of companies, and attempted to open out his line in succession, as the battalions arrived at the summit. Being under a destructive fire, the foremost charged to gain room, but a heavy rain prevented any object from being distinctly seen, and four regiments of hussars and lancers, which had passed the right flank in the obscurity, came galloping in upon the rear of the line at the instant of its development, and slew, or took, two-thirds of the brigade. One battalion only (the thirty-first) being still in column, escaped the storm, and maintained its ground, while the French horsemen, riding violently over every thing else, penetrated to all parts. In the tumult a lancer fell upon Beresford, but the Marshal, a man of great strength, putting his spear aside, cast him from his saddle, and a shift of wind blowing aside the mist and smoke, the mischief was perceived from the plains by General Lumley, who sent four squadrons out upon the lancers, and cut many of them off.

'During this first unhappy effort of the second division, so great was the confusion, that the Spanish line continued to fire without cessation, although the British were before them; whereupon Beresford, finding his exhortations to advance fruitless, seized an ensign and bore him and his colours, by main force, to the front; yet the troops would not follow, and the man went back again on being released. In this crisis, the weather, which had ruined Colborne's brigade, also prevented Soult from seeing the whole extent of the field of battle, and he still kept his heavy columns together. His cavalry, indeed, began to hem in that of the Allies, but the fire of the horse-artillery enabled Lumley, covered as he was by the bed of the Aroya, and supported by the fourth division, to check them on

the plain, while Colborne still maintained the heights with the thirty-first regiment; the British artillery, under Major Dickson, was likewise coming fast into action, and William Stewart, who had escaped the charge of the lancers, was again mounting the hill with General Houghton's brigade, which he brought on with the same vehemence, but instructed by his previous misfortune, in a juster order of battle. The weather now cleared, and a dreadful fire poured into the thickest of the French columns, convinced Soult that the day was yet to be won.

'Houghton's regiments soon got footing on the summit; Dickson placed the artillery in line, the remaining brigade of the second division came up on the left, and two Spanish corps at last moved forward. The enemy's infantry then recoiled, yet soon recovering, renewed the fight with greater violence than before; the cannon on both sides discharged showers of grape at half range, and the peals of musketry were incessant, and often within pistol-shot; but the close formation of the French embarrassed their battle, and the British line would not yield them one inch of ground, nor a moment of time to open their ranks: their fighting was, however, fierce and dangerous. Stewart was twice hurt, Colonel Duckworth, of the forty-eighth, was slain, and the gallant Houghton, who had received many wounds without shrinking, fell and died in the act of cheering his men. Still the struggle continued with unabated fury; Colonel Inglis, twenty-two other officers, and more than four hundred men, out of five hundred and seventy that had mounted the hill, fell in the fifty-seventh alone, and the other regiments were scarcely better off, not one-third were standing in any. Ammunition failed; and as the English fire slackened, the enemy established a column in advance upon the right flank; the play of Dickson's artillery checked them a moment, but again the Polish Lancers charging, captured six guns: and, in this desperate crisis, Beresford, who had already withdrawn the thirteenth dragoons from the banks of the river, and brought Hamilton's Portuguese into a situation to cover a retrograde movement, wavered; destruction stared him in the face, his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind; as yet no order to that effect was given, and it was urged by some about him that the day might still be redeemed with the fourth division. While he hesitated, Colonel Hardinge boldly ordered General Cole to advance, and then riding to Colonel Abercrombie, who commanded the remaining brigade of the second division, directed him also to push forward into the fight. The die being thus cast, Beresford acquiesced, and this terrible battle was continued.

'The fourth division had only two brigades in the field; the one Portuguese, under General Harvey; the other, commanded by Sir W. Myers, and composed of the seventh and twenty-third British regiments, was called the fuzileer brigade. General Cole directed the Portuguese to move between Lumley's dragoons and the hill, where they were immediately charged by some of the French horsemen, but beat them off with great loss; meanwhile, he led the fuzileers in person up the height.

'At this time six guns were in the enemy's possession, the whole of Werlé's reserves were coming forward to reinforce the front column of the French, and the remnant of Houghton's brigade could no longer maintain its ground. The field was heaped with carcases, the lancers were riding furiously about the captured artillery on the upper part of the hill, and on

the lower slopes, a Spanish and an English regiment, in mutual error, were exchanging volleys: behind all, General Hamilton's Portuguese, in withdrawing from the heights above the bridge, appeared to be in retreat. The conduct of a few brave men soon changed this state of affairs. Colonel Robert Arburthnot, pushing between the double fire of the mistaken troops, arrested that mischief, while Cole, with the fuzileers, flanked by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion, under Colonel Hawkshawe, mounted the hill, dispersed the lancers, recovered the captured guns, and appeared on the right of Houghton's brigade, exactly as Abercrombie passed it on the left.

'Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed; Cole and the three Colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fuzileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled, and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent upon the dark column in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!'—vol. iii. pp. 534—541.

This passage affords another proof of the Colonel's curious felicity in the description of battles. When occupied on this, his favourite theme, his conceptions become radiant with genius, his diction rises in dignity and force, his imagination glows with poetic fervor, and his whole composition assumes a compact and classic elegance, which fits it for immortality.

ART. II.—*Narrative of a Journey across the Balcan, by the two passes of Selimno and Pravadi; also of a visit to Azani, and other newly discovered ruins in Asia Minor, in the year* 1829, 30. By Major, the Hon. George Keppel, F.S.A. In two volumes. 8vo. London: 1831.

THE author of these volumes is an indefatigable traveller, and a most industrious note taker. He goes about from country to country, evidently for the purpose of making books, and of gratifying his own curiosity as well as that of the public. Such an occupation as this is very far from being unworthy either of his rank or profession. The idle time that is at the disposal of military men in a period of peace, could hardly have been more usefully occupied by Mr. Keppel, if it had been devoted to the fashionable amusements of London. His example is worthy all praise, and the advice which he gives to others of his profession, to move about the world, and bring home records of their activity, will not we hope be without influence. To those whom it may reach and induce to become literary tourists, we would however offer a word of admonition, which Mr. Keppel could not be expected to have given, with the view of warning them not to be quite so voluminous as he his. When we say that whatever is really interesting in these two tomes might well have been comprised in a duodecimo, we feel that we are abundantly liberal upon the point of limitation. There are upwards of a hundred and thirty pages of Appendix, which might have been altogether spared, for nobody now ever thinks of reading that avowedly dull division of a book. The author has a habit of separating his composition into innumerable small paragraphs, the correction of which habit would reduce the work by nearly another hundred pages. He is moreover diffuse and prosy in an extreme degree, expanding through many sentences a slender idea, which might be much more advantageously omitted or conveyed in a single line; and of introducing an infinity of small details, to which no human being, save Mr. Keppel himself, will attach the slightest value. If these incumbrances were removed, and the remaining matter clothed in a concise style, we are satisfied that a small duodecimo would afford ample room for the description of all that we should have any fancy to know, concerning either his journey across the Balcan, or his visit to the 'newly discovered ruins in Asia minor.'

It is with regret that we make these remarks, because we feel every disposition to treat Mr. Keppel with that indulgence, which his accomplished mind and his very amiable character deserve. We wish also to give the utmost encouragement in our power to those gentlemen, who, after travelling in foreign countries, undergo the trouble of preparing their observations for the press. We are not among those who look upon all modern books of travels as so many nuisances; on the contrary, we think that there cannot be too many of such productions, provided they be comprised re-

pectively within a reasonable and readable compass. The features of society are passing through perpetual changes in almost every quarter of the globe. Tourists who follow each other, for example, in Russia or Germany, not to speak of England, find much that is new in each succeeding cycle of four or five years. Even what is old and unvarying, two men will seldom see under the same aspect. Their travels are or ought to be their biographies for the time of their absence, and must in this respect be always interesting, however beaten the path may be over which they have journied. For our own part we confess that we uniformly take up works of this class with a peculiar pleasure, which nothing can take away except the imperfection of their execution.

Leake, Macfarlane, Alexander, Walsh, and other writers, have very lately visited and described almost every foot of the ground which has been trodden by Mr. Keppel. Yet his volumes are not at all to be despised. Though his style is diffuse, it is always gentlemanly; it may not be captivating, but at the same time it is never offensive either to good taste or morals. His attention was attracted to the Balcan in the summer of 1829, by the war then pending between Russia and Turkey. He had felt interested in the fortunes of the latter power, from the intercourse which he had already had with the country, and he determined to witness the issue of the contest in which, as it was then generally apprehended, her existence, as a nation, was at stake. It was at first his intention to hover in the rear of her armies, in order to observe their mode of warfare; but, unfortunately for his military education, they were all routed by the Russians before he could get near them. He was therefore, to use a vulgar adage, "a day after the fair." But he saw a good deal that was interesting in either camp after the conclusion of the peace, and he carefully ascertained, what Diebitsch had sufficiently demonstrated before him, that the Balcan is not impassable to an invader. He proceeded to Constantinople by Corfu, Lepanto, Corinth, Napoli di Romania, and the Dardanelles. He is thus one of our latest travellers in Greece, of which he gives us a deplorable account. Corinth is a mere heap of ruins, interspersed with the bones of men and horses, the melancholy proofs of the massacre which was perpetrated there some few years ago. Near it is a village recently founded by a Philhellenic association of Americans, under the the direction of a Dr. Howe, with the existence of which we were not before acquainted. This gentleman, under the sanction of Capo d'Istria, formed a colony of destitute persons collected from different parts of Greece, and was making, it would seem, some progress towards success, his community having been within a period of three years augmented from fifty to one hundred families. But Mr. Keppel, who is manifestly prejudiced against Capo d'Istria, says that the Doctor is likely to give up his charge, from disgust with the Count, to whose mandates he is unwilling to yield obedience. At Argos, Mr. Keppel witnessed a meeting of the

Greek legislative assembly, which was held in an ancient theatre, temporary semicircular benches having been arranged for the occasion. The building had no roof, but, like the primitive theatres of Greece, was covered in with boughs of trees. The assembly was summoned by beat of drum. Mr. Keppel asserts that the President, Capo d' Istria, had already corrupted, by bribing, all the members to the number of about two hundred, and that they were prepared to approve of any measures which he might propose. They were for the most part dressed in the Albanian costume, which is eminently classical and becoming. Mr. Keppel gives the following not very prepossessing description of the President:

'His excellency is a man of small stature, with large dark eyes, black eyebrows, white hair, a very pale face, (apparently the consequence of the anxiety attending his situation,) and a pair of ears whose size has already been eulogised by a preceding tourist. I was introduced as a traveller on his way to Constantinople, and I was gratified by about five and twenty minutes' very entertaining conversation, if conversation it could be called, when the only part I bore in it was the occasional interjections of "*oui*," "*mais*," and "*vraiment*." We were scarcely seated, when, without further preface, the president entered into what appeared to me to be a defence of his government. He began by repeating the usual arguments against the general diffusion of knowledge, alleging that instruction would be more detrimental than advantageous to the happiness of the Greeks in their present state: he said that it was impossible to legislate for a people who belonged to the eleventh, upon the principles of the nineteenth century. He observed that the greater portion of the Greeks were but little removed from the state of barbarians, but omitted to mention the number of patriotic and enlightened natives of Greece who were endeavouring to raise their countrymen from this degraded condition, or how assiduously he had himself been employed in undermining the laudable efforts of all such patriots. To some of his remarks the answers were so obvious, that I was about to attempt a reply; but I never got further than "*mais*," for the point was abandoned without a struggle, and his observations were dexterously shifted to another subject.

'Upon the whole, I was more entertained by the interview than convinced by the arguments, or impressed with the talents of the speaker. There was something too dramatic in his manner, and the matter appeared to be too much got up to produce the effect intended. I afterwards compared notes with others who had also had the honour of an interview with the President of Greece, and found their reception to tally very much with my own.

'A few facts relating to Count Capo d'Istria will illustrate his character better than a host of arguments.

'In 1829, previous to the election of deputies for the Panhellenium, the president announced his intention of making a tour through the Morea, and applied to the French political agent, and to the admiral, for money to enable the peasantry to cultivate the lands, many of which had gone out of cultivation for want of means. A large sum was advanced to him, which he distributed among the electors of the several places were he was doubtful of obtaining votes; the consequence of this bribery was, that he

was elected for several places, which he filled with his own creatures, and obtained a chamber of deputies, as much at his command as if he had nominated every one. For the use he made of this power it is only necessary to refer to the acts of the Panhellenium, which gave him undivided and despotic sway, and then to trace it up to the alarming representations he is said to have made to Prince Leopold.

'I was not present when he opened the assembly, but I understand he came dressed in a Russian uniform.

'I heard from an officer who was on board the Warspite in 1828, at the time Capo d'Istria was a passenger, that the conversation, almost every evening, turned upon the future prospects of Greece. The president discussed them with apparent frankness, and always deprecated that crooked policy of obtaining any thing by lying, upon the principle of self-interest, which could not be obtained by straight-forward conduct.

'When, however, any favourite notion was combated, he would get furious, would often call for his bed-candle, and retire in a passion to his cabin, particularly when, in discussing the limits of Greece, the Morea and its islands were suggested as the probable extent.'—vol. i. pp. 26—30.

Mr. Keppel accuses the President of the most abominable hypocrisy with regard to Candia, of which so much was said at the time when the question of the Greek boundaries was under discussion. At the very moment when he was declaring in words and in despatches, that he on no account wished that island to be placed under his jurisdiction, and even justifying his objections by detailed reasons, he was actually engaged in organizing the insurrection of the Candiote Greeks, which afterwards proved so fatal to them! The author assures us that there are papers in existence which would completely establish this charge. He further states that the President has given the command of Napoli di Romania—the only strong-hold which the Greeks possess—to a Frenchman!—it being his policy to conciliate France, and at the same time to throw every kind of suspicion and odium upon England. It was in this spirit that the President dismissed General Church from the army, and Lord Cochrane from the navy. 'Indeed,' he adds, 'his whole system of politics is anti-English; and he is alike hostile to the regeneration of Greece, and to the interference of the British Cabinet in its affairs.'

The sight of Constantinople, its hippodromes, mosques, seraglios, coffee-houses, and bazaars, have been so repeatedly described, that we shall make no apology for passing them over. That once splendid capital seems to be going fast into decay, if Mr. Keppel's account of its desolate appearance be not overcharged.

'It might almost be said, that the burying-grounds of the capital are as extensive as the town itself. What with fire, the plague, the bow-string, and the sword, the Turks have, since their establishment in Europe, but more especially of late years, required room to bury their dead. Formerly a dense population, they have now left the country almost a wilderness. Even at this spot, so highly favoured by climate, fertility, and commercial wealth, it is quite appalling to observe how few inhabitants have been

spared. During a ride of some miles, you may pass through streets where dogs are almost the only inhabitants. In the bazaars only, which are in the neighbourhood of the port, the stir and bustle of a capital can be remarked. Large quarters of the town, which fires have from time to time destroyed, remain deserted, the receptacles for the carcases of horses and dogs, upon which crowds of vultures and of dogs themselves may be seen to prey.'—vol. i. p. 77.

It is no wonder that there should be such a number of tombs near a capital which, during the late invasion particularly, witnessed such an extraordinary succession of executions. Conspiracies against the Sultan were either feigned or found every hour. There were every day four or five public decapitations; every night from fifty to a hundred individuals are said to have been strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. The slightest suspicion was sufficient to warrant this extreme penalty. Mr. Keppel gives a translation of a *yafta*, or sentence, that was appended, according to custom, to the heart of an unfortunate man, who was executed, not for speaking treasonable language, but for hearing it! The document affords a horrible illustration of the state of criminal jurisprudence in Turkey.

'"Achmet, kiaya (chief) of the corporation of merchants dealing in articles of luxury in Constantinople.

'"This wretch obtained, some time ago, through the munificence of his highness, the office of kiaya of this corporation.

'"Instead of shewing gratitude for the manifold benefits he had received; instead of thanking God in the five prayers; instead of praying night and day with his family for his highness and for the Mussulman nation, in remembrance of the favours by which he had hitherto been loaded; instead of attending to his own business; instead of abstaining from criticising business which did not concern him; instead of living quietly, and being more than any other of the like employment attached to government, as his duty and sense of obligation should have compelled him; this man not only omitted making any of these reflections, but made use of seditious language, saying that the seraskier pasha, or seraskier capissi, had been torn in pieces; that this and that thing had been done. It is in this manner that he had the audacity to cause to be circulated false intelligence, conduct tending to spread alarm amongst Mahometan people.

'"The fact being alleged, and Achmet being interrogated on the subject, could not deny it. He only maintained that *it was not he who had said it*, but Abdi, a cavass of the imperial divan, living in the quarter called Feirouz-Aga. Abdi was summoned to appear, who being confronted with Achmet, he also has been unable to deny it.

'"The boldness of their infamous conduct, and of the language which they have held on things which did not concern them, proves that these men are ungrateful wretches, traitors who ought to be made to disappear; and it is thus deemed necessary to execute upon them the penal laws, so that good order may be maintained. In consequence, the traitor, Abdi Cavass, has been executed in another place, and the robber, Achmet, has undergone the punishment here, so that he might seem as an example."'—vol. i. pp. 89—91.

After satiating his curiosity with the lions of Constantinople, the author, accompanied by Lord Dunlo, paid a visit to Adrianople, where the head-quarters of Diebitsch were then fixed. He describes the Russian troops as appearing in excellent order. In the cavalry every fourth man of the rear rank, and the whole of the front of each division, were armed with spears, which were found highly serviceable during the campaign. In marching, several of the infantry regiments are preceded by parties of men two deep, who sing in parts, serving, we suppose, as a substitute for a band. The mixture of the Russians with the Turks had already produced considerable changes in the manners of the latter. Their ladies were allowed to visit and be visited, stays were introduced, and in other articles of dress reform had begun to make its way. Strangers were even allowed to be present at their religious service, which is an innovation upon one of their most essential usages. We have from Mr. Keppel a description of their demeanour at service, which will be read with no ordinary interest, as it is very seldom that an English traveller has had an opportunity of witnessing such a scene.

'I attended the mid-day service: the whole congregation were in the kneeling posture, their insteps flat on the ground, and their bodies resting on their heels. An imaun was before the altar, and chaunting in a strain not unlike that in our cathedrals. On pronouncing the words "*Allah ickbar,*" (God is victorious,) they all simultaneously prostrated themselves, and striking their foreheads three times against the pavement, they called out "*Subah en Allah,*" (God be with us). On the repetition of the words "*Allah ickbar*" by the imaun, who acted as fugle-man, they rose up with the same precision, and continued standing. The effect of this uniform movement in their great variety of dress was exceedingly curious.

'To the imaun's prayers succeeded those of the muezzim, who continued chaunting for some time in a harsh falsetto, and a service of responses then followed. An imaun now ascended the *koorsee:* he began by invoking blessings on all the sovereigns who had preceded Mahmoud, the present grand signior, to the mention of each of whose names the people called *ameen* (amen). The list was closed by a prayer for Mahmoud himself. The imaun then chaunted extempore several verses from the Koran. In one part of the service the congregation, with uplifted hands and inverted palms, called out, "*Rub Illah ameen,*" (God pardon every one), a prayer in which infidels are included, and a part of the creed but little in unison with Mahometan intolerance.

'The service ended by the priest giving the benediction of "*Salam alekoom,*" (Peace be with you), to which the congregation all answered, "*Aleikoom salam*" (To you also be peace).'—vol. i. pp. 187—189.

The latter words are equivalent to the *Pax vobis, et cum spiritu tuo,* of the catholic worship. The admission of "infidels," as we christians are all called by the Turks, to the mosques, is an era in Mahometanism, from which its decline and fall may, perhaps, hereafter be calculated. Indeed the late war pretty clearly shewed, that the religion of the crescent had lost much of its terrible influence

upon the minds of its disciples. It no longer excites the same degree of enthusiasm, which appeared to flash from the scimitar in former days. The sultan himself is strongly suspected of indifference to the koran; it is certain that upon many subjects he possesses ideas which are altogether European. His success in destroying the janizaries is a striking proof of the superiority and firmness of his mind, and it is well known that he is anxious to abolish every usage, that merely depends upon prejudice and ignorance among his people. The entertainment which was given on board his Majesty's ship Blonde, in the Bosphorus, to the principal dignitaries of the Porte, on the occasion of the peace of Adrianople, furnished another proof of the enlightened disposition of the Sultan; for it must have been with his permission, if not by his order, that the invitation to that celebrated fête was accepted by all the members of the divan. Two or three years before that period such an indulgence would have been considered, even by the most liberal Turks, as nothing less than a profanation. Mr. Keppel was not present at this singular and interesting assemblage of Giaours and Mahometans; he has however been favoured by a friend with a description of it, which, besides being well written and highly amusing, unfolds to the philosopher abundant materials for reflection.

"'It rarely happens at balls given on board ship, that more than one-half of the deck is appropriated for the reception of company; but on this occasion the whole length of the frigate, from stem to stern, presented one beautiful saloon, partially divided off by the masts into four partitions. The lofty ceiling was formed of the flags of all nations, and illuminated by rows of variegated lamps, which wound round the masts in alternate ornaments of the crown and the sultan's cipher. In the bows of the vessel, rows of orange-trees presented the appearance of an enchanted grove, before which were spread narrow tables with refreshments, and between these and the foremast was chalked out the ball-room. A numerous and excellent band played from a semicircular orchestra round the mast, whilst immediately below them, and round the whole length of the ship, sofas, and rich ottomans, in every varied position, contributed to the splendour of the scene. The part, however, which attracted universal admiration, was the stern of the frigate; for here, where the deck rose gradually to an elevation higher than that of every other part, the narrowing form of the frigate presented to the enraptured sight a highly-finished open tent, illuminated by chandeliers. Down each side of it, and along the back, were rich divans of crimson satin, edged with gold. The floor was covered with an eastern carpet, and the sides were formed of gauze, in wide stripes of alternate white and pink, the latter in puckers, and producing a singularly soft and elegant effect. The upper part was ornamented with festoons of pink. The back part of the tent, which was of white satin, reflected two gilded ornaments of the crown of England and the sultan's cipher, embroidered in gold, on two blue velvet tiaras, and surmounted by miniature flags. Two small figures of angels, with wax-lights, threw a dazzling splendour over the beauties of this enchanting scene, which resembled the mystic bower of some fairy goddess, and terminated the long vista of the

saloon. The frigate had been newly painted; and along the whole length of the upper edge of the bulwarks were alternate rows of red and white roses, whilst the ports were occupied by chaste transparencies of different emblems of peace.

'"The general effect of this splendid scene must have been very striking, as an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia told me that he had never seen any thing to surpass it, even in the splendour of the imperial fêtes at Petersburgh. Indeed, the magnificence of the frigate, embellished by every ornament which the palace of the embassy could supply, vied with a royal palace. All the minutiæ of the detail seem to have been calculated with the same care; and the ladies of Pera still talk with rapture of an aquatic omnibus, in which they were conveyed from the shore to the ball, in a floating drawing-room, beautifully lighted up, and supplied with cushions and mirrors.

'"The company, consisting of all the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople, in their full uniform; several Russian officers of Marshal Diebitsch Zabalcansky's staff, from Adrianople; and the whole Frank society of Pera, were assembled on board before nine o'clock; and my Russian friend represented the inner tent to me as presenting one beautiful flower-bed of ladies, decked out in all the loveliness of Cachemere, and ornamented with that profusion of jewellery which characterises the ladies of the Levant.

'"It was about nine o'clock when His Majesty's ship Rifleman, which was stationed at a short distance off the harbour, gave the signal for the approach of the Turks. No sooner had the seraskier, followed by all the ministers, set foot on deck, than the band, which had hitherto remained mute, struck up the sultan's favourite march. The Mussulmans were all dressed alike, in long mantles of dark cloth, reaching below the knee, and displaying, as they sometimes opened in front, the diamond aigrette which distinguished their respective ranks. The head-dress was the simple red fez, an unbecoming close cap, with a blue tassel, which dangles down the side. They were all in the highest spirits, and viewed with ecstasy the festive scene; spending the early part of the evening in alternately playing by themselves at cards, retiring on the ottomans to smoke the long chibouk, or admiring the beauty of the dancers.

'"The difficulties of etiquette, which very naturally arose, both with regard to the rank of Turks towards each other, and towards the representatives of the foreign powers, was overcome by Sir Robert Gordon in a very simple and judicious manner. Each foreign minister successively selected, according to her rank, the lady he was to take down to supper; and each lady then gave her other arm to a Turk, according to his rank. They thus descended by threes, instead of by pairs.

'"The main deck exhibited a splendid supper-table, at which two hundred guests sat down to a very singular ceremony, for the Turks conformed in every thing to the European manners; eating with knives and forks, joining in bumpers of champagne, in the toasts to the different sovereigns of Europe; and appearing to enjoy, as if in a dream, every thing that the most princely hospitality and judicious taste could supply, as a specimen of the manners of the West.

'"After supper was over, and the dance recommenced, they were even persuaded to share in the promenades of the Polonaise; and, grinning

through their beards, gave their arms to the Houris with infinite zest. They staid later than their early hours sanctioned; and deep in the night were seen, alternately mingling in happy converse, or quaffing cups of European refreshment, Austrian hussars, Turkish ulemas, English midshipmen, and every varied character which the oriental metropolis can assemble. The sun had already illuminated the golden gate of the seraglio, and the muezzin called the Moslems to their first prayer, when the retiring guests, in arabas and on foot, regained, through the solemn cemeteries, their homes.

'"Every body at Pera, whom I saw, spoke with rapture of this fête, which had outshone every thing of the kind ever given at Stamboul, and reflected the highest credit on the embassy, and the judicious arrangements of Captain Lyon and his distinguished officers."'—vol. ii. pp. 73—79.

We have been amused with the real old Turkish indignation, with which Mr. Keppel comments upon this fête. Evidently angry with his bad fortune in having missed such a rare exhibition, he sets it down as a proof of gross ignorance and impolicy in Mahmoud to have exposed his ministers and himself to the contempt of his vassals, by conforming so far to European manners. 'What,' he asks, 'can be said of the enlightened character of the sovereign, who thus wantonly loosens almost the only remaining tie that binds his subjects in obedience to his despotic will?' Then follow some fine reflections upon the connexion between the Ottoman government and the Mahometan religion, exactly in the strain that might be expected from a high tory Turk, all of which he confirms with a quotation from Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," a book which he seems to have carried about with him in his portmanteau, as he appeals to it on every occasion. If Mr. Keppel had been in parliament, he would doubtless be as eloquent in favour of Gatton and Old Sarum as Sir Charles Wetherell. He must have been horror-struck at the idea of the Capitan Pasha's intended ball, at which the Sultan was to have been present *incog.*, an idea, however, which was not carried into execution, because the ladies, for some unexplained reason, declared unanimously against it.

We shall not follow Mr. Keppel in his journey across the Balcan, an affair neither of difficulty nor novelty. High mountain passes that might easily have been rendered impregnable, steep roads, and torrents, he saw in abundance: but the passage over this frontier is no longer a mystery, and there is nothing particularly interesting in the author's description of its localities. Count Diebitsch, who is here pourtrayed as a very ugly man, has completely broken the spell by which the summits of the Balcan had, before his march, been kept inviolate. Mr. Keppel does not rightly translate his title of *Zabalcansky;* it means not a trans-Balcanian, which would only signify that he was a native of a country beyond that range of mountain, but literally a crosser of the Balcan.

'Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man,

something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper, which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of *Zabalcansky*, (or the trans-Balcanian), the additional one of the *Semavar* (or the tea-kettle).

'I have said that Count Diebitsch owes his fortune to his face; the sequel will shew how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer, who was on the staff of Frederic. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Captain Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The Emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial master if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him, that the Emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company: for, adds he, "*l'empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'extérieur terrible.*" This "delicate hint," that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balcan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country.

'The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimate of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line. He has subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service, where beauty was not indispensable, that the late emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittginstein in the chief command.

'Respecting this last personage, who has been much blamed for the ill success which attended the Russian arms during his command, I should mention a belief generally entertained by the Russians, that Wittginstein would have done very well, if it had not been for the constant interference of the emperor Nicolas. It is said that Diebitsch was fully aware of this circumstance; and on being offered the command, expressly stipulated, as a condition of his acceptance, that he should be entirely unshackled by the imperial "*Je le veux.*"'—vol i. pp. 205—207.

Upon his return from the Balcan, Mr. Keppel proceeded to visit the district of Azani. From Constantinople he at first pursued the high-road to Egypt, in a south-easterly direction, but from Kutaya southward and westward through the ancient kingdoms of Phrygia and Lydia, which have not been much explored. Mr. Keppel made the journey alone, having most probably had quite enough of Lord Dunlo's company, during his expedition to the Balcan, although his politeness obliges him to say quite the reverse. We, who have had a little experience on the subject, perfectly

agree in all that he says as to travelling companions. In nine cases out of ten they are intolerable nuisances.

'In this expedition I travelled without a companion; and I recommend every one, whose object is information, to do the same, unless he be so fortunate as to find a fellow-traveller who combines science with all the other indispensable qualifications of a good travelling companion. Here I must anticipate an impression that might naturally be produced, namely, that this remark originated in something which occurred between Lord Dunlo and myself in the late journey. So far was this from being the case, that it was quite impossible for more perfect harmony to have subsisted between two individuals. Both nearly of an age, interested in the same objects of curiosity, each possessing a full command of temper, endowed with the same power of bearing privation and fatigue, we went through this somewhat arduous journey without a single dispute,—a matter of rare occurrence, if all travellers would confess the truth.

'Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, we unavoidably interfered with each other's plans; for example, my illness at Adrianople had caused three weeks' detention to Lord Dunlo; and his being obliged to return to his duties as an *attaché* at Constantinople, prevented me from visiting Silistria, and other fortresses on the banks of the Danube. In short, from some experience in these matters, I pronounce a fellow-traveller, in most cases, to be a great obstacle to advantageous research. To him only who makes a journey for information do I address myself. The society of a companion is certainly more pleasant; but if pleasure be the only attraction, the tourist had better confine his wanderings to civilised Europe.'—vol. ii. pp. 130—132.

It is highly creditable to Colonel Leake's geographical knowledge, that although he had not visited the Phrygian cities of Cadi, Azani and Synaus, he gives in his work on Asia Minor such clear directions with respect to their locality, that Mr. Keppel, by following his instructions, reached the two former, and discovered them precisely where he says they ought to be found. The route from Kutaya is over hills and through vallies, in a depopulated country, where nothing beyond a few worthless inscriptions on stone can reward the toil of the traveller. Several of these have been collected by Mr. Keppel. At Azani he saw the splendid ruins of a theatre and temple, of which he gives a detailed description. So much of the latter remains that it is still visible at the distance of six miles. The near approach to it is marked by 'a prodigious quantity of prostrate shafts of columns plain and fluted, highly ornamented capitals, and superbly wrought entablatures.' The city itself has been reduced to a mere village, in several parts of which rows of erect columns are still standing. The cemeteries abound in architectural fragments, and Greek inscriptions arrest the eye of the stranger at every turn.

'These ruins,' says the author, 'occupy the banks of a river, which, on my return to Constantinople, I ascertained to be the Rhyndacus. Over this stream are two ancient bridges raised on elliptical arches, and

once surmounted by balustrades, as is evident from the remains of metal which formerly retained them in their places; a superb quay connects these bridges together. On the right bank of the river is the temple, from which a communication can be traced to the water's edge. Facing its north front, at about a quarter of a mile distant, is the theatre; and a little to its north-west angle are the remains of a building constructed of huge blocks, standing on a low hill.'—vol. ii. p. 205.

The temple is supposed to have been dedicated to Jupiter, and appears, from Mr. Keppell's account of it, to be equal in elegance and beauty of architecture to the best specimens of Greek taste now extant. On the outside and inside of the north wall there are inscriptions in the Greek and Latin languages, of some of which Mr. Keppel succeeded in making copies. Those which he has inserted in his work relate principally to a dispute among the citizens of Azani, concerning some land that was sacred to Jupiter, and to honours which were paid to particular individuals who had deserved well of their country. Mr. Keppel also obtained here some silver and copper coins, Greek, Latin, and of the Lower Empire. Not far from Azani is the ancient city of Cadi, now called Ghiediz, 'of which,' says the author 'no account has been given by any European traveller.' The population, consisting exclusively of Turks, occupy eight hundred houses, which are flat roofed, differing in that respect from the houses generally seen on that side of Asiatic Turkey, and closely resembling those of Bagdad. It is watered by the classic stream Hermus, which, entering the town from the north-west, winds through it with impetuosity caused by the steepness of the mountain, and after taking a picturesque course, passes out through a chasm of a high abrupt rock, that would appear to have been cleft in twain for the purpose, and rolls onward towards the Archipelago. The architectural ruins to be seen here are very inferior to those of Azani, consisting only of a few scattered fragments of columns. The fact of the greater part of this country having been at the time in open rebellion against the Porte, prevented Mr. Keppel from exploring as much of it as he had intended. We trust that some future traveller will be more fortunate in that respect. During a portion of his journey he was accompanied by one of the Government Spies, who are a numerous race, it appears, in the Turkish dominions.

Mr. Keppel boasts that he is 'the only English traveller' to Ghiurdiz, supposed to be the Julio-Gordius of Ptolemy, a city which he visited after leaving Cadi. He gives no description of it, however, as he was prevented from making the usual inquiries by the presence of the spy. Proceeding thence through a beautiful country, he reached Ak-hissar, the first town in his journey from Kutaya, of which 'mention is made by any modern traveller.' Thus ends his visit to Azani, and to the 'newly-discovered ruins in Asia Minor' so pompously announced in the title page!

With a view, we presume, to create or revive amongst us an

interest in favour of the Turks, Mr. Keppel has carefully collected several anecdotes, which place their character for honesty, particularly, in an enviable point of view. One or two of these we shall select by way of example for our own population, amongst whom are to be found some of the most adept thieves in the universe.

'In the winter of 1828, the Turkish postman was sent to some distant part with a considerable quantity of specie. The money is carried in bags, which the merchants call groupes. They are given to the postman, and, as I have just mentioned, without receiving any written document as a proof of the receipt. This man, on returning from his journey, was applied to by a French house for fifteen thousand piastres (a sum at that time equal to two hundred and fifty pounds). He made no attempt at evading the demand, but immediately said, "I have doubtless lost the groupe, and must therefore pay you as soon as I can raise the money." After maturely thinking of the loss, he returned by the same road, quite confident that if any Mussulman should find the money, it would be returned to him. He had travelled nearly the whole distance, when he arrived, in a very melancholy mood, at a small miserable coffee-house, where he remembered to have stopped a few moments on his road. He was accosted at the door by the cafe-jee, a Zebek, who called out to him, "Hallo, sherif! when you were last here, you left a bag, which I suppose to contain gold; you will find it just where you placed it." The postman entered, and discovered the identical groupe, evidently untouched, although it must have been left exposed to the grasp of the numerous chance customers of a Turkish café.

'Mr. Charles Whittall, the gentleman with whom I resided while at Smyrna, told me, that, a short time before, he had engaged a poor Turk to carry specie, amounting to five hundred pounds. The man, on his return, said, "I have delivered the money, but the correspondent says, that as he had written so lately, he did not think it necessary to write by me." A short time after Mr. Whittall received a letter to say that the money had not reached its destination. Suspicion fell on the Turk, who was found, and informed of the circumstance: he asked leave to go in search of the money, begging only that he might be paid equivalent to the day's work (some few piastres) he should lose in the journey. On inquiry, he discovered that a Greek had appropriated the money to himself, having been in immediate want of it. The moment he called upon this person, he was paid back the five hundred pounds, and was given two thousand piastres, which he accepted, but instead of appropriating it to himself, paid it, as a matter of course, together with the original sum, into the hands of Mr. Whittall's broker, and it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to retain the Greek's fee.'—vol. ii. pp. 290—292.

The author, in taking leave of Turkey, expresses himself as having been much disappointed with all that he had observed in that country; he had expected to find a people grateful to their sovereign for having raised them from the abject state in which they had been plunged, and for having relieved them from the insolent oppression of the Janizaries; he had expected to see an effective and gallant army defending the Balcan with the wonted courage of the Osmanli, and the evils of a despotic government

mitigated by the interposition of a liberal and enlightened sovereign. Upon what ground Mr. Keppel formed such expectations as these, expectations which we venture to say no other well-informed man in England had cherished for a moment, we are at a loss to conjecture. Far are we therefore from being surprised, that upon examining the state of Turkey with his own eyes, he found that he had been previously filling his brain with mere visions. We believe that in the following observations he gives a very true, though a lamentable summary, of the actual condition of that once powerful empire.

'On my arrival in the Turkish capital, the streets were yet reeking with the blood of three thousand of her citizens, who, insulted in their religious prejudices, and oppressed by additional burdens, had been put to death for expressing their dissatisfaction against the Sultan and the existing order of things.

'The first I saw of the Turkish army was in a disordered retreat from a victorious enemy, to whom they had abandoned, almost without firing a shot, their mountain passes and the former capital of their empire.

'This remnant of the army consisted of a few boys, too young to bear the fatigues of a campaign, to which, rather than to the sword of the enemy, so many thousands of their comrades had fallen a sacrifice, their former national spirit completely broken, and their feelings in favour of the conquerors. The officers, raised from the lowest situations, ignorant, inefficient, and, by the proscribing laws against the admission of Europeans into their ranks, debarred the means of obtaining improvement. Without a staff, without a commissariat, and without the necessary equipment of an army in the field. The Balcan untenable even in the hands of a European army; and the few barriers which the nature of the ground presented, not made available.

'Commerce, instead of prospering, weighed down by the insecurity of life and property; by the banishment of one of the wealthiest, and nearly the only people well affected towards the government; by the neglect of those advantages of position which this country possesses; by the unnatural fluctuations of the exchange; by the debasement of the coin; by unjust prosecutions; by numerous and grievous monopolies, of which the Sultan himself is the great promoter.

'The same evils pressing equally heavily on agriculture, besides one yet more ruinous than them all. On the European side of the Bosphorus, the greater portion of the inhabitants swept away by the calamities of war, those that remain, with arms in their hands, ready to act with the invaders. On the Asiatic side, nearly a whole population forcibly dragged from their homes to recruit an army which has ceased to exist; the remainder either in open rebellion, or only waiting for the opportunity to be so.

'These circumstances came within my personal observation: but if we look beyond my track, the prospect of Turkish affairs will be scarcely less gloomy.

'To begin with Europe. The Pasha of Scutari, whose movements when I was at Adrianople excited so much suspicion, shortly after removed all doubts of his intention, by hoisting the standard of rebellion.

'The Servians and Bosniacks are, as well as the Bulgarians and Rou-

meliots, ripe for revolt. The two fertile provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, from which the Sultan derived his ships and his treasure, are in the hands of the Russians. The Greeks are in the possession of a great portion of Greece, and their independence is acknowledged by the Sultan; an act which, for reasons before assigned, will very probably hurl him from his throne.

'In Africa, we find that the tributary kingdom of Algiers has ceased to form part of the Turkish dominions; and that Egypt is worse than lost, the breach between Ali the Pasha and Mahmoud the Sultan being farther widened by the unsuccessful attempt of the powerless monarch to possess himself of the head of his mighty subject.

'In Asia the affairs of Mahmoud are in no better condition.

'While Count Diebitsch was marching one Russian army through the European provinces of Turkey, having hardly any obstacles but those of climate to encounter, Count Paskevitch was conducting another through the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan. Instead of being opposed as an invader, he was hailed as a deliverer. I was informed, on very credible authority, that the conquest of Armenia was achieved at the loss of ten men killed and forty wounded. As the Russian general advanced, the pashas vied with each other in tendering their submission. The Pasha of Bagdad begged for Russian troops to garrison his town; and the Pasha of Erzeroon has accepted office under the enemy of his country.

'From the foregoing remarks, it will be perceived that the difficulties of Mahmoud are tenfold greater than those against which Peter had to contend. Let us now consider whether there is a proportionate superiority of intellect in the Turkish Sovereign to meet these difficulties.

'It is not my intention to recapitulate the instances of Mahmoud's incapacity which are scattered over this work. I shall add a few more observations, to justify the assumption that the character of the present Sultan is very far from coming up to the exaggerated notions that have been formed and promulgated respecting it.

'It is currently asserted that Mahmoud is very much addicted to strong drink. This accomplishment he is said to have learned from his barber. His favourite beverage consists of strong liqueurs. The orders for many of his most violent acts are supposed to have been given while under the influence of spirits. This preference to liqueurs is because they contain the greatest quantity of excitement in the smallest space.

'Fickleness is a point in his character that may be very fairly assumed. When his cavalry regiment was first established, he was in the habit of superintending its manœuvres for several hours every day: at the period of my departure from Constantinople, eleven months had elapsed since he had seen the regiment under arms. This propensity is also shewn in the building of palaces, and deserting them as soon as finished. Numerous examples of this expensive folly now line each shore of the Bosphorus. The same feeling is indicated by the constant changing of his own and his troops' dress. It is this latter attempt at conforming to European customs that appears to have misled so many Englishmen into the belief of his beneficialr eform. The European costume of the soldier is the first thing that strikes the eye of the new-comer. He perceives that it is an innovation, and assumes it to be an improvement, and hence he is disposed to give the Sultan credit for conduct which is not warranted by his acts; indeed,

this innovation was the last that ought to have been attempted: it was an invasion of his people's prejudices, the infliction of a deep wound on their pride, and was one that could lead to no good result. It was, moreover, singularly ill-timed, being at a moment when every exertion was requisite to meet the crisis of an approaching war.

'The great measure that distinguishes this reign is the extinction of the janizaries; but I am informed, by those who had a good opportunity of judging, that this was principally effected by the chief of the Tropijees (gunners); between which corps and the janizaries there had long existed a mortal feud. I hear that it was with the greatest difficulty Mahmoud could be persuaded to allow them to attempt what he had so much at heart to effect.'—vol. ii. pp. 406—413.

As Russia is likely to be employed for some years in the western parts of Europe, it is probable that Turkey will enjoy repose for a sufficient length of time to enable her to recover from the many disasters which she has lately experienced. But whether the misfortunes and unpopularity of the Sultan will lead to his dethronement, or whether in spite of them he shall succeed in civilizing his subjects and bringing them nearer, in all things, to the European standard, are still questions, the solution of which it will be exceedingly interesting to observe. Our hopes are that Greece may be regenerated, and, in time, filled with an intelligent and hardy race of men, who might ultimately drive back the Mahometans to their Asiatic fastnesses, and renew the empire of the cross at Constantinople.

ART. III.—*Oxford. A Poem.* By Robert Montgomery, of Linc. Coll. Oxon. 12mo. pp. 258. Oxford: Collingwood. London: Whittaker and Co. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1831.

So! So! The puffers of Mr. Montgomery's poetry, the heralds of his fame, the idolaters of his divine genius are beginning to blush for their folly! They really have paused upon this volume! They were "reluctant to throw a shadow upon the youthful talent whence it has sprung," that is to say, to acknowledge that they have themselves hitherto been too friendly and too foolish in their praises. They have thought it necessary to give the matter some "consideration," for the first time as it would seem, and the conclusion to which they have come is most remarkable. They "are bound by truth" (a novel ingredient in their canons of criticism) "to say, that they do not think this poem worthy of the author!" Their admissions do not end here. After beginning with terms of censure as gentle as possible, one of these chroniclers of his poetic glories goes on to declare against him in the following alternating sentences of peace and war, in which self-love is seen casting a longing retrospect upon faded panegyrics, and at the same time trembling before the frowns of public opinion, which can no longer be deluded with impunity. "There is a mediocrity running through the whole,

which shews that the subject rarely or never touched the imagination of the writer; and there are a number of faults, not redeemed by a like number of the wonted merits which have hitherto, not only excited hopes, but displayed existing genius, in Mr. Montgomery's compositions. As an accession to his fame, therefore, we hold 'Oxford' to be a failure; though it exhibits a mind yearning after the good and great, and teaches us to esteem the individual, while we regret to withhold our praise from the poet." Such is the language of the *Literary Gazette* of the 19th of March, a journal which has for some years been lauding Mr. Montgomery, and other equally conceited writers, to the highest heaven of renown; and which now at length begins to find that, in order to preserve its own existence, it must cease to be the auctioneer of the booksellers.

We have never despaired of the cause of sound literature, although we must take leave to remark, that we have often been amazed at the confidence, to use a lenient expression, with which the praises of that same journal have been appended by certain publishers to the advertisements of their books. We do not mean to say that we were astonished at seeing them convert into an instrument for the sale of their publications, a Gazette that professed to be an impartial guide to the current literature of the day. To abstain from making the most of their own property would be a species of sacrifice, which cannot reasonably be expected from persons, whose ideas of literature are exclusively of a commercial character. But what we have been truly surprised at is this, that a journal written as the *Literary Gazette* usually is, in a style that is quite disgraceful to the age in which we live, should not only have been quoted by intelligent booksellers as an authority in the way of criticism, but that it should have actually exercised for any length of time, in these days of general education, a degree of influence unknown to any of its hebdomadal rivals, and against which not one of these has yet contended with success. In order to justify our charge we shall turn over a pile of that publication for the present year, which now lies before us, and shall transcribe from it at random a few sentences, which will prove that the person who has written them, whoever he may be, is utterly unqualified to sit in judgment upon English composition. We go to this task with the less remorse, because, far from entertaining any personal hostility to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, we, on the contrary, think of him with feelings of unaffected esteem, as we know him to be a gentleman of the most amiable character. Besides, he can have no just objection to being tried by his own rule, which he has thus laid down, p. 38:—"And if the author does take upon himself to criticise the works of others, he should be careful that *his* work should be free from the offences which he attributes to theirs," a rule neither very happily nor very correctly expressed. Mere violations of syntax, such as those which are contained in the following sentences, we shall not notice, as so many examples of this fault

crowd upon us, that if we were to quote them all, they would occupy many pages of our journal.

"In our last number we could only allude to this volume, and the elaborate and philosophical *nature* of its contents *prevent* us from doing much more just now."—p. 21.

"There *seems* to us no sufficient *grounds* for calling him an unkind son."—p. 194.

"The present work surpasses his (Mr. Alcock's) former publications, and deserves to be placed amongst the best which *has* lately appeared on the nature and treatment of diseases."—p. 185.

"But the details of his history warrant the supposition that, neither his own interest, nor personal advancement *were* the motives of his courting the favour of the king by seconding his views."—p. 225.

To correct the syntax of the Gazette would be, indeed, an endless labour. What does the reader think of a critic, who thus pronounces an opinion upon a certain novel?

"Not *an* historical romance after Sir Walter Scott, only enacted in modern days; but rather '*chronicles scandaleuse*' like those of Comines, and *like* those chronicles, with *nothing* of what is commonly called *scandal* in them."—p. 38.

Passing over the bad English and the worse French of this sentence, we ask whether the critic does not say in the same breath, that the book is scandalous and not scandalous? Captain Crowe's Memoirs, after furnishing six columns of extract, are dismissed with the following beautiful sentence:—

"But all our readers now *sabby* as much of *dis* Captain Crowe as '*ebery dog* in kingston' did, or at least as we can make them *sabby*; and so we must hold no more *palaver. !!!*"—p. 66.

Such is the language of a critical publication, calling itself a "Journal of the *Belles Lettres*"! The same critic, after pronouncing an eulogium on Becker's German Grammar, says:—

"The difficulty of rendering the sense of German *terminology* into English is the chief obstacle, which had to be overcome, and we think it has been surmounted as far as possible."—p. 71.

In what English dictionary is the word *terminology* to be found? What does it mean? Does it mean the science of language, or of boundaries? If the former, what is meant by the "*sense* of German terminology"?

One should think that an author criticising his own work would be able, in his own Gazette, to explain himself in language at least unambiguous. We admit at once the modesty of his apology. "Our only resource is to state the *truth* candidly, and leave the *truth* to the judgment of our readers. We feel *confident* in their *confidence*, and in having deserved it; and therefore need only state that these criticisms emanate from the pen of a gentleman intrusted with the department of our Journal to which they belong; that the editor has such entire reliance upon his *impartiality* and

integrity, that he would deem it an affront to alter a syllable he had written." We shall say nothing of the *impartiality* displayed in the sentence which follows.

"Upon the whole, we are free to say, that this portrait gallery well earns its *very extensive* popularity; for it can boast of original and well executed portraits, at a price which nothing but an *immense* sale could render possible; and the *memoirs have at least great pains taken* to ensure their authenticity."—p. 155.

The memoirs, it seems, take pains to ensure their own authenticity!

"The hint of this very clever and very entertaining trifle seems to be taken from Pickard's five-act comedy; but the author has, with his wonted skill, condensed its spirit into an olympic *nutshell*, all *kernel, though enlivened with the maggots of Mrs. Edwin.*"—p. 173.

We do not believe, that the English language contains a simile more unfortunate than this in every respect. It violates good taste, it is inapplicable to the subject, and highly offensive to the person to whom it is, evidently, the intention of the writer to pay a compliment!

"The author of the present life (of Cranmer) has done wisely in quoting his authorities for such positions as contravene former opinions; and in laying down his own, neither dogmatically nor *unsupported*, he has entitled himself to the claim of a fair and judicious biographer."—p. 225.

The sentence is inelegant, vague, and ungrammatical. We can guess at the critic's meaning, in saying that the author of the Life "has entitled himself to the claim of a fair and judicious biographer;" but this language does not express the idea which he intended to convey: *unsupported* is a most unhappy expression; if used at all, it should have been as an adverb—unsupported*ly*.

"These adventures, (of a Playwright), we are sorry to say, are *exceedingly commonplace*: the mere usual routine of two young lovers, separated by cruel fate, and brought together by such accidents as falls from vicious horses, being nearly drowned, but not quite, meeting at every strange turn of life, saving from the clutches of what the Irish call an abductor, and other cases of rescue too tedious to mention, till in the end they are rivetted together fast as the law can make them."—p. 212.

Here is a jumble indeed! Passing over the questionable propriety of the phrase "exceedingly commonplace," what are we to make of the remainder of the sentence? What verb does "the mere usual routine" govern? Supposing we admit that the sentence is rendered intelligible by this construction, "these adventures are the mere usual routine," &c., are we also to carry on the syntax in this way—"these adventures are the mere usual routine," "and other cases of rescue too tedious to mention"? Assuming that lovers may be "separated by cruel fate, and brought together by such accidents as falls from vicious horses, being nearly drowned, but not *quite*, meeting at every strange turn of life," accidents which it

must be allowed are very awkwardly described, what are we to understand by the next member of the sentence, "saving from the clutches of what the Irish call an abductor"? Who is saved? What is saved? How does this saving separate, or bring the lovers together?

"Our disappointment is the greater, as we looked for an abundance of whim, anecdote, and smart observation, not only on the stage, but on society at large. Having, however, but a sprinkling of these qualities, we shall do our endeavour to illustrate the volume in the most favourable light by their selection."—*Idem.*

The first of these two sentences leaves it in doubt whether the critic looked *in the book* for "an abundance of whim, anecdote, and smart observation," or on "the stage" and "society at large." From the second sentence we collect, that it is in himself these "qualities" (an *anecdote* being, according to this writer, *a quality*) reside, for he says, "Having, however, but a sprinkling of these qualities, *we* shall *do our endeavour* (a very graceful style truly!) to *illustrate* the volume in the most favourable *light* by *their* selection." To *illustrate* means of itself to brighten with light, so that the adoption of the word *light* in the sentence is an unpardonable tautology. Then the selection is to be *their* selection, that is to say, a selection made by the *qualities* of "whim, anecdote, and smart observation," which, as we have just seen, are not in the volume but in the critic!

To these precious specimens of the style of the *Literary Gazette* we might have added a great many others, if we had any desire, as we really have not, to wound the feelings of the Editor of that Journal. We have produced enough to assist the world of readers in appreciating the character of a publication, which affects to guide their taste upon matters of criticism. We leave it to them to discover the principle, upon which men can, to any useful or legitimate purpose, dissect and estimate the writings of others, who, in the very sentences in which they convey their observations, betray a degree of ignorance, or want of care, infinitely more deserving of censure, than the worst of the productions upon the demerits of which they have the courage to pronounce. It is time that this humbug should cease.

Indeed we have many reasons for believing that it will cease, and that speedily too. We have before us the prospectus of a new periodical, to be entitled "The Metropolitan," and to be edited by Mr. T. Campbell and Mr. Redding, the late editor and sub-editor of the New Monthly Magazine. The paper in which they announce the new Journal contains a disclosure, which coming from those gentlemen, experienced as they have been in the arts of the trade for the last ten years, is of singular literary importance. "The employment," say the ex-conductors of the New Monthly Magazine, "of every description of periodical work as a medium for diffusing false impressions of the character of new publications,

has, in the present day, been carried to such an extent, as to injure seriously the cause of literature. Authors and publishers have been alike the victims of this prevailing evil." Here is an astounding confession!—and that from two individuals who have been not a little behind the curtain, and not a little implicated in the maintenance of the very system which they now denounce!

We live indeed in a reforming age, and upon no other head of public grievance is the want of a thorough change much more to be desired, than upon that of the *puff system*, the rotten borough system of literature. Our readers will bear witness, that at a time when the streams of periodical literature were all corrupted at their sources, when no criticism was tolerated among the publishers, which was not tuned to uniform praise; when the "puff system" was in its most palmy state of prosperity; the voice of this journal was raised fearlessly, though alone, in vigorous and determined resistance against the numerous authors and booksellers, who combined their efforts, for the purpose of forcing upon the public a species of literature unworthy, in every respect, of the past and living intellect of England. The principles of taste and of justice by which we were sincerely guided, were misrepresented as mere malignity. Some persons asserted that we censured particular works, because we had not been bribed; and that we were outrageous against others, because we had been highly paid to bring them by abuse into notice! It was the custom of most of the booksellers to advertise their publications, in the sheet set apart for that purpose in this journal. Several withdrew their advertisements because we would not lend ourselves to the chorus of applause, by which their new speculations were successively ushered into the world. Among these, some thought that they might do with us, just as they pleased. It was amusing to watch the manner in which, for a while, they coquetted with us before they finally declared off. A book was really good, and we accordingly displayed its merits. Advertisements, from which, by the way, we derive a most contemptible profit, came in the next month with wonderful alacrity. Unfortunately, the next publication, perhaps, was some trashy compilation, which we exposed to well deserved punishment—that is, to *no sale;* we, in turn, were punished by no advertisements! In that respect our pages exhibited a melancholy blank, which the sages conceived would soon bring us to our critical senses. This, however, was not the case; we remained perfectly callous to the alteration, and praised and censured exactly as we thought just, in every case, and the advertisements followed or were withheld accordingly, until we committed a monstrous and unpardonable offence, by detecting some errors which appeared in the first volume of a particular series, since when we have been, we believe, altogether cut off from the splendid patronage of the persons to whom we allude!

We might reveal a similar piece of counting-house diplomacy

on the part of another firm, who complained of the multiplied contradictions which our pages gave to their paragraphs in the newspapers, and to the criticisms of their sub-editors and contributors, in certain magazines. If we would allow their puffs to deceive the public only for a while, until the impressions of their books were sold off, then we might say what we liked. But we were too quick with our attentions. We anticipated their magazine, and sometimes even their newspaper paragraphs:—hence no more advertisements!

But this is not all. A custom has long existed, according to which every work of any importance, which an author wished to have noticed in the more respectable periodical journals, has been presented to the editors. The custom may probably have had its origin in an idea, not altogether unfounded, that if the editors were obliged to purchase such works as they might think most worthy of their attention, a great mass of those which issue from the press would come forth still-born. This is undoubtedly true. We conceive ourselves to be so far under an obligation to those who transmit their productions to us, as to think it necessary to pay immediate attention to them, and by so doing, we fully return the compliment. But as, on the one hand, we have never allowed that a work should receive an iota of praise, beyond what its intrinsic merits entitled it to, merely because it had been presented to us, so on the other, we have scrupulously abstained from censuring any book, merely because it has been withheld from us by the author or publisher. We may have postponed our notice of such a book, and sometimes passed it by altogether; but if we should chance to buy or borrow it, we have uniformly treated it with the same measure of justice in all other respects, as we should have done, had it been placed gratuitously in our hands. It was very clear, however, that certain publishers, whom delicacy prevents us from naming, conceived that they created a more serious obligation than we ever admitted, or ever will admit, by the presentation of their works; for as soon as they found that we were not to be trained to join in the jargon of indiscriminate applause by which their adventures were uniformly introduced, they systematically withheld them from our journal. In pursuing this course they saved us from a great deal of trouble, as we thus had not the labour of wading through piles, which have since become the property of the trunk-makers, while it was silly in those persons to suppose, that we need ever allow any work of peculiar interest to escape the tribunal of the *Monthly Review*. We montien these things in order to shew the sordid spirit of trade, which has for some years insinuated itself into our literature, and at the same time to encourage other journalists who hope to succeed, as we have succeeded, in resisting the attempts which have been, and still are, incessantly made, in order to establish a monopoly in criticism. We say "as we have succeeded," for we believe that the integrity of this Review

stands unquestioned; at least, the public seem to think so, as the circle of our influence becomes every day more and more enlarged. We can only attribute this result to the undeviating firmness with which we have pursued our labours, and particularly to the incorruptible and fearless consistency, with which we have exposed literary empiricism, wherever it has appeared, and by whomsoever it has been supported.

We have broken more than one lance already with Mr. Montgomery, and if we again return to the charge, the only circumstance we have to regret in the contest is, that it may look upon our side more like a persecution of an individual, than the performance of a duty. Even this suspicion we must encounter, and we feel the less hesitation in doing so, because we are conscious of being actuated by no other than the most justifiable motives. Here is a writer calling himself a poet, printing what he denominates his "poetical works," getting them illustrated by engravings, and in short, aping the course which is usually followed by the publishers of really celebrated productions, as if his effusions had already been stamped with immortality. The present composition he sends into the world, not simply as a poem, but as the fourth volume of Montgomery's poems, and surrounded with all the paraphernalia which attend a series of approved and sterling compositions. This false appearance of general consent will, perhaps, induce many persons to purchase the trash, who will not find out their folly until it be too late. To others it may be hoped, that our warning voice shall not be addressed altogether in vain.

The professed object of the work is to celebrate the literary glories of Oxford, and to afford a poetical repository of the great names, by which that university has been graced since its earliest foundation. How some of the writers, to whom it has been an Alma Mater, would stare at the pigmy who has thus essayed to emblazon their fame! How the chancellor, masters, and scholars, to whom this poem has been dedicated, must have been struck with amazement, when they read the two first lines—

> 'What makes the glory of a mighty land,
> Her people *famous*, and her *history grand*?'

We had ere while to object to this same bard, that he entered upon his subject *ex abrupto*, with an earthquake, a storm, and a flourish of trumpets. Certes he has now gone to the other extreme, and commenced his theme in as creeping a style as could well be imagined. He soon, however, mends his pace, for a few lines further on he makes 'curse' rhyme with 'universe,' and talks splendid nonsense.

> 'For thus, the spirit on her wing sublime
> Above the *reach* of earth, and *roar* of time,
> In that deep energy may proudly share,
> Which featur'd worlds, and all that formeth there!'

The *roar* of Time is to us a new operation. We never heard old Time sing, not to speak of roaring. We are at a loss to guess by what means the said roar could be effected, for hath Time organs? And what, we beg leave to enquire, is the meaning of the phrase, 'all that formeth there?'—Formeth what? What is the nominative case to the verb?

> 'If then from intellect alone arise
> The noblest worth a nation's heart can prize,
> In tow'ry dimness, gothic, vast, or grand,
> Behold her palaces of learning stand!'

We had just now 'grand' rhyming with 'land;' here it rhymes with 'stand:' some pages farther on 'grand' has a 'hand,' and again takes to 'land;' it then marries with 'expand,' once more reverts to its former lover, 'land,' and remains steadfast to the same flame on a fourth trial in the following enchanting lines—

> 'Here Sydney dreamt, Marcellus of his *land*,
> Whom poets lov'd, and queens admitted *grand*;'

it then becomes associated with 'command,' and after coquetting a second time with 'stand,' disappears. But the argument of the four lines above quoted is what we are most puzzled to make out. Let us put them into prose. 'If then the noblest worth the heart of a nation can prize arise from intellect alone, behold her palaces of learning standing in grand, or vast, or gothic, or towery dimness!' We confess that we cannot see any connexion between the 'If' and the 'behold,' and are quite at sea as to the reason of the disjunctives between grand, vast, gothic, and towery, for though the 'or' is only actually prefixed to grand, it must, according to the construction, be understood as also belonging to the other three adjectives.

After a flourish about the classic authors of Greece and Rome, the poet prays,

> 'Long maytheir forceful page and free-born style
> From year to year succeeding youth beguile;
> The judgment form, uncertain taste direct,
> *Teach truth to feel, and fancy to reflect!*'

The latter line sounds well to the ear; need we remark how truly ridiculous it is to talk of *truth* feeling, and of *fancy* reflecting? We should have thought that it was the province of truth to reflect, and of fancy to feel, and if we be right, the collocation shews how little this poet knows of either.

> 'What soul so vacant, so *profoundly dull*,
> What brain so *wither'd in a woful skull*
> Can deem it, &c.

We present these two lines as happy samples of Mr. Montgomery's power, in describing the soul and the brain of a decided bore. They form a pleasing and suitable introduction to his fine invective against the prize regulations of the University:—

'Alike one standard for the great and small
Her laws decree, by which she judges all;
Hence, in one mould must oft confound at *once*
The daring thinker with the plodding *dunce;*
The soaring mind must sink into a plan,
Forget her wings, and crawl where dulness can;
Those bolder traits, original and bright,
Fade into dimness when they lose the light
Of open, free, and self-created day,
Where all the tints of character can play;
While creeping plodders, who have never bred
One single fancy to refresh the *head,*
But toiled contented o'er a *menial* ground
Where commonplace pursues her petty round,
With smirking valor meet their judgment day,
When talent melts in nervous gloom away.'

Did our friend Montgomery really come off the fiftieth best, and was his the talent which melted away in nervous gloom?—The passage savours of complaint. It is followed by a rambling rhapsody, in much the same tone, about the sublimity of genius, and its power of creating thunders, unloosening storms, and nodding like Olympian Jove, and making the universe feel the said nod, and overawing every thing and every body, until in the end it becomes

'The king of nature, and the lord of time!!'

It is wonderful to us how any man of mature age can sit down and deliberately pen such nonsense as this. We are next treated to a dissertation upon the antiquity of Oxford, the site of which, it seems, was chosen by the Roman Brutus, after whose time

'A city rose beside the haunt ador'd,
Where Memprick built what Vortiger restor'd.'

This last line is a perfect example of melody! Cæsar's self, too, visited Oxford, a fact which is proved in this way—"Who will say that he was *not* there?" The poet having elaborately raised and glorified Oxford and its colleges, proceeds to characterize the great scholars by whom the University was, from time to time, adorned. We presume that our readers will be satisfied with a portion of his sketch of Johnson, in whose name Mr. Montgomery's heart hath felt particular delight.

'Yet round the grandest soul
How weakness hovers with a *vile control!*—
A grinning demon, whose contrasted sway
Supremer wisdom cannot scorn away.
As when some organ of the frame appears
In matchless strength beyond the mould of years,
A weakness balancing that strength is found;
So, oft in mind where miracles abound,

The lying pettiness of nature seems
Reveng'd in mocking what perfection dreams.
In Johnson thus: the piety that trod
Each path of life, communing with her God,
In gloomy hours could childish phantoms see,
And give to penance what was due to tea!
The mind that reason'd on the fate of man,
And soar'd as high as *wingless Nature can*,
Would oft descend, the *petty bigot show*,
And wrench his spirit to out-talk a foe!
Or else, in whirlwind fury swept along,
Desert the right to prove a victor wrong.
The soul that spake angelically wise
When truth and he were thron'd amid the skies,
In human life his Rasselas forgot,
To wear the meanness of our common lot,
By passion bow'd, each prejudice obey'd,
And grew ferocious when a smile was made!'—pp. 54—56.

It seems that Mr. Montgomery has the honour of occasionally conversing with the ghost of Wesley, at least he informs us that he often sees in Wesley's room a 'holy shadow' resembling that enthusiast. Often too at night his fancy paints Hervey in 'a holy dream,' and Sydney, and Ben Jonson, and Locke, with whose spirits he mingles, while others, according to the following elegant satire, are very differently employed.

'But who can languish through a hideous hour
When heart is dead, and only wine hath power?
That brainless meeting of congenial fools,
Whose highest wisdom is to hate the Schools,
Discuss a Tandem, or describe a race,
And damn the Proctor with a solemn face,
Swear nonsense wit, and intellect a sin,
Loll o'er the wine, and asininely grin!—
Hard is the doom when awkward chance decoys
A moment's homage to their brutal joys.
What fogs of dullness fill the heated room,
Bedimm'd with smoke, and poison'd with perfume,
Where now and then some rattling soul awakes
In oaths of thunder, till the chamber shakes!
Then Midnight comes, *intoxicating maid,*
What heroes snore, beneath the table laid!
But, still reserv'd to upright posture true,
Behold! how stately are the sterling few:—
Soon o'er their sodden nature wine prevails,
Decanters triumph, and the drunkard fails:
As weary tapers at some wondrous rout
Their strength departed, winkingly go out,
Each spirit flickers till its light is o'er,
And all is darkness that was drunk before!'—pp. 60—62.

The fancy displayed in this description, the accuracy of the

metaphors, the comparison of midnight with a maid, an *intoxicating* maid, the contrast between the triumph of the decanters and the failure of the drunkards, the picturesque extinction of the tapers which winkingly go out, and the noble climax with which the whole scene is closed,

> 'And all is *darkness* that was *drunk* before,'

combine to render this passage the most perfect model of satirical writing in our language! Nor is the poet unconscious of his power in this department of verse, for it is one of his consolations, in reflecting upon the death of the ever-to-be-lamented Canning, that he had not

> 'Inflicted pangs where only praise was due
> And vilely thwarted ev'ry nobler view;
> A more than *melanch'ly* for him who died,
> Slain by the weapons which renown supplied,
> My soul had borne.'

We believe that we shared as sincerely as most persons in the general sympathy, which was occasioned by the death of Mr. Canning; but had we been standing in Westminster over his sacred remains, may we perish if we could refrain from laughter were Robert Montgomery near us, and talking of his *melanch'ly!* There is something irresistibly original and ludicrous in his squeezing out the *o!* A similar contempt is perpetrated against the same unhappy letter in 'parsonage'—

> 'Hath wistful gazed where neat the pars'nage rose.'

This, too, was the residence of Bowles—'Romantic Bowles,' as the poet calls him; he will hardly thank the man, we suspect, who has no scruple in turning Bremhill into a pars'nage. In like manner, the *o* is picked out from history, pastoral, memory, and a multitude of other words, which it would be grievous to mention.

The following biting lines would seem to have been intended for one of the poet's ci-devant worshippers.

> 'Yet oft ambiguous Hate her truth beguiles,
> And envy wriggles into serpent smiles!—
> Some cringing, *cawing*, *sycophantic sneak*,
> With heart as hollow, as his head is weak,
> In smother'd voice will chance a rival sue
> To feed the pages of a starv'd review;
> "Dear Sir! I think your genius quite divine,"—
> Tomorrow, turn, and lash it line by line!'—p. 84.

Montgomery's war with the critics does not stop here. It is renewed with tenfold force at the close of a biograghical sketch, which he gives of his sweet self, as one of the worthies of Oxford, and as a bard treading the earth like an angel. We pity the hapless wights upon whom the following tremendous burst of invective is destined to fall. The 'thundering pages' in the last line will be admired as *grand*.

'Pleasant is morning, &c., &c., &c.

* * * * *

'But sweeter far proves his *revengeful* lot
Whom fame hath slighted, or the world forgot,
In printed bile to let his spirit vent,
And mangle volumes to his heart's content;
Corrupt what style, create what fault he please,
Laugh o'er the truth, and *lie* with graceful ease!
Thus envy lives, and disappointment heals
The gangren'd wounds a tortur'd mem'ry feels;
Thus wither'd hopes delightful vengeance wreak,
And pages thunder more than scorn could speak.—p. 92.

Nor yet is the anger of the be-criticised poet soothed by these effusions. He returns to the subject in his notes, and thus pours out all the phials of his wrath.

'In the course of this volume incidental allusions have been made to contemporary criticisms: no candid reader will mistake or misapply them. It would be a sensorious foppery for any man, whatever his rank in literature, to express unlimited contempt for an art, in which many of the most accomplished and profound scholars of the day are engaged; and laughable bigotry to deny the wit, eloquence, and brilliancy, from time to time exhibited in our modern reviews. But while he allows the excellencies of criticism, he cannot be blind to the theoretic dulness, flimsy sarcasm, and monotonous twaddle, which distinguish a great part of it. Of late, a new class of critics has arisen, composed chiefly of bankrupt prosers, and miscellaneous rhymers, whom Pope has christened, "Grub-street poets run to seed."* At present, they are trying an experiment with public taste,—whether "criticism," diseased with prejudice, and bloated with vulgarity, will be popularly relished, and meet with success. Their whole power consists in noise and nonsense, and with these they make a most industrious rattle from week to week, and month to month.

'But let no reader consider these remarks as intended to excite indignation against a mournful race of men, who are too often compelled to eat the bread of infamy, and, under the name of critics, unite the double character of poltroons and maligners. Rather let him change contempt into the more Christian feeling of pity. For are they not to be pitied, who are born—wretched—and die? We may indeed, on observing the swagger of their style, and the mock heroism exhibited in their "defence of public taste," imagine them to be the happiest fellows alive. Yet were he to single out one out of the herd for minute observation, how often would he discover him to be a shrivelled unfortunate, gnawed by disappointment, or jaundiced by despair! one who has indeed been a writer of all work—the Helot of literature. Tragedies that were never acted, poems that were never read, and novels that were never sold, are his to claim. He has murdered for morning papers, and set houses on fire for evening journals, and yet remains unknown. Amid such disasters, let a generous mind pause ere it condemn him, whom circumstances have twisted into a

* 'Bad poets become malevolent critics, just as weak wine turns to vinegar.—SOUTHEY.

degenerate hireling, When the petty rivalries of the hour are forgotten, and truth is alone remembered, the retrospections of such a character are by no means enviable. To him belongs not the smile of the good, nor the friendship of the great; as he has lived to be degraded, so will he die to be forgotten.'—pp. 266, 267.

We trembled lest we should chance to come under the lash of this mighty scorpion poet. We hoped that he would be so good as to spare us, when lo! upon returning to the text we found ourselves already in his fangs. Behold, readers, how we are mangled! We have indeed the consolation of being tortured in good company, for the *Edinburgh* is almost devoured at the same time.

'Each reptile started from his snug review
To spit out poison,—as most reptiles do;
Oh! how they feasted on each faulty line,
And generously made their dullness thine!
From page to page they grinn'd a ghastly smile,
Yet seem'd to look so heavenlike all the while;
Then talk'd of merit to the world unknown,—
Ah! who could doubt them, for they meant their own.

'Religion too!—what right had he to scan
The scheme of glory which she wove for man;
Or paint around him whereso'er he trod,
The glowing fullness of eternal God?
Indeed 'twas hinted,—hop'd it was untrue,
His heart had worn an atheistic hue;
And still religion, though its hallow'd name
Had lent a freshness to his early fame,
Had not alike both heart and head inspir'd;
In short, the world was sick, and they were tir'd;
And then, to prove his verse had made it vile,
They mouth'd it in their own sweet monthly style!

'Next, *Paternoster** hir'd a serpent too,
To sound his rattle in the Scotch Review;
And yet,—alas! that such a menial end
Should wait on all who noble taste defend,
Though much was thought, and more, divinely said,
The poet triumph'd, and the public read;
And when Abuse herself had ceas'd to pay,
That public hooted, and she slunk away!'—pp. 92—95.

We breathe once more. Never in all our critical experience have we experienced any thing like this castigation. Our limbs quiver, the pen will no longer remain in our hands, for *steel* though it be, (and by the bye these steel pens are a most capital invention; they save us at least an hour a day in mere mending, and applied to the glazed paper which has been recently manufactured, we have no difficulty in saying that we thus acquire another hour by greater velocity in writing, so that we thus gain an additional

* Subaud. *Row.*

month every year, and an additional year every twelve years, beyond the ordinary lot of mortals), it flies away in terror lest it should be sacrificed by the 'triumphant poet.' Even our ink turns pale with fear!

As however, after the dark and ominous cloud which the shepherd anxiously watches upon the hill has broken, and the thunders with which it was charged have rolled away to the verge of the horizon, and the heavy shower hath fallen, the sky cheers up again, and the air becomes balmy, and the heart exults in the belief that the danger is over for the remainder of the day, so we, now that the poet has wreaked all his vengeance, and poured forth all his thunders, and hoping that, for a while at least, he will have no more to spare, venture with a stealthy pace to return to our critical chair, and resume the thread of our discourse.

The horn of Heber's fame is much exalted by Montgomery's verse. A happy and natural transition leads him then to the description of the commencement of his own collegiate life, in which the 'walk of wonder' (!) through the town, the 'flutter of the virgin gown,' the 'giggles' at the *freshman*, the majesty of High Street, the anticipating smiles of the tradesmen, and sundry other marvellous things are splendidly recorded. Among the men with whom he became in due course of time acquainted, we observe were two, named Mr. *Pertness* and Mr. Perfection, neither of whom it seems liked his poems.

> 'Then, happy *Pertness*, how sincerely vain!
> And, sour *Perfection*, what sublime disdain!
> For ever in detractive art employ'd,
> No virtue welcom'd, and *no book enjoy'd*.'

There was the rub. Another acquaintance of our poet was a master of arts of the name of *Nothing*.

> 'But save me heaven! from what no words can tell,—
> A human *Nothing*, made of *strut* and *swell*,
> Who thinks no University contains
> Sufficient wisdom to reward his pains;
> Yet, paltry creature! what a vacant skull!
> In all but falsehood, *villainously dull*;
> Big words and oaths in one wild volley roll,
> And nature blushes for so mean a soul.'

So much for Nothing!

Having now sufficiently amused ourselves with the egotism, the conceit, the folly, and the 'strut and swell' of Mr. Montgomery, let us not omit to do justice to those parts of his work which excite no other feeling than that of admiration. There are indeed not more than two or three passages, in the whole extent of the two thousand lines which make up this composition, worthy of the name of poetry. Perhaps the reader will agree with us, that one of these passages may be found in the author's reminiscence of a visit which he paid to his friend Bowles.

'Hast thou forgot that balmy summer noon
That glow'd so fair, and fled, alas! so soon,
My chosen friend! in whose fond smile I see
A spirit noble, and a nature free.
When Blenheim woo'd us to her grand domain,
Where Hist'ry smiles, and Marlborough lives again!
And on the way how sweet retirement threw
A shade of promise o'er life's distant view:—
How wildly beautiful the vasty sky,
Like heaven reveal'd, burst radiant on the eye!
A spirit bosom'd in the winds, appear'd
To chant noon-hymns, where'er a sound career'd,
While ev'ry leaf a living gladness wore,
And bird-like flutter'd as the breeze pass'd o'er;
The lark made music in the golden air,
The green earth, yellow'd by a sunny glare,
In twinkling dyes beheld her flow'ry race
Dance to the wind, and sparkle o'er her face;
Faint, sweet, and far, we heard the sheep-bell sound,
And insect happiness prevail around.—
The green monotony of hill and glade,
Where viewless streams,—by verdure oft betray'd,
Like Charity, who walks the world unseen,
Yet leaves a light where'er her hand hath been,—
By bank and mead roll'd windingly away,
'Twas ours to witness in superb array;
And through that gate, in arched grandeur rear'd,
When first the pomp of Blenheim park appear'd,
My fancy caught from thine assenting gaze
The magic gleam that sympathy betrays!

'Noon glided on, till day's declining glow
Beheld us sweeping o'er the verdant flow
Of meadowy vales, to where the village hill
In garden bloom we welcom'd, bright and still.
That sunny eve in smiling converse fled
Around a banquet generously spread,
Beneath a roof where elegance combin'd
The pure in taste with fancy the refin'd,—
The church antique, whose ivied turret won
The dying changes of departing sun,
And gleamed upon us at our parting hour,
I still remember in its beauteous pow'r.
Then home we sped beside romantic trees
Whose leaf-pomp glitter'd to the starting breeze,
And fondly view'd in symmetry of shade
The mimic branches on the meadows laid.
In wave-like glory burn'd the sunset sky!
Where rosy billows seem'd to swell and lie,
Superbly vast;—as if that haughty Day,
Ere yet th' horizon saw him sink away,
His clouds and colors vassal-like would see
Once more awake, and own their Deity!'—pp. 70—74.

To this we shall add one other passage, in which, we would fain believe, the author wishes to make the *amende honourable* for the passionate and indeed low-bred phraseology, in which he has elsewhere indulged his temper.

'Who breathes, in good and ill must bear his part,
And each can tell a history of heart,
How Time hath ting'd the moral of his years
Through gloom or glory, triumph, pangs, or tears.
And yet, howe'er the spirit prove her right,
To give it voice is deem'd a vain delight;
And far too deeply is my mem'ry fraught
With the cold lesson blighted hours have taught,
To think a life so valueless as mine,
With the stern feelings of a world may twine.
But words will swell from out excited mind,
As heave the waters to the booming wind,
In some fond mood when dreaming thoughts control
Departed years that slumber in the soul!

'Life still is young, but not the world, with me;
For where the freshness I was wont to see?
A bloom hath vanish'd from the face of things;
No more the syren of enchantment sings
In sunny mead, or shady walk, or bow'r,
Like that which warbled o'er my youthful hour.
Let reason laugh, or elder wisdom smile
On the warm phantasies which youth beguile;
There *is* a pureness in that glorious prime
That mingles not with our maturer time.
All earth is brightened from a sun within,
As yet unshaded by a world of sin,
While mind and nature blendingly array
In light and love, whate'er our dreams survey;
Though perils darken from the distant years,
They vanish, cloud-like, when a smile appears!
And the light woes that flutter o'er the mind
Are laugh'd away, as foam upon the wind.
Thou witching spirit of a younger hour!
Did I not feel thee in thy fullest power?
Attest, ye glories! flash'd from clouds and skies
On the deep wonder of adoring eyes,
As oft school-free, I worshipp'd, lone and still,
The rosy sunset from some haunted hill;
Or op'd my lattice, when the moonshine lay
In sleep-like beauty on the brow of day,
To watch the mystery of moving stars,
Through ether gliding on melodious cars;
Or musing wander'd, ere the hectic morn,
To see how beautiful the sun was born!

'A reign of glory from my soul hath past,
And each Elysium prov'd mere Earth at last;

Yet mourn I not in mock or puling strain,
For joys are left which never beam in vain!
The voice of friends, the changeless eye of love,
And oh! that bliss all other bliss above,
To know, if shadow frown, or sunshine fall,
There is One Spirit who pervadeth all!

'In youth, ambition was the nursing fire
That quicken'd all bright-omen'd dreams inspire
Of glory, when Titanic spirits claim
A godlike heirship of undying fame!
By lake, or wood, or scenes of cloistral calm,
When air descendeth in melodious balm;
Or, wildly roving with the sun and shade
Wherever Earth her phantasies display'd,—
Where heav'd a billow, or outspake a wind
In tones of passion to accordant mind,
How oft I ponder'd in delighted mood
On the bright themes of England's gratitude!
And tell, ye! whom high nature hath endow'd
With wing-like thoughts that soar beyond the crowd,
How Energy would dare to swell and rise,
What gleams of glory would entrance her eyes,
When words of Fame like heav'nly music roll'd
O'er the wild spirit which her pow'er controll'd!'

pp. 156—161.

We have never denied that Mr. Montgomery could write poetry, and that too, occasionally, of a very pleasing description. It is his misfortune that he thinks infinitely better of himself than any of his judicious readers ever possibly can do; that instead of being obliged to his critical advisers, he considers those his enemies who do not yield him unqualified praise; and that he seems to consider a few really good passages quite sufficient to ensure the popularity of a long series of rhymes. He will find himself much mistaken; he may be told, and may believe, that he has triumphed, to use his own expression, over the censures of some critics, but he may be assured of this, that the public voice is in harmony with theirs, and that if it were not so, not all their powers combined could mar his ambition. As to the malignity by which he supposes them to be actuated, it does not exist; it is very well for him to apply a flattering unction to his soul, by imagining that those who expose his faults have some mean personal feelings to gratify. But he may be convinced that those amongst them at least for whom we may be allowed to speak, are governed by much higher principles of action, and are determined, under all circumstances, to perform the duties which they owe to the literature of their country.

It is but justice to add, that the views of Oxford which illustrate this volume are all executed in the most admirable style.

ART. IV.—*Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, consisting of authentic memoirs and original letters of eminent persons; and intended as a sequel to the Literary Anecdotes.* By John Nichols, F.S.A. Vol. vi. 8vo, pp. 896. London: J. B. Nichols & Son. 1831.

NEARLY twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Nichols presented to the world the first six volumes of his "Literary Anecdotes." The present work forms the sixth of a series which he has since added to the "Anecdotes," by way of supplement and illustration; and when we are told that the stores of his correspondence are 'still far from being exhausted,' we presume that the announcement may be considered as a warning to us to prepare for as many more. The reader may form some notion of the pile of materials which the editor must have at his command, upon learning that the single tome, whose title we have given above, contains very nearly nine hundred pages, many of which are in small print. It would be gross flattery, if we were to hail such a publication as this with feelings of marked satisfaction. We see no material benefit that can arise to the community, from the formation of a collection, consisting chiefly of small details, connected with persons who have obtained no celebrity. Country curates who have occupied their idle hours in what they supposed to be literature, the composition of sermons, verses of which nobody beyond their own small circle had ever heard, essays upon subjects of local interest, haply upon the merits of the chase and the characters of dogs and foxes, think that their letters and the story of their lives must be supremely worthy of preservation, and forthwith they turn their eyes towards Mr. Nichols. They open a correspondence with him, amuse him with dissertations upon some favourite subject, send him their biographies, and he, good man, deems every scrap of their writings worthy, not only of being carefully kept, but of being printed in his 'Illustrations.'

Hence we have here a memoir of the Rev. John Hellins, F. R. S., of whom Mr. Polwhele, in his history of Cornwall, speaks, as "that celebrated mathematician," but whose fame, we believe, was never before extended beyond the precincts of that remote county. The fact that he had begun life as a cooper, and that he had educated himself, would have been worth knowing, if he had ever risen much beyond the humble rank of the mechanic. The Rev. Malachy Hitchins is another of the Cornish worthies, whose biography has found its way into this volume. It seems that he died and left a son, who wrote "The Sea-shore and other Poems." Is there one reader in one thousand, perhaps we might ask in one million, now living, who has ever heard a syllable before concerning the said Malachy, or the said "Sea-shore?" Again, the Rev. Peter Cuningham, some years since curate of Eyam, near the Peak, in Derbyshire, had the courage to print a poem, intitled "Britannia's Naval

Triumph," concerning which even Mr. Nichols has no recollection, and can find no record, with the exception of a few lines of extravagant praise written by a certain William Newton, and printed in that repository of all dull things, the "Gentleman's Magazine." This is enough, however, in the opinion of the editor, to entitle Mr. Peter Cuningham not only to the honours of a memoir, but also to the privilege of having fifteen pages of his letters printed among these 'Illustrations of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century!' Nay, even William Newton here obtains a niche; being the author of the fulsome lines alluded to, and a village poet, in whose estimation Hayley was the most sublime of bards, and the most judicious of critics! Another hero, whose merits are here recorded, is the Rev. William Chubbe, who has left behind him in verse the following description of his own character. Perhaps it contains all that the world would ever desire to know about him.

> "Unfit for deeper studies, pleas'd with rhyme,
> And, from late illness, grey before his time;
> Of middle stature, fond to bask away
> In sun and indolence the summer day;
> Prone to dispute, if chance he takes a cup,
> But never known to keep resentment up."—p. 464.

This celebrated name is followed by others equally well known, such as the *Rev.* Samuel Darby, the *Rev.* John Price, *et hoc genus omne*, the hitherto unknown inhabitants of the *terra incognita* of the republic of literature. In truth Mr. Nichols ought to have intitled his present publication "Illustrations of the Curacies of the Eighteenth Century." The name would then have been infinitely more in unison with the greater part of the materials, which would appear to be in his possession.

We have thus freely stated our principal objection to this work, which is a great deal too bulky, and too full of trifling details. At the same time we do not mean to say that it is altogether destitute of value. It may possibly be useful that there shall be compiled from time to time a collection of this nature, which, although unattractive to general readers, may serve to gratify the curious, in whose eyes small things are worthy of investigation. An idler meets, perchance, in the parlour window of an inn, or in an old library, a poem or a pamphlet which he had never heard of before. He looks into it; the style or the thought strikes his fancy, he reads it through, and coming to the end, he feels a disposition to know something of the author. He turns to Nichols's 'Illustrations,' and finds enough for his purpose; forthwith he is pleased with the industry of that gentleman, a qualification which no person can deny him. Again, there may be here and there scattered amongst mankind, a few individuals who derive peculiar delight from the perusal of works, in which they may be informed of the opinions, the occupations, the little gossip even of an obscure curate's family

and neighbours. To such persons these Illustrations will afford abundant enjoyment. The descendants of the most humble of those curates may, sometimes, be raised to the highest stations which the church or state has to confer; in that case it is pleasant to be able, with the ready assistance of such an *Omnibus* as this, to ascertain the depths from whence they have sprung, and to encourage others by their fortunate example.

Nor are these Illustrations altogether confined to names unknown in the world of politics and letters. The first article in the present volume is a proof of the reverse, since it contains, besides his own exquisite piece of autobiography, a memoir and several anecdotes of the late William Gifford, and some playful rhymes written by him, which have not been before published. The biography and letters of Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, are also, particularly the latter, valuable in no ordinary degree. He was the only son of Thomas, the elder brother of the immortal Chatham, and from this connexion alone would have been entitled to distinction, inasmuch as it was to him, during his residence at Cambridge, that those affectionate and instructive letters were addressed by his uncle, which were subsequently published by Lord Grenville. He was called to the House of Lords in 1784 by the title of Lord Camelford, and appears to have been a man of superior intellect. The latter years of his life were spent upon the continent. The famous borough of Old Sarum was a portion of his patrimony, and though he appears to have treated his members with more than common liberality, nevertheless, his notions of the extent of his power and property—with respect to that machine for the fabrication of representatives of the people, are abundantly characteristic, and strongly illustrate the sort of freedom which was allowed to their nominees by the patrons of close boroughs. Before we come to the precious epistles upon that subject, there are one or two upon the politics of the day, which will be read with interest. The first is dated in 1781, at the time when Fox was, as he elsewhere expresses it, "playing the devil" in the House of Commons. It is addressed, as all his letters printed in this collection are, to his intimate friend Mr. Justice Hardinge, an ex-Welsh judge, who appears also to be the friend of Mr .Nichols, and his assistant in the present work.

'"You remember when King William reproached the Duke of Buckingham for having revealed a secret, instead of receiving as an excuse that he had trusted it to his wife, the King replied, 'my Lord, I never trusted it to mine!' I cannot say as King William did, for I have trusted it to mine, but you are almost the only person else that has ever seen it; and though I have no reason to suspect your good woman's weakness, I confess I feel more easy that you have not mentioned it to her. At the same time, however, that I cannot bring myself to indulge your request, I am not a little flattered that you have made it; I hope you will not be able to bring our amendments in the Irish propositions to a dispute between the two Houses, upon the ground Fox seems to have laid

in for them; that fiend will find means to do the most effectual mischief to the country, whether in or out of office. I wish he were with his father, wherever that may be. Lord Camden would have been killed within one week more; indeed, so should we all. Do you breakfast here on Sunday?" ' —p. 74.

The apprehensions of the writer would seem to have been considerably increased towards the latter part of 1782, for he then says—'After new year's day we shall probably date from the first of the republic.' In the March of 1783 he thus gives expression to his alarm.

'"The strange unsettled way in which I now live, between Petersham and London, keeps me in perpetual motion, without giving me an opportunity of conversing with many of whose opinions I should wish to avail myself in this very extraordinary juncture. I have endeavoured to preserve my own consistency, whilst every thing has been turning round me; which, by those who were carried on by the motion of others, is, I am told, deemed inconsistent. I opposed my Lord North, because I thought he availed himself of the influence of the Crown to its full extent, in order to support a violent, absurd, and ruinous system of war, which I trusted his successors meant to put an end to, after the influence of corruption had met with some checks that might bring it back again to certain bounds. Upon the death of Lord Rockingham, all the strength and union of those who had promised us a better prospect was dissolved by that party, who, thinking they have a right to the power of this kingdom, *jure divino*, could not bear to see the Treasury in hands they could not trust, in other words, that they could not dispose of. I thought it my duty not to countenance so factious a proceeding, which could be capable of deserting the country at such a moment, because it was not surrendered up to them as their property.

'"I was told, 'Lord Shelburne was deceitful, that he did not mean peace, that he would never grant America independence, that he would bring back Lord North, and betray the country.' I waited the event, to decide my conduct; I found the American independence granted, and the peace concluded. Was I inconsistent in defending that unpopular peace, and those unpopular ministers, at the moment the declaimers had themselves made the league with Lord North, to overthrow the ministry, and bring themselves into power? Mankind can have but one opinion on such a junction; I cannot be sorry for it, as it has pulled off the mask, and exposed them to the most unconscious. They will, I hope, be ministers. The interested of their parties, especially of Lord North's, will revolt from disappointment; the men of principle will revolt from indignation; the people will despise them for their want of honesty, and hate them for the burthens it will be their lot to impose upon them. It is then that others may come forward, who may unite the respect of their sovereign, the confidence of the people, and the support of the respectable part of Parliament. This is the last hope of the country. Pray God it may not be defeated!

'"I shall read with pleasure the tract you are so kind as to promise me, and with profit, upon a subject so little generally undersood. I shall be always happy to see you, and shall think it hard if we cannot contrive

to meet during the recess. Mrs. Pitt will certainly wait upon Mrs. Hardinge when she is settled in town; but at present her time is so much divided between her aged father* and her girl, who is just recovering from a long illness, that her attention and her time are almost wholly devoted to them. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient faithful humble servant,

" 'THOMAS PITT.' "—pp. 76, 77.

After the writer was raised to the House of Peers, his confidential friend, Mr. Hardinge, was nominated by him for Old Sarum. The learned barrister seemed to have thought that he had sufficiently explained to his patron his political principles, and accordingly voted as he felt upon the question of reform. The following letter dated January 28, 1785, shows how the peer meditated on the matter, and how very little reference there is in this choice effusion to the rights and liberties of the Commons of England.

' " A few words upon the last sentence in your note as to your democratical principles of Reform, of which you say you gave me early notice. The question now grows more serious, and therefore let us understand one another. I never wished you to vote against your opinion upon any subject, nor do I wish it now.† Your principles, however, cannot be more decided upon the business of Reform than mine; nor are they half so strongly pledged to the public. Old Sarum has two representatives: upon one of them I have not the smallest claim, because I never pretended any kindness to him in the seat I gave him. It is, to be sure, even in his instance, however, a whimsical thing, that from his connection with Pitt, he feels himself under a necessity of subverting, as far as his vote goes, the seat he is intrusted with by his constituents, or, if you choose to call it so, by his constituent. But were he to vote against what Pitt, to whom he owes it, professes to have at heart, I am well aware it might be interpreted by the enemies of his friend as inconsistency and double dealing. What is your case? the argument cuts exactly the other way. Who will believe, if they see you take a part in direct opposition to what I have so often declared to be my deliberate opinion, that there is not a game played between us for the sake of flattering the Minister's favourite object! My line has been distinct, and I have never departed from it. I dread every change; and at this moment in particular think it not only unnecessary, but, considering the state of Scotland and Ireland, I think such a measure madness and absurdity. If, however, the circumstances were ever so favourable, the utmost length I can go to is the one additional county member; but that I consider as an experiment, and as a compounding to prevent further mischief. This I shall certainly say in the House of Lords, if ever it gets thither, and shall think (what I shall not say) that he is an enemy to parliament who goes further. If, from your general wish to support the Minister, or from your attachment to Lord Camden, or from a conscientious opinion upon the subject, you cannot think as I do, at least absent yourself upon this occasion, and do not distress me so far as

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* 'Pinkney Wilkinson, Esq., of Burnham, Norfolk.'

† 'This letter is endorsed by Mr. Hardinge, "A divine letter,—upon the Reform of Parliament, for which Mr. Hardinge voted just after he was chosen for Old Sarum."'

to make me appear to hold two languages, at the same time that you oppose one of the most decided political tenets I can ever form, and oppose it with the weapon I have put into your hands.

'"As to the democratical principle, how far that is likely to be gratified, by enabling three or four great families in every county, (generally peers,) to add to their influence in the House of Commons, or by rendering such additional influence still more powerful in extinguishing the balance of the open boroughs, I leave to your reflection. I profess to wish that power and property may go together, and am therefore not very anxious for the Plebeian system.

'"All I shall add is, that, if I were to consider only my own emolument and that of my son, (for I look no further), I should be happy that any scheme took place that would enable me to convert my privilege into an increase of income, which is a far more solid advantage than what is called importance and consideration. Weigh all this calmly in your own mind, and assure yourself that no difference of opinion will ever make an alteration in the affectionate regard with which I am faithfully,

'"Yours, CAMELFORD."'—pp. 80, 81.

The next letter upon the same subject is dated February 19, 1785.

'"Every day convinces me, that, as no man can think for another, so neither can one man feel for another. I perfectly acquit you upon the assurances you give me of any bias in your mind, but what arises from your own judgment, upon this occasion. I have only to lament that your judgment and your feeling are not the same with mine upon it. As I recollect, the reason why the delay in presenting your return was thought more delicate was, that you might not seem to take your seat with a view, one way or other, to such a question. When you offered to resign your seat to me, after having voted on Sawbridge's motion, I certainly should have thought myself much to blame to have accepted it; but so far was I from knowing your ideas upon the reform, that I have not at this hour a conception either of the principles or the mode you would wish to adopt in that reformation.

'"At this moment neither you nor I are acquainted with the plan Mr. Pitt has adopted; all we know with certainty is, that any augmentation of county members alone is quite unsatisfactory to the wishes of the reformers, and in the teeth of their professed principles, either of democracy or equality in proportion, or the right of actual representation; and that any extinction of boroughs, without proof of delinquency or forfeiture, is either an act of arbitrary violence, and therefore in every sense of the word unconstitutional, or it is liable to objections insuperable, if it is attempted to be put into a shape that will make it optional without injustice.

'"Do not imagine, however, my dear friend, that I wish to persuade you against your conviction; use your own discretion, act upon your own feelings in perfect freedom; all I have to beg of you is, that, if you apprehend your duty obliges you to take a part contrary to my opinions, you will at the same time find an opportunity of making it clearly understood, that it is so far from being in concert with me, that it is in direct opposition to those sentiments which I have so repeatedly declared, and which I shall entertain to my dying day.

'"Having now explained our thoughts to each other freely on both sides, let us drop the subject, and hope that it will be the only important one

upon which there will ever be such a difference of sentiment between you and your faithful and affectionate, CAMELFORD."'
—pp. 81, 82.

What would Lord Camelford have thought, if he were living in these reforming times? We verily believe that he would have gone mad. Yet he was a fair, tolerant, sensible patron, compared with the mass of those who have lately had the Parliament of this country, we may say, almost wholly at their command. The wonder is, when we reflect upon the abuses which have so long rendered that assembly a House of Commons merely in name, but a house of lordlings in effect, that the people have not long since pulled St. Stephen's chapel down about their ears. We find only one letter more upon this subject. It is dated from Lyons, November 19, 1788. The reader will possibly think it sufficiently explicit. The words—"my representative," are in all conscience candid enough!

'"Heavens! what a misfortune does your letter announce to me! I can think of nothing else. I loved him* as a man 'who bore his faculties so meekly.' I feel gratitude to him as one who so lately honoured me with proofs of his esteem and gracious distinction; but what are my private feelings to those of the public? I conclude, before this answer reaches you, our fate will have been decided; in truth, I already look upon the stroke as past. I dare not look forward. What a revolution we are to expect; not only England, but all Europe, trembles at the expected change of men and measures! Our situation was too prosperous; happy in our interior government, and respected abroad, every power looked up to us to restore and to preserve the peace of Europe. Young as our Minister is in years, the wisdom of experience seemed to be born with him; and he was regarded as a consummate statesman in the wisest cabinets. What will succeed him we are to see; but we know already that they are likely to be such as will be neither possessed of the confidence of the nation nor the reverence of foreign princes. Pitt has shewn himself great in power, it remains for him to support, when deprived of office, the high opinion he has acquired. If he is betrayed into the petulance of opposition, and lends himself, as all have done before him, to be at the head of a faction, instead of consistently espousing the cause of his country, whether the proposition comes from one side of the House or the other, he will be no more in future than a common man with good parts; he will be tried with the touch-stone.

'"In this state of things I must speak plainly to you, my dear friend. In the new Parliament, if he wishes to bring into Old Sarum *friends* of his, I have *friends* of my own to whom I will give the preference, and you are one of them; but if he calls upon me to place there two *public men*, who are necessary to him in Parliament, and for whom he can find room no where else, my private predilection will give way, because I think it ought, and you will be the sacrifice, which would not have been to a minister in place. I need not tell you this is a disinterested determination on my part;

* 'Our late gracious Sovereign, (Geo. III.) whose first illness took place at this time.'

that it proceeds from principle, and from political motives, more than from the attachments of gratitude. I do not recollect a single instance in which I have refused to comply with any request of his; and I can scarcely recollect a single instance through his whole administration where he has had the means or the inclination to gratify any wish I have submitted to him. No matter, I love and respect him; I feel proud of him, and think the safety and honour of the country depend upon him; and in the moment of adversity I shall feel happy if I can strengthen his hands by any means in my power. Do not be angry with me; if we were to change situations I should not be angry with you for it. I shall retain always a very sincere satisfaction in having had the opportunity of being useful to you. Judge candidly of me; and believe me, whether you are my representative or not, you have the sincere esteem of yours faithfully, CAMELFORD." '—pp. 95, 96.

Lord Camelford's letters from Italy and other parts of the continent are written in a clever and amusing style, and shew considerable acquaintance with the fine arts. We have here also a specimen of his poetry, which is by no means contemptible. His title is, we need hardly add, extinct. It descended to his only son, Thomas, who was killed in a duel in 1804, and whose sister, married to Lord Grenville in 1792, thus became the sole depositary of his name and possessions.

The memoir of the Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, of whom Mr. Nichols has given a well-engraved portrait, is particularly interesting on account of his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, to whom he had the good fortune to be introduced very early in life. He died in the 87th year of his age in Dorset-place, Mary-le-bone, in 1826. To the latest period of his age he felt the utmost delight in speaking of that great man. 'His lively and animated description of the conversations which passed between them, and his close imitations of Dr. Johnson's peculiar manner and diction, placed the very man before the eyes of his readers.' He held for some years the station of head-master of the Grammar-school at Oakham, after giving up which, he obtained the livings of Wing and Denton. The only literary work of any consequence which he published, is "The Songs of Solyma," being a new translation of the Psalms of David, some of which have been so well versified, that they are preserved in Mr. Burgoyne's volume of sacred music. He communicated to the periodical journals several anecdotes of Johnson, which well deserve to be incorporated with Mr. Croker's long expected edition of Boswell. They are inserted in this volume. We have here also from his pen "Alexander's Feast," altered, and in some respects well altered, from Dryden. The original verses which follow, are not likely to propagate his fame. An epigram which he made upon clerical rhymes in general will apply with equal force to his own.

'" Alas! we rectors must resign
All claims upon the muses blithe;
The blithesome muses are but *nine*,
And so we've none you see for *tithe*." '

The Rev. William Chaffin, a clergyman by profession, in Dorsetshire, but who, it seems, partakes much more of the character of a country squire, has furnished Mr. Nichols with a lively piece of autobiography. According to his own account he held at one time two benefices, upon neither of which he resided, and was quite an adept in hunting, shooting, and fishing. He was in high favour with our late sovereign George the Fourth, when, as Prince of Wales, he occupied Mr. Strutt's mansion and domains at Critchill. The parson was wont to attend the prince in his field sports, and in order to do this the better, was presented by him with a capital hunter! Well! let us pass by these faults in both parties. The following anecdote, which we have never before seen in print, would go far in our opinion to redeem many such errors in the conduct of the then heir apparent to the British throne.

'One morning his Royal Highness called upon me alone, without any attendant, not even one servant, and desired me to take his information for a robbery, and to grant him a search-warrant. He insisted on my administering the oath to him, which I reluctantly did; and he informed me that the head groom of his stables had his trunk broken open in the night, and a watch and many valuable articles stolen and carried away; and that it was suspected, that they were concealed in such and such places, and that he chose to come himself, lest an alarm may be given and the goods removed. His Royal Highness sat by my side, while I filled up a search-warrant, which his Royal Highness hastened home with, and saw the execution of it himself; the goods were found in the suspected places, a nest of thieves were detected, and all brought to condign punishment. Should his Royal Highness become Sovereign, as by the grace of God he may soon be, what a strange story it will be to tell, that a King of Great Britain did apply to a poor country justice to grant him a search-warrant for stolen goods! But this would be a real fact.'—p. 212.

The hunting propensities of this clergyman were not treated with similar partiality by the good old king himself, who, on one of his excursions from Weymouth, happened to see a portrait of Mr. Chaffin, painted by Beach, at Lord Dorchester's. As his Majesty was on his way to the house of Lord Rivers, he observed the original standing at some distance, looking on at the cavalcade, and sent Lord Walsingham for him.

'His lordship,' says this eccentric autobiographer, 'addressing me with a smile on his countenance, said, "His Majesty wants to speak to you; he wants to see whether your picture at Lord Dorchester's is a good likeness." I was much confused at this notice; and was hastening towards his Majesty's carriage, when I observed a favourite little dog of my nieces,' running under the wheels of another carriage, and in great danger, which with some difficulty I released, and took it up in my arms, and in that situation presented myself at the side of his Majesty's chaise.

'His Majesty very graciously began a conversation with me, by asking me, if that house, pointing to it, was not mine. I answered his Majesty that it was. He observed that it was pleasantly situate, and appeared a good old mansion; I informed his Majesty that it was built by my father; he said, that he thought it must have been much older; and then very

quickly added, "Walsingham tells me that you are about to leave this fine healthy country for the foggy one of Cambridgeshire." I answered, "Yes; and please your Majesty I do it for reasons, with which, if your Majesty was acquainted, I think you would not much blame me." He instantly said, "I know, I know all." And then looking earnestly at me, he said to Lord Walsingham, "Beach has done justice; it is a good likeness, a good picture." Then looking at me again with a smile on his countenance, said, "In your picture you are drawn with a book in your hand, but now you have a dog, a pleasanter companion, I suppose; for Walsingham informs me that you are a sportsman; all in character I find." And immediately the glass was drawn up, and the cavalcade passed on.'—pp. 214, 215.

Among the remaining memoirs, which the reader will find worthy of notice, we may mention those of Mr. Eardley Wilmot; of Mr. Sampson Gideon, who beginning the world with a fortune of £1500, raised it by his commercial enterprize and industry, to the amount of nearly £300,000;—of that elegant scholar and antiquary, the Rev. Thomas Leman; of David, Earl of Buchan; and of Sir James Edward Smith, the well known English Linnæus. Among the multitude of letters with which the volume is filled, we cannot pass over one addressed, in 1812, by the late Mr. George Rose, to Mr. Nichols, under the impression, which however was a mistake, that the latter was preparing a new and improved edition of Pope's works. The Marchmont Papers, as our readers know, have since been published, but we do not know whether the epistolary writings of Pope, here alluded to, have been, as yet, made any use of.

'"I was not aware of an intention to publish a new edition of Pope's Works till I saw an advertisement in the Courier a few days ago. I wish you had mentioned it to me. You probably know that the late Earl of Marchmont was not only one of his most intimate and confidential friends, but his acting executor, and that I was sole executor to his lordship; in which situation I became possessed of all Mr. Pope's unpublished writings —few in number and of no value; but I have letters of his own on various subjects; notes respecting his quarrel with Lord Bolingbroke, in which Lord Marchmont was the mediator; the best portraits of Mr. Pope, of Sir William Wyndham, and Lord Bolingbroke, each of whom sat for my lord. It must, however, be too late now to make use of any of these. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful humble servant."'—p. 353.

Mr. Nichols seems to us to have attached a great deal too much importance to the correspondence of Mr. Gough with Messrs. Essex, Brooke, and Denne, which is insufferably tedious. Indeed, as we have already hinted, he is too much disposed, in general, to set a high value upon written papers, simply, as it would seem, because they happen to be exclusively in his own possession. We beg of him to condense his materials in future, to omit without mercy, and consign to the fire a ton or two of the stores which are yet far from being exhausted! Another volume of the same species as this, will to a certainty bring his 'Illustrations' to the tomb of all the Capulets. Let him at all events avoid a verdict of *Felo de se.*

ART. V.—*Fragments of Voyages and Travels, including Anecdotes of a Naval Life; chiefly for the use of Young Persons.* By Captain Basil Hall, R.N., F.R.S. In three volumes, 12mo. Edinburgh: Cadell. London: Whittaker & Co. 1831.

THERE are few naval men so indefatigable in their literary labours as Captain Basil Hall. He has industriously kept himself before the public eye, ever since the publication of his work upon South America—a work which, it would seem, obtained rather more popularity than the author would now desire for it. Having with true Scotch diligence succeeded in pushing that publication through several editions, and having put into his pocket the proceeds thereof, he has lately turned round upon it, and expressed his regret that it ever saw the light. He repents of the sentiments which it contained. They were, he finds, much too liberal—too sanguine in the cause of freedom, and in order, as it were, to expiate them, he made a voyage on his own account to the United States, whence he returned laden with accusations against the people of that republic, and with numerous bills of indictment against their institutions. In further performance of the penance which he imposed upon himself, for his early transgressions against the monarchical principle, he prepared with great labour, and published in the *Quarterly Review*, that too-celebrated article in support of the then projected ordinances of Charles X. We do not mean to say that the gallant Captain was admitted to the confidence of Polignac, or that he had any precise idea of the nature of the measures then in contemplation upon the part of the French cabinet. But it suited his purpose at that season to recommend steps similar to those which were afterwards adopted, and, despotic and impolitic as they were, he felt no shame in propagating them through the medium of a British journal.

For this veering about so suddenly, so decidedly, and so ostentatiously, from one extreme of the political compass to the other, the Captain has been strenuously assailed by the critics in this country and elsewhere. In the present little work, in which, perhaps, nothing of the kind would have been expected, he complains of such treatment in bitter language. So hurt was he by the remarks that were made in the American periodicals upon his late publication, that he could not prevail upon himself to read their abuse, lest it might excite his anger against their nation, and thus possibly endanger the continuance of the peace, which now so happily subsisted between the republic and these kingdoms! We much regret that the gallant author did not peruse those sturdy reviews, one and all. They would have convinced him that the Americans are not such children in intellect, as to impute to this country at large, the narrow and prejudiced notions which he has so fearlessly arrayed against their system of liberty. He would have seen that they, at least the sensible portion of them, are too well acquainted with the

real state of public opinion in this country, to believe that principles, such as those which he maintains, are acceptable to any considerable portion of the impartial and well informed classes of our population. For the rest, we console ourselves with the hope, that Captain Hall will now behold, in their true colours, the real errors of his ways. We know him to be a sagacious, as well as a highly estimable person, and though the political atmosphere which prevailed when he wrote his books against the republic in America, and his article in favour of despotism in France, might possibly, by some extraordinary power of refraction, have conveyed a great deal of wrong information to his senses, yet we trust that, now the horizon is clearer, he will be enabled to discover all outward objects in their just and natural positions. In other words, we shall venture to tell him, that the Duke of Wellington is no longer Prime Minister, and that the extreme hostility to liberalism, which signalized his political career, is no more the language of the court or of the admiralty. It is not now a professional sin, as it was not very long ago, for a naval captain to be a friend of liberty in every region of the globe; and we are heartily glad of it, as we know of no incongruity more odious, than that which presents to us a commander of our wooden walls, in the uniform of the sea, shouting out "down with the constitution!" Between our navy and civil liberty there is a natural, or at least a prescriptive, connection; and we trust that Captain Hall will not continue to recommend, either by precept or example, the dissolution of so holy an alliance.

It will be no defence for him to say that he has no desire to meddle with our own institutions. He is avowedly an anti-reformer, and so far he does meddle with the liberties of England. But we have often observed that those persons who are hostile to the march of freedom abroad, are equally adverse to it at home. Kindred opinions in every part of the world afford to each other a moral sanction and a real support; the freedom of America has long assisted to preserve and augment the freedom of our own country. The Reform Bill is the offspring of the late French revolution; we do not deny it. The success of the famous ordinances, if they had been quietly submitted to in France, would have undoubtedly retarded that most salutary measure; and thus, we see, that those who were for the ordinances of Charles X., are, naturally enough, against the new Magna Charta preparing for the signature of William IV.

It is the more unpleasant to us to see such a man as Captain Hall abandon, even for a while, the path of generous and manly feeling, as we well know that he is endowed with a very superior mind, full of lofty sentiment, and, at the same time, remarkably attentive to objects of practical utility. His curiosity urges him to inquire into every thing, and we firmly believe that his great ambition is to do as much good to his fellow beings as he possibly

can, in every sphere in which he may be placed. The little work before us is an incontrovertible proof of his disposition to promote the interests of the honourable profession to which he belongs; it is as affluent in the milk of human kindness, as any production that has ever come before us. It would seem to be intended chiefly for the benefit of young midshipmen; and to those valuable scions of the rising generation, it is indeed a present beyond all price. The sketches which the author has given of his own early life in the navy, are highly interesting merely as a piece of autobiography; but they go a great deal farther; they are interspersed with sound observations drawn from experience, pointing out the difficulties with which the young midshipman has to contend, the evils which beset his path, the mode in which he may occupy his many idle hours, and the measures by which he may regulate his intellect and his morals. We conceive that no better guide than these volumes could be placed in the hands of a youth intended for the navy. Before he goes on board at all, he may here see, as plainly as if the future were revealed to him, the sort of life upon which he has resolved. They will afford him the opportunity of altering his intention in good time, should he find such a life not suitable to his dispositions; or they will so far confirm him in his determination, as that no disappointments, privations, or difficulties, shall have power to disgust him in the earlier stages of his career. When once fairly embarked, these volumes will give him many an hour's amusement mingled with sensible instruction. Perhaps it may not be too much to hope, that they shall produce a marked and serious influence upon the conduct of the profession at large, and that in time they shall convert the cock-pit into what it ought to be, a library and a study. Assuredly it is not a necessary ingredient in the quality of courage, that its possessor should be ignorant of history and elegant literature, that he should swear after the newest fashion, and spend much of his time in stupid reverie, or low horse play; in the indulgence of the table, or in any other occupation beneath the character of a gentleman.

Doubtless in a literary point of view it may be said, that the Captain is inclined, like a greater spirit, now and then to nod. That is to say, he becomes garrulous and prosy, and talks too much like a schoolmaster and an author. But let that pass. The work is upon the whole executed in a clean artist-like manner. The style is as perspicuous as style can be. It never rises indeed to grandeur, neither does it very often creep upon the ground. It may excite no strong emotions—it may not be entitled to the character of "fascinating;" but the advice which it conveys remains upon the mind, and we shall see that more than one passage in the volumes deserves praise for fluency and picturesque beauty of expression. The relation, for instance, of the writer's early predilections for naval life, is clothed in language admirable for its simplicity.

'Various circumstances conspired to give me, very early in life, what is called a taste for the sea. In the first place, I came into the world in the midst of a heavy gale of wind; when such was the violence of the storm, and the beating of the rain, that there were some thoughts of removing the whole party to a less rickety corner of the old mansion, which shook from top to bottom. So strong, indeed, was the impression made on the imagination of those present, by the roaring of the surf close at hand, the whistling of the wind in the drenched forest, and the obvious rocking of the house, under the heavy gusts of that memorable gale, that, as soon as I was old enough to understand any thing at all, the association between the events of my future life, and those of my birth-night, began to be sown in my mind. Thus, long before I shipped a pair of trousers, I felt that a salt-water destiny was to be mine; and as every body encouraged me to cherish these early predilections for the sea, I grew up with something of the same kind of certainty of becoming a sailor, as an elder brother does of becoming a country gentleman, from his knowing—'for quickly comes such knowledge'—that the estate is entailed upon him.

'The holidays, also, which released me from the irksome confinement of the High School of Edinburgh, were passed in the country, on a part of the rugged sea-coast of Scotland, peculiarly calculated to foster nautical propensities. During the weary months which preceded and followed these six delicious weeks of liberty, my thoughts, instead of being devoted to the comprehension of abstract rules of grammar, which it was our worthy preceptor's sole object in life to drive into us, invariably strayed back to the picturesque and iron-bound shore, as it is happily termed in naval language, along which I was wont to ramble in full enjoyment during these holidays.

'So incessantly, indeed, was the contrast presented to my imagination, between the cramped routine of school discipline, and the glorious freedom of the sea-beech, that I took little or no interest even in the games which filled up the play-hours of the other boys; and, from dwelling upon these thoughts day and night, I became so gloomy and wretched, that the bare recollection of my feelings at that period often makes me shudder, though more than thirty busy years have since passed over my head. The master of our class was as excellent a man, I believe, as could be; but he would have deemed it a shocking crime against his calling—which he very naturally considered the first on earth—to have allowed that any one boy possessed a particle more of feeling, or was conscious of more independence of thought, than his companions. Still less could he understand that any boy should pretend to have aspirations and wild fancies—dreams he called them—the object of which lay far beyond the boundary walls of the play-ground. Accordingly I dragged on a tolerably profitless and painful existence for several years; though, perhaps, with a little management, this period might have been rendered not only useful, but happy.

'Once only, during my continuance in this limbo, as the Spaniards call the purgatory of children, I was addressed in a very kind manner by the head master, though a severe personage in his way, as far as regarded the use of the formidable strap, or taws, which in Scotland supply the place of the wholesome birch of English seminaries. He took me on one side, and said in a tone so unusual in the despotic government of schools in

those days, that it made me start,—"How comes it, little fellow, that you are always so gloomy; and that you never play as the rest do, but look for ever as if some misfortune had befallen you?"

'I answered, "that the confinement of the school was much too great, and that I could not bear being always treated as if I had no feelings or peculiar wishes worthy of separate consideration. That it was not the number of hours' confinement I complained of, but the awkward selection of the periods. Let me, sir," I said, "but choose the time for study, and I will cheerfully work even much longer. At present the day is totally cut up and destroyed."

'He smiled, patted me on the head, and said the hours and discipline could not be changed, merely to suit the fantastic taste of one boy. I knew this well enough already; in fact, I was not so absurd as to suppose that a public school could be maintained on my visionary principles, or that any rules could be established for their government but such as took account of average abilities, and made allowance for an ordinary share of feeling and patience. Whether or not my quantum of sensibility were needlessly great, is of little consequence; it certainly was so different from that of my companions, that it completely prevented my profiting, in the mean time, by the opportunities of this school, and drove me to rest my only prospect of happiness in getting away from its thraldom.

'Certain very troublesome misgivings, also, as to the future, came across my juvenile thoughts about this epoch; especially as to the probabilities of happiness in that wide world of freedom, for which my soul panted, and of which I knew nothing, except by description. I happened, one day, to get hold of "Gray's Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College,"—a poem fraught, it is true, with images of the highest possible beauty, both of thought and of expression, but most of which are certainly far better calculated to beget despondency than hope, by teaching that school days are unavoidably happier than those of after-life.

'What the "march of intellect" may have done lately to remedy this matter, I cannot say; but in my time, and at the particular school alluded to, the season of boyhood was, to me at least, any thing but a happy one; and I well remember, after reading the poem in question, exclaiming in a state of great despair, "If it is certain that my future life is to be more wretched than this, which is now so full of misery, what, alas! is existence worth?"

'In this terrified frame of mind, I dived into various other works, but, to my sorrow, very seldom met with any thing of a more consolatory nature. Nor was it till many years' trial of the wear and tear of actual life, that I came to learn the fallacy of most of those assertions respecting the comparative happiness of school; and to feel assured that the whole, or nearly the whole matter, lies essentially with ourselves, since, in any situation in life, the amount of our happiness will be found to bear, in the long run, a pretty exact ratio to the heartiness with which we perform our duty. Whereas "Gray's Ode," "Young's Night Thoughts," and other sombre productions, too often thrust into the hands of young people, would almost seem to inculcate the notion that the most virtuous are the least happy, and that life is necessarily filled with care and remorse, instead of being, as it really is, to those who choose to make it so, a scene of high enjoyment—not, indeed, one of unmixed enjoyment, but one in which the

pleasures generally far outweigh the sorrows. It has, accordingly, always seemed to me a libel on our nature, and a perverse misapplication of the gifts of Providence, to consider that the earliest days of life must of course be the happiest. It may do very well in poetical fiction, to talk of childhood being the "sunshine of the breast;" but surely the true, broad daylight of life, not poetically, but practically speaking, is to be found at a later period, when the faculties are far more matured, and the will is left free.

'Be all this, however, as it may, I never lost a minute in hurrying away from school the instant our examinations were ended. At these periodical trials, it may be well supposed, I never cut any great figure; for I contented myself with trying to keep a little above the middle, partly because some boys sat thereabouts to whom I was attached, and partly because the particular bench alluded to was near the fire. As soon as the term of imprisonment was over, I flew to the coach-office, and never felt perfectly satisfied that all was right and safe, till fairly seated on the top, by the side of my friend the guard, and bowling along the high road. On reaching the country, the first object always was to hunt out some of the fishermen on the shore, who readily engaged to give me a row next morning. After a sleepless night of anticipated delights, I commonly found myself, at sunrise, in a fishing-boat, half a league from the coast, surrounded by congenial spirits—fellows who had no idea of grammar—and who were willing, either from bribery, or from motives of professional sympathy, to consider me as somebody, and not to reckon me as a mere zero, serving no other purpose but to augment the numbers of a school, without having any value in myself.

'At all events, these hardy boatmen were so much amused with my enthusiasm about their art, that they took great pleasure in feeding my young fancy with tales of nautical dangers and hardships, the joyous excitement of which placed the dull drudgery of syntax in sad contrast. On these expeditions, however, I was always wofully sea-sick; for the boats, or cobbles, as they are called, were not altogether so tidy as a man-of-war's gig; besides which, they generally enclosed a due allowance of bilge water, and decayed remnants of forgotten fish. So that my taste for the sea had often tough work to hold its ground against the deranged action of the stomach; and it must be owned that I often leaped on shore again, to the enjoyment of steady footing, and an atmosphere less fishified, with a half-uttered vow at my lips that I would never tempt the ocean more.'—vol. i. pp. 1—10.

Here we see all the symptoms of a strong predisposition for the sea, the promise of the future commander. His next step was to build a boat for himself, an undertaking which he accomplished with the assistance of a carpenter lad. Their combined exertions produced a rude imitation of a vessel, which, with a gardener's mat for a sail, they had the infinite delight of beholding fly before the gale from one end of a horse pond to the other!

In speaking of the scholastic education of a youth intended for the navy, we are glad to find Captain Hall strongly recommending, among other objects, a close attention to the Greek and Latin classics. He is perfectly right in the praise which he gives to those imperishable productions, as instruments for disciplining the

mind, and training up the character, 'so that it may be found equal to any task, no matter how unlooked-for it may be.' He might have gone a little farther, and insisted upon the magical effect which the writings of Greece and Rome usually produce upon a generous mind. They form its taste betimes, they give it a disrelish for sordid sentiments, they help the character to expand into manliness of thought and consistency of principle. Being almost all of them models of style, though varied in character, they afford the best practical lessons for the selection of expression, and the compression of thought. Beyond these effects they are, in every state of life, in every mood of the mind, gentle and delightful companions, whose converse never fatigues, whose presence is ever welcome, in whom we every day find something new to beguile us from the routine realities of existence.

Having obtained his appointment as midshipman, on board the Leander, in the summer of 1802, the author, after describing in an interesting manner his feelings upon going on board, thus sets before us the mysteries of his initiation into his profession upon his first voyage.

'Off we set, accordingly; and it may be interesting, and perhaps useful, for youngsters in similar circumstances, to know, that all the pleasureable anticipations came to pass sooner than any of those which were gloomy in their promise. Yet it is curious, that since those days, when I was first launched upon blue water, I have very rarely set out upon a voyage without experiencing many misgivings, often amounting almost to a wish that some accidental incident might arise to check the expedition altogether. This is the more strange, as I have seldom, if ever, failed to find the reality more delightful than was expected, the difficulties more easily overcome, and the harvest of amusement and instruction more fertile, than any previous reading or conversation had led me to suppose the jog-trot course of a professional life could possibly afford.

'I don't deny that I had sometimes a plaguy tough job of it to keep my spirits up to this mark; and though I never quite lost heart, I was often very low in the scale of resolution. So much so, that on looking back to those times, I fear I can discover moments when, had good opportunities offered, I might perhaps have been tempted to cut and run. Fortunately for me, however, there never was the least choice left between perseverance and poverty; and I had been long taught to consider, that the bread of idleness, however supplied, was the most degrading food a gentleman could eat. It is true that I was not then so strongly convinced as I am now, that many of the essential advantages of the primogeniture law, lie on the side of the younger sons, yet I always felt that it was my duty, as well as my interest, to illustrate, practically, the truth of this seeming paradox.

'The first damper to the magnanimous resolution, of making myself useful in the world, was caused by a speech of our excellent captain, who, calling all the youngsters into his cabin, a few days after we were out of sight of land, addressed us in the following words:—

'"Now, younkers, I have sent for you all, to tell you that you are not of the smallest use on board the ship; in fact, if any thing, you are rather in the way: but since you are here, I have no objection to your learning your

business, if you have a mind to do so. You shall, therefore, have your choice, either to keep watch or not, exactly as you please; only, recollect this, if any of you decide to do your duty in the way proposed, you shall be made to perform it in earnest. So mind what you are about, and give me an answer to-morrow morning. Now, little fellows, be off with you!"

'Out of about a dozen, I think there was only one other besides myself who decided upon keeping watch. Most of this party had been a cruise or two at sea before, and knew that pacing up and down the deck for four hours in the night, over and above the tasks of the day, was no joke; and they rather chuckled at the prospect of being let off so easily. For my part, I was so grievously annoyed at the contemptuous official assurance of being of no use, that I never hesitated an instant, but caught eagerly at any opening which promised me the means of belying this disparaging assertion. Of course, I knew little or nothing of the duties which would be required; but I had a pretty distinct notion, that, provided any person has a specific course chalked out for him to follow, no matter how humble that path may be, there must be a better and a worse way for going over it; and, if so, that there will be a certain amount of distinction due to him who, in the first instance, resolves to do his business properly, and has afterwards perseverance enough to make good his pledge.

'To a lad who has health and spirits, keeping watch is rather agreeable than otherwise. I speak from about twelve years of almost uninterrupted experience of the practice, when I say that, upon the whole, its pleasures outweigh its annoyances. There is no opiate that ever was devised, which gives such hearty relish to sleep, as a good four hours' night-watch. Without refining or philosophising too deeply, every one, I am sure, who has tried the experiment, will recollect the sort of complete self-satisfaction with which he has "turned in," after having gone through his work, and stripped off his dripping clothes; still less will he forget the delighted kind of hug which he has bestowed upon himself, when fairly under the blankets. All the world is then forgotten; the gale may be rising, the ship in no great safety, the labours of the night just beginning—no matter, his watch is out—his task is done. "I'll go to sleep," he says; and sure enough, a young middy, after the weary watch is out, lies down, as perfect a personification of Shakspeare's ship-boy, as imagination could desire. Though not literally perched on the high and giddy mast, he is pretty nearly as soundly rocked; for, after being bagged up in a hammock, and hoisted close to the beams, in the cable tier, with only a foot and a half of space above, and not half a foot below him, he is banged at every roll, against the stanchions, or driven by the motion of the ship against the deck over-head. In spite of all this, added to the loud creaking of the lower-deck guns, and the hundred-and-fifty other noises above and below him, he sleeps through all, and sleeps soundly; or, as the Spaniards say, "Rienda suelta,"—at full gallop.

'There is another very satisfactory result of keeping watch, besides the certainty of ensuring good sleep; it not only defines the duty to be performed, but the period in which it is to be done, so exactly, that all the rest of the time is free for us to make use of, in the way that most suits our own pleasure. To a person disposed to turn his spare moments to account, such privilege is a great affair, independently of the

moral advantage of having a precise task to execute at stated hours; this obligation of working periodically seems, indeed, to act as a sort of hone, on which our intellects, as well as our industry, may be sharpened. Some reasoners and refiners on this matter go so far as to say, that a man of talents and fancy will often be able to turn his gifts to greater account, if forced to give up a considerable portion of his day to drill, or even disagreeable drudgery, than if he had the whole twenty-four hours to himself. It has even been said, that the most successful and imaginative writer of our times, considers himself indebted for some of his happiest flights, to the necessity of plodding round and round the dull routine of a court of law, for many hours of every day: for, when he takes wing to the country, in the vacation, the spring of his energies is vastly more elastic, than if he had not been chained to a desk for many months before.'—vol. i. pp. 62—68.

We have too much regard for our friends afloat, the brave sentinels who watch, when the time requires it, for the safety of our native land, to expose in too broad a light the amusements of the cock-pit. They can have no objection, however, we hope, to allow the author to disclose the secrets of their prison house upon the subject of eating. Certes in this respect they are not to be rivalled.

'There is no class of persons in His Majesty's naval service who have such ravenous appetites as the younger class of middies—indeed their plates and platters leave the birth, generally, as clean as they were before the dinner entered. What may be the cause of this voracity it is needless to enquire—the fact of their prodigious appetites is universal. And it will easily be imagined that, in such a community, the Esquimaux maxim of first come, first served, would sometimes introduce itself into the practice of those polished young gentlemen. One day, after keeping the forenoon watch, I went down at half-past twelve to dinner, but found nothing left on the board but a morsel of the ship's beef which we generally called salt junk, and sometimes believed to be salt horse, resembling very much a piece of mahogany, and often quite as sapless. To this was added a very small portion of suet pudding, called in our lingo, dough, or duff, and differing but little in aspect and weight from good honest pipe-clay. It has been very properly observed of a young midshipman, that "although God may turn his heart, the devil cannot turn his stomach;" and certainly, upon this occasion, I made no objection to the victuals set before me—except as to the quantity. In five minutes, the dish and the plate had returned to that habitual state of purity, which would have rendered the office of scullion a complete sinecure, had we been honoured with such an attendant.'—vol. i. pp. 83, 84.

The habit of considering his ship as his home, is not, perhaps, peculiar to the British sailor. The love which he bears to his vessel is, however, remarkable in every climate. This true feeling of the tar is expressed in enthusiastic language by Captain Hall. 'We have no other thoughts,' he says, 'of professional duty or of happiness, but what are connected with the vessel in which we swim; we take a pride in her very looks, as we might in those of a daughter; and bring her crew up to honourable deeds, as we should wish to

instruct our sons. The rate of sailing of each ship in a fleet is a subject of never-ending discussion amongst all classes of the officers, midshipmen, and crews, every one of whom considers his own individual honour involved in all that his ship does, or is capable of doing. This is true, almost universally; but it is most striking, no doubt, in our first ship, which, like our first love, is supposed to drink up, from the opening flower of our young feelings, the richest drops of sentiment, never to be outdone, or even equalled, by future attachments! I owe, indeed, much good companionship, and many sincere obligations to other vessels; yet I am sure, that if I live to be Lord High Admiral, the old Leander must still remain nearest and dearest to my nautical heart.'

With a full description of Bermuda, we have also an account of the amusements with which the midshipmen of the Leander sought to while away their time during the greater part of the winters of 1802 and 1803. Among these was an attempt to capture a whale, connected with which, the captain relates an occurrence that will possibly startle the reader. The whale being hard pressed among the coral reefs which abound in that quarter, and desiring to be in somewhat deeper water, in order to escape his enemies, suddenly, and almost with the agility of a flying fish, jumped over one of these mystic boundaries, which confined his exertions! 'So complete,' says the captain, 'was this enormous leap, that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance from the water not much short, I should think, of half his own breadth! His back therefore, must have been at least twenty feet, in perpendicular height, over our heads.' We should undoubtedly have believed this fact upon Captain Hall's evidence alone, as he would never think of inventing such a story. At the same time we were glad to see his testimony fully confirmed by that of Captain Scoresby, who has stated that he witnessed many similar exploits of whales in the northern seas.

We were much amused, and so doubtless will the reader be, with the whole of the story about the poor dog "Shakings." It is excellently told. The animal was the common property of the middies; they all loved him with an intense affection, which only grew warmer, in proportion as their favourite was persecuted by the officers of the ship. He was so filthy and so useless for any purpose whatever, that the latter had him frequently put on shore. "Shakings" as often, by some miraculous agency, found his way back again. At length he was consigned to a watery grave, without the knowledge of his protectors. The next morning all the dogs in the vessel appeared in mourning—a black bandage being tied round a leg of each. This was ordered forthwith to be removed. The pigs were next made in a similar way to express their grief for the loss of "Shakings"—to the infinite amusement of the whole crew. Even the officers joined in the laugh thus provoked against themselves.

This subject leads the author to another, which he treats with great delicacy, and in a manner that extends the practical utility of his observations, far beyond the limits of a ship.

'Even at this distance of time, and although most of the officers I am now speaking of have long since been dead and gone, I still feel that it would be a sort of disrespectful liberty in me, and perhaps not very useful, to point out, with any minuteness of detail, those particular points in their modes of management, which struck me as being faulty at the time, or which now seem worthy of commendation. I shall merely mention a trait of character by which two of them were contra-distinguished from each other; and I do so the more readily, as the example seems to contain a lesson nearly as applicable, perhaps, to domestic matters, as to those of a stern profession like the navy.

'Whenever one of these commanding officers came on board the ship, after an absence of a day or two, and likewise when he made his periodical round of the decks after breakfast, his constant habit was to cast his eye about him, in order to discover what was wrong—to detect the smallest thing that was out of its place—in a word, to find as many grounds for censure as possible. This constituted, in his opinion, the best preventive to neglect, on the part of those under his command; and he acted in this crusty way on principle.

'The attention of the other officer, on the contrary, appeared to be directed to those points which he could approve of. For instance, he would stop as he went along, from time to time, and say to the first lieutenant, "Now these ropes are very nicely arranged; this mode of stowing the men's bags and mess-kids is just as I wish to see it." While the officer first described would not only pass by these well-arranged things, which had cost hours of labour to put in order, quite unnoticed, but would not be easy till his eye had caught hold of some casual omission, which afforded an opening for disapprobation. One of these captains would remark to the first lieutenant, as he walked along, "How white and clean you have got the decks to day! I think you must have been at them all the morning, to have got them in such order." The other, in similar circumstances, but eager to find fault, would say, even if the decks were as white and clean as drifted snow—"I wish to heaven, sir, you would teach these sweepers to clear away that bundle of shakings!" pointing to a bit of rope yarn, not half an inch long, left under the truck of a gun.

'It seemed, in short, as if nothing was more vexatious to one of these officers than to discover things so correct as to afford him no good opportunity for finding fault; while, to the other, the necessity of censuring really appeared a punishment to himself. Under the one, accordingly, we all worked with cheerfulness, from a conviction that nothing we did in a proper way would miss of approbation. But our duty under the other, being performed in fear, seldom went on with much spirit. We had no personal satisfaction in doing things correctly, from the certainty of getting no commendation. The great chance also, of being censured, even in those cases where we had laboured most industriously to merit approbation, broke the spring of all generous exertion, and, by teaching us to anticipate blame as a matter of course, defeated the very purpose of punishment when it fell upon us. The case being quite hopeless, the chastisement seldom conduced either to the amendment of an offender, or to the prevention of

offences. But what seemed the oddest thing of all was, that these men were both as kind-hearted as could be, or, if there were any difference, the fault-finder was the better natured, and, in matters not professional, the most indulgent of the two. The line of conduct I have described was purely a matter of official system, not at all of feeling. Yet, as it then appeared, and still appears to me, nothing could be more completely erroneous than the snarling method of the one, or more decidedly calculated to do good, than the approving style of the other. It has, in fact, always appeared to me an absurdity, to make any distinction between public and private matters in these respects. Nor is there the smallest reason why the same principle of civility, or consideration, or by whatever name that quality be called, by which the feelings of others are consulted, should not modify professional intercourse quite as much as it does that of the freest society, without any risk that the requisite strictness of discipline would be hurt by an attention to good manners.

'This desire of discovering that things are right, accompanied by a sincere wish to express that approbation, are habits which, in almost every situation in life, have the best possible effects in practice. They are vastly more agreeable certainly to the superior himself, whether he be the colonel of a regiment, the captain of a ship, or the head of a house; for the mere act of approving, seldom fails to put a man's thoughts into that pleasant train which predisposes him to be habitually pleased, and this frame of mind alone, essentially helps the propagation of a similar cheerfulness amongst all those who are about him. It requires, indeed, but a very little experience of soldiers or sailors, children, servants, or any other kind of dependents, or even of companions and superiors, to shew that this good humour, on the part of those whom we wish to influence, is the best possible coadjutor to our schemes of management, whatever these may be.' —vol. i. pp. 163—168.

The good sense of these observations is obvious. They are beautifully illustrated by a passage from the works of the greatest master of the human heart.

'There is one practical maxim, trite, indeed, though too little acted upon, but which bears so directly on this subject, that I wish exceedingly to urge it upon the notice of my young friends, from its being calculated to prove of much use to them in the business, as well as the true pleasures of life. In dealing with other men—no matter what their rank or station may be—we should consider not so much what they deserve at our hands, as what course is most suitable for us to follow.

'"My lord," says Polonius to Hamlet, in speaking of the poor players, "I will use them according to their desert."

'"Odd's bodikin, man, much better!" is the answer of the judicious and kind-hearted prince. "Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty."

'Most people, however, reverse this beautiful maxim, which breathes the very soul of practical charity, and study to behave to others in a manner suitable to the desert of those persons, while they leave out of the question entirely the propriety and dignity of their own conduct, as if that were a minor, and not the primary consideration! Does not this occur every time

we lose our temper? At all events, the maxim applies with peculiar force on board ship, where the character and conduct of every officer are daily and hourly exposed to the searching scrutiny of a great number of persons who have often little else to do but watch the behaviour of one another.'—vol. i. pp. 171—173.

It is delightful to find in such a work as this, which will unquestionably be long popular in the navy, rules of conduct so wise in themselves, and so truly in unison with the dictates of christian charity, so neatly put, and explained with a cordiality that raises the author in our esteem. Nor does he seem to be a mere theorist in benevolence. The following passage will shew, that he has adopted a mode of repaying acts of favour done to himself, in a way that deserves universal imitation. The heart that is not moved by such an example, must never have been itself the object of kindness.

'It was not thought right to let any of us young folks visit the shore alone; but I was fortunate in being invited to accompany one of the officers. To the friendship of this most excellent person, at the periods of most need, I feel so much more indebted than I can venture to express without indelicacy, that I shall say nothing of the gratitude I have borne him in return. Perhaps, indeed, the best, as being the most practical repayment we can ever make for such attentions is, to turn them over again and again, to some other person similarly circumstanced with ourselves, at those early periods. This would be acting in the spirit with which Dr. Franklin tells us he used to lend money, as he never gave it away without requiring from the person receiving such assistance, a promise to repay the loan, not to himself, but to transfer it, when times improved, to some one else in distress, who would enter into the same sort of engagement to circulate the charity. On this principle, I have several times, in the course of my professional life, rather surprised young middies, by giving them exactly such a lift as I myself received at New York—showing them strange places, and introducing them to the inhabitants, in the way my kind friend adopted towards me. These boys may perhaps have fancied it was owing to their own uncommon merit that they were so noticed; while all the time I may have merely been relieving my own conscience, and paying off, by indirect instalments, a portion of that debt of gratitude which, in spite of these disbursements, I find only increases, in proportion as my knowledge of the world gives me the means of appreciating its value.

'That it is the time and manner of doing a kindness which constitutes its chief merit, as a matter of feeling at least, is quite true; and the grand secret of this delicate art appears to consist in obliging people just at the moment, and, as nearly as possible, in the particular way, in which they themselves wish the favour to be done. However perverse their tastes may be, and often, perhaps, because they are perverse, people do not like even to have favours thrust upon them. But it was my good fortune on this, and many other occasions in life, early and late, to fall in with friends who always contrived to nick the right moment to a hair's breadth.'—vol. i. pp. 197—199.

The author has given a very full and, even to laymen, a very

interesting description of the whole routine of duties, which the midshipman has to perform on board of his vessel. That of keeping watch would seem to us not to be by any means the pleasantest, although Captain Hall, who must know a great deal better than we do, is of quite a different opinion. 'It is,' he says, 'one of the most important wheels which go to make up the curious clock-work of a ship's discipline.' Engaging as he represents it to be, we much fear that we should be found frequently in the situation of the supposed Mr. Doughead, of whose attachment to his hammock we have a laughable picture. Very few of the middies, it seems, are fond of turning out at once for the midnight watch.

'Alas! it is far from this; and no one who has not been exposed to the trial, can conceive the low ebb to which patriotism, zeal, public spirit,—call it what you please—sinks at such an hour, in the breast of the unhappy wretch who, in the midst of one of those light and airy dreams, which render the night season of young people such a heaven of repose, is suddenly roused up. After being awakened by a rude tug at the clews of his hammock, he is hailed, after the following fashion, by the gruff old quarter-master.

'"Mr. Doughead!"

'No answer. Another good tug at the hammock.

'"Mr. Doughead! it's twelve o'clock, sir!"

'"Very well—very well; you need not shake me out of bed, need you? What sort of a night is it?"

'"It rains a little, sir, and is just beginning to blow. It looks very black, sir."

'"Oh, plague take it! Then we shall have to take in a reef, I suppose?"

'"It seems very like it, sir. It is beginning to snuffle."

'With this Mr. Doughead gives himself a good shrug in his blanket, turns half round, to escape the glare of light from the quarter-master's lantern, hung up within six inches of his face, expressly to keep him awake, and in ten seconds he is again tightly clasped in the arms of Morpheus, the presiding deity of the cock-pit at that hour. By and by comes down the quarter-master of the middle watch, who, unlike the young gentleman, has relieved the deck twenty minutes before.

'"Mr. Doughead! it's almost one bell, sir."

'"Indeed!" exclaims the youth. "I never knew any thing of it, I never was called."

'"Oh yes, you were, sir. The man I relieved said you asked him what sort of weather it was, and whether we should have to take in a reef."

'"I ask about the weather? That's only one of the lies he always tells, to get me into a scrape."

'While they are speaking, the bell strikes one, indicating that half an hour has elapsed since the first conversation took place, touching the weather; and presently, before Mr. Doughead has got his second foot over the side of his hammock, the mid who is to be relieved by him, comes rattling down the cock-pit ladder, as wet as a shag, cold, angry, and more than half asleep.

'"I say, Master Doughy, do you mean to relieve the deck to-night?

Here it's almost two bells, and you have hardly shown a leg yet. I'll be hanged if it is not too bad! You are the worst relief in the whole ship. I am obliged to keep all my own watch, and generally half of yours. I'll not stand it any more, but go to the first lieutenant to-morrow morning, and see whether he cannot find ways and means to make you move a little faster. It's a disgrace to the service!" To all this Duffy has only one pettish, dogged reply—

'"I tell you again, I was not called."

'The appeal to the first lieutenant, however, is seldom made; for all the parties concerned are pretty much alike.'—vol. i. pp. 245—248.

We do not find that, after the war with France, or rather with Napoleon, was renewed, the Leander was engaged in any action of importance, at least during the time that the author was on board of her. She was successful in re-capturing, without a shot, the Cleopatra, which had been made prize to a French ship of the line, the Ville de Milan, which Jack, with his usual love of cachology, called the "Wheel'em along." The captor was also obliged to strike, being unable to offer the slightest resistance after her contest with the Cleopatra. The Leander, however, made several other prizes in the course of the year 1805, to the great delight of her officers and crew, who had hitherto been not a little quizzed for their inactivity, or, we should properly say, for their want of good luck. The importance of the smiles of fortune, especially at the commencement of one's career, suggests to this naval monitor a theme, which he works out with his usual felicity.

'The influence of early success in modifying our future fortunes, seems to indicate one of the most striking characteristics of our nature; it almost invariably begets that valuable quality, cheerfulness, and a disposition to be pleased with the persons amongst whom we are thrown, which experience shews are the surest passports to the favour of the world. It is quite true, as the amiable historian, Hume, says, in speaking of himself, that "a disposition to see the favourable, rather than the unfavourable side of things, is a turn of mind, which it is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a-year;" but, unless we fall in with a certain amount of good fortune soon enough in the journey, it is extremely difficult to maintain, amidst 'our crosses and losses,' the proper degree of good humour necessary, first to gain, and then to preserve, the slippery favour of those with whom we have to deal. A man whose disposition is prematurely soured, by the want of early success, generally busies himself in finding out rather the faulty views which things will bear, than the favourable ones; and, in order to justify his failure, industriously raises up fresh difficulties, instead of trying manfully to surmount those which really exist. He is never quite pleased with any thing or any person, and thus, almost inevitably, contributes to perpetuate his own want of success; such a man's society is generally shunned, not from any thing actually vicious in his nature, but merely because he has acquired the disagreeable habit of disparaging every thing he sees. As it seldom occurs to him that he himself is in fault all the while, he goes on abusing the world and all which it inherits; and exactly in proportion as he growls himself out of company, he increases in the vehemence of his censure of

people and things, which, had his thoughts and feelings been differently pitched at first, might very probably have proved the sources of his fortune.

'On the other hand, if a young man happen to make some fortunate hits, as they are called, early enough in his career, to be put into good humour with the world through which he has to struggle, the journey of his life may turn out far easier, chiefly because he finds "troops of friends" always ready to assist him. The great mass of wayfarers in this arduous course, generally speaking, are like any thing rather than the good Samaritan, for they will seldom help those who either cannot, or will not help themselves; we have, at all events, the authority of the parable for supposing that the chances are at least two to one against us, even in the extreme case, when we are left "half dead;" and it seems not too much to say, that the odds become ten times more unfavourable to us when we are capable enough of assisting ourselves, but rather choose to sit bawling to Mercury to help us out of the mire, instead of placing our own shoulders to the wheel.'—vol. ii. pp. 41—43.

Nothing can be more modest than the account which the author gives of the course of industry, vigilance, and steadiness, by means of which he came to be considered by his commander, as by far the first and best of all his fellow midshipmen on board the Leander. Hence, whenever a prize was taken, he was generally sure to be sent to the next British port with her as prize-master—an appointment not only honourable in itself, but eminently conducive to his advancement in his profession, as it invested him for a while with all the responsibilities of a captain. While upon this subject, much to the credit of his moral feelings, he declares, in no unequivocal terms, against the natural equity of those international laws, which permit the spoliation by an enemy of private property found upon the high seas. It is indeed now required, that before a ship or cargo so captured can be sold, and the proceeds distributed among the captors, the prize must be regularly condemned by a court of Admiralty. To a certain extent this rule has produced a salutary effect, though it was but little attended to during the late war. But even if it had been observed with the utmost strictness, how can it be supposed to give a really just right to the captor over property thus obtained? The nations of France and England declare war against each other; numerous merchant vessels belonging to either country are returning home from distant ports, laden with innocent goods—that is to say, with silk and cotton, timber, coffee, wine, fruits, and produce of every description, to the exclusion of gunpowder and fire-arms. They are met by hostile ships of war, or privateers, captured, carried to port, condemned, and sold, and the money is divided, according to certain rules of proportion, between the officers and crews of the capturing vessel! Suppose, that in time of war, one of our gallant ships landed in the night time, at Havre or Boulogne, a company of marines, and that they proceeded to a gentleman's mansion, broke open the door, and plundered it of all the plate and money they could find, returned to the ship, and were allowed to retain the property they had thus acquired, would any honest man,

putting his hand upon his heart, say that they had acted in conformity to the laws of God? Certainly not. What then is the difference between appropriating plunder thus removed from a private house on land, and confiscating, according to form, the merchant's vessel and cargo found upon the sea? We confess that we can see none. If two hostile ships of war meet on their native element, and rush against each other with fury that cannot be extinguished, until either be the conqueror, let the conqueror have his palm and his reward, to which he has fairly entitled himself by his valour. But it is unworthy of the noble game of war, that one of her proudest instruments, a good ship, adorned by brave men, should chase and overwhelm the feeble and unprotected merchant, who is engaged in adventures of the sea, in themselves sufficiently perilous, for the support of his family. It is more than unworthy, it is a violation of natural justice, however sanctioned it may be by conventional laws. But if this reasoning be true, as applied to a national ship of war, how much more forcibly does it not apply to privateers—that is to say, to private merchant vessels, armed, and dispatched by their owners to various regions, for the express purpose of attacking and plundering every vessel belonging to the enemy's country, which is not strong enough to resist them! The immorality of privateering, as it is called, can admit of no question. It differs in nothing from robbery in private houses. It may be said, in favour of such captures, by national ships, that the custom inspires the men to do their duty with cordiality, because it promotes their individual interests, which it thus engages in the public service. But upon the part of the practice of privateering and letters of marque, nothing can be said that will stand for a moment the test of a sound conscience. We trust that the time is approaching when this important subject shall be fully considered, and such regulations shall be made by civilized states, as may be consistent with the just rights of property. Notwithstanding these observations, the captain's account of his first experiment, as a prize-master, will not admit of disparagement.

'For my part, I did not sleep one minute at a time during the first night I was prize-master. Every sea that struck the bows, and shook the Spanish brig I had charge of, made me jump up, fancying some accident. Or if I dropt into a half-slumber, straightway, methought, the furious Dons with their daggers were at my throat, and the beautiful prize wrenched from me! The next dream was, that we had sprung a leak; and the pumps being choked, all the cargo was melted away, and we had to return in a crazy boat, to tell a lame tale of services unperformed. On the second night, having overwrought myself with this sort of anxiety, I lay half awake, in a sort of fever, and fancied every thing was going wrong. I had left the deck at midnight, with the wind so dead against us, that it seemed as if our passage would never be made. I soon, however, fell so fast asleep, as to hear none of the stir which took place on deck early in the middle watch. Towards four o'clock I awoke, when all again was still. I had not taken off my clothes, and even the spy-glass, with which I had

been looking at the stars, was still in my hand. Of course, I imagined the wind, as before, was blowing against us, and, starting up, I went once more on deck, to growl at the hard-hearted breeze that kept us back.

'The moon, which had been high in the heavens when I quitted the deck, was now dropping into the western horizon, in the direction of the gulf of Mexico, between which and the prize there stretched a slender line, or chain, of bright silvery reflections, such as we rarely observe, except when the sea is very smooth. The surface, indeed, was scarcely broken by the smallest possible ripple; for we were then leaving the trade-winds, and although a light air had sprung up from the southward, and promised to freshen, it, as yet, scarcely breathed along the face of the waters: still it was distinctly felt aloft. If there had been the slightest swell, even the highest sails must have flapped against the masts. But the canvass, made of cotton, and as white as snow, being rendered quite damp by the heavy dew of the tropics, the royals and smaller studding-sails were bulged out under the influence of the light wind, and stood nearly as motionless, as if the prize had been one of those beautiful toys made of glass, and the whole scene, ocean, sky, and ship, a mere illusion.

'On looking over the gangway, therefore, I was surprised to see that we were stealing along at the rate of between four and five knots an hour, for the sea was so smooth, that not the smallest tremor had indicated how fast we were going through the water. The ear, indeed, when attentively pitched, could catch the faint sound of those tiny little waves, which the poets, I believe, call billows, breaking on the sharp bows of the prize, as her cut-water glided between them, or rather, across them, for we were going 'right before it.' The night, which had succeeded to a sultry day, was still so hot, that the officer of the watch, my assistant-mid, was pacing the deck without his hat, and his linen jacket thrown open, to catch the cool air, which he was whistling zealously to augment. He reported, that the breeze which had been directly against us when I left the deck, had died away, and in its place the light air now blowing from the south had sprung up, but so gradually, that he thought there was every appearance of its lasting.

'No one, perhaps, can conceive the delight of such a scene as this, but persons who have been in some way dependent upon the winds and waves for their success, and have experienced the happiness of a change from a foul wind to a fair wind. Every stitch of sail that could be set, was of course now crowded on the vessel, and every yard was trimmed with the utmost care, after which I again laid down, in spite of the picturesque beauty of the night, and in less than two minutes was fast asleep, dreaming of sailing past Old Cape Sambro, and of anchoring my charge, in full security, at Halifax. Then I pictured in my fancy the great honour and glory of marching up to the admiral's house, to report the arrival of a prize —always a welcome communication. Nor am I clear which was really the happier period of the two—the actual arrival in port, or these visions of importance, attached to the anticipated success of this first independent voyage. But of one thing I am quite certain, that all this stirring-up of the thoughts, and highly strained, yet not overstrained exercise of the faculties—this constant play of hopes and fears, anxieties during a foul wind, and ecstasies when it is fair, must be in the highest degree profitable to a young officer. My experience, at least, enables me to say, that such duties give a very

just foretaste of the future cares, as well as future enjoyments, of the profession. I speak of those subsequent periods when, instead of a mere passing service, such as the humble charge of a petty prize, he is called upon to act under responsibilities, which are not only infinitely more weighty, but more permanent in their pressure, and which are varied in their kind and in their degree, much beyond the reach of experience to anticipate, or of previous instruction to render simple.'—vol. ii. pp. 62—67.

The third volume is chiefly taken up with a trip to Spain. It contains, among other things, a vivid and graphic picture of the sanguinary battle of Corunna, of which the author was an amateur spectator. Being divested of technicality, it places the scene before our eyes in the clearest manner. We must pass over all that relates to the Peninsula, as we have lately visited it in company with the "young American;" at the same time we may inform the reader, that Captain Hall's account of his excursions in that country are well worth attention. We cannot, however, take leave of this delightful work, without extracting from it the description which the author gives of a seaman's funeral. There is a pathetic and manly tenderness in the picture which comes home to every heart.

'Very shortly after poor Jack dies, he is prepared for his deep-sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sail-maker, and in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock, and having placed a couple of cannon-shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy,) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding and clothes are always made up in the package—apparently to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried aft, and, being placed across the after hatchway, the union jack is thrown over all. Sometimes it is placed between two of the guns, under the half deck; but generally, I think, he is laid where I have mentioned, just abaft the mainmast.

'I should have mentioned before, that as soon as the surgeon's ineffectual professional offices are at an end, he walks to the quarter-deck, and reports to the officer of the watch that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immediately made acquainted with the circumstance. At the same time the master-at-arms is ordered by the officer of the watch to take possession of the dead man's clothes; and his messmates soon afterwards proceed to dress and prepare the body for burial.

'Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half-hours are struck, is tolled for the funeral by one of the quarter-masters of the watch below, or by one of the deceased's messmates; and all who choose to be present, assemble on the gangways, booms, and round the mainmast, while the forepart of the quarter-deck is occupied by the officers.

'In some ships—and it ought perhaps to be so in all—it is made imperative on the officers and crew to attend this ceremony. If such attendance be a proper mark of respect to a professional brother, as it surely is—it ought to be enforced, and not left to caprice. There may, indeed, be times of great fatigue, when it would harass men and officers, needlessly, to oblige them to come on deck for every funeral, and upon such occasions the watch on deck may be sufficient. Or, when some dire disease gets into

a ship, and is cutting down her crew by its daily and nightly, or it may be hourly, ravages; and when, two or three times in a watch, the ceremony must be repeated, those only, whose turn it is to be on deck, need be assembled. In such fearful times, the funeral is generally made to follow close upon the death.

'While the people are repairing to the quarter-deck, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed, being lifted from the main-deck by the messmates of the man who has died, is made to rest across the lee gangway. The stanchions for the man-ropes of the side are unshipped, and an opening made at the after-end of the hammock netting, sufficiently large to allow a free passage.

'The body is still covered by the flag already mentioned, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased range themselves on each side. A rope, which is kept out of sight in these arrangements, is then made fast to the grating, for a purpose which will be seen presently.

'When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or if not, the captain, or any of the officers he may direct to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck and commences the beautiful service, which, though but too familiar to most ears, I have observed, never fails to rivet the attention even of the rudest and least reflecting. Of course, the bell has ceased to toll, and every one stands in silence and uncovered as the prayers are read. Sailors, with all their looseness of habits, are well disposed to be sincerely religious; and when they have fair play given them, they will always, I believe, be found to stand on as good vantage ground, in this respect, as their fellow-countrymen on shore. Be this as it may, there can be no more attentive, or apparently reverent auditory, than assembles on the deck of a ship of war, on the occasion of a shipmate's burial.

'There is no material difference in the form of this service from that used on shore, except in the place where allusion is made to the return of the body to its parent earth. Perhaps it might have been as well to have left this unchanged, for the ocean may well be taken, in this sense, as a part of the earth, but since an alteration of the words was thought necessary, it could not have been made in better taste.

'The land service for the burial of the dead contains the following words:—

'"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope," &c.

'Every one, I am sure, who has attended the funeral of a friend,—and whom will this not include?—must recollect the solemnity of that stage of the ceremony, where, as the above words are pronounced, there are cast into the grave, three successive portions of earth, which, falling on the coffin, send up a hollow, mournful sound, resembling no other that I know.

'In the burial service at sea, the part quoted above is varied in the following very striking and solemn manner:—

'"Forasmuch," &c.—"we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come," &c.

'At the commencement of this part of the service, one of the seamen

stoops down, and disengages the flag from the remains of his late shipmate, while the others, at the words "we commit his body to the deep," project the grating right into the sea. The body being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and

> ' " In a moment, like a drop of rain,
> He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
> Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

' This part of the ceremony is rather less impressive than the correspondent part on land; but still there is something solemn, as well as startling, in the sudden splash, followed by the sound of the grating, as it is towed along, under the main-chains.

' In a fine day at sea, in smooth water, and when all the ship's company and officers are assembled, the ceremony just described, although a melancholy one, as it must always be, is often so pleasing, all things considered, that it is calculated to leave even cheerful impressions on the mind.'—vol. iii. pp. 213—219.

We hardly think that there was any other than a mechanical necessity for the chapters, which the author has devoted to Madeira. The volumes could not, perhaps, have been made up without them. But let that pass. The public, especially the naval portion of it in esse or fieri, will easily overlook a little surplusage in a work otherwise so valuable and interesting. The goodness of the author's heart, and the usefulness of his intentions, appear conspicuous in almost every page. His great object is the improvement of his profession; and he rightly goes about the accomplishment of his laudable design, by placing in the hands of its inexperienced members, a little work with which they cannot but be charmed, and from which they cannot fail to derive lessons of the utmost importance, for the formation of their character and the regulation of their conduct in all that relates to the duties, which they owe to themselves, their country, and their CREATOR.

ART. VI.—1. *The Liturgy revised; or the necessity and beneficial effects of an authorized abridgment and careful revision of the various Services of the Established Church.* By the Rev. Robert Cox, A. M. Perpetual Curate of Stonehouse, North Devon. 8vo. pp. 136. London: Hatchard & Co. 1830.

2. *A Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of York, on the present corrupt state of the Church of England.* By R. M. Beverley, Esq. Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 41. Beverley: W. & B. Johnson. 1831.

As soon as the agitation at present existing in the public mind upon the subject of parliamentary reform, shall have subsided, we have little doubt that the attention of all well-informed and patriotic men will be turned for a season, with undivided force, towards the actual condition of the Church of England. We behold on all sides structures rising for the purposes of that establish-

ment, a few of which are really ornamental in the way of architecture, while the greater number seem from their style to have been intended rather as granaries or mews, than as houses for the worship of the living God. These buildings are erected at an enormous expense, every farthing of which is taken out of the pockets of the people. The clergy who officiate in them, and the Archbishops and Bishops who preside over the clergy, enjoy an immense revenue, to which individuals of every order and degree must contribute, whether they belong to the Church of England or not. Sermons are preached and printed in unprecedented abundance, and the prescribed service is duly performed in every city, town, village, and almost every hamlet in the kingdom; and yet what is the practical result of all this upon the moral conduct of the community?

It will not, we believe, be denied, that crime, instead of being diminished by all this machinery of religion, is increasing from year to year with frightful strides; that among the classes of labourers, domestic servants, and shop clerks, dishonesty prevails to such an extent, that there is no security to be obtained against it; that from among the unprotected numbers of the female sex, the most deplorable corruption has long since banished every principle of purity, and the natural sense of honour. Even among those who frequent the churches of the Establishment, there are exceedingly few who understand what religion truly means, and who practise it with any degree of genuine piety. They, for the most part, believe that they are sufficiently religious, if they attend at the services of the church on Sunday, and abstain from doing injury to any body. If any one of them be asked what is meant by the Trinity, and whether he believe in the Incarnation and Divinity of Christ, it is of all things the most probable that he will give an answer, which shall betray the grossest ignorance. Certain it is, that his answer will not agree in all its parts with that of a person who sits before or behind him in the neighbouring pew; and that he thinks himself entitled to hold what opinions he pleases upon the subject, inasmuch as, the church itself being founded upon the principle and the right of private judgment, he supposes that the same right appertains to him as an individual. We need not remark upon the myriads of sects which have sprung from this prolific source, and openly abandoned the established church, since, even at this late hour, her own doctors dispute about some of the most essential points of christian faith. There are those amongst them, for example, who maintain that Christ is really present, in some ineffable manner, in the elements of bread and wine administered at the communion table, while others insist that the rite is one of mere remembrance—a ceremony like the passover of the Jews. Again, upon the subject of confession, it is not very long ago since, at one of the Universities, a sermon was delivered, with the view of renovating, if possible, the ancient practice, of calling upon the people to declare their sins to some

clergyman of their own selection. This would pre-suppose in him the power of Absolution—a power indeed daily declared by the Liturgy to belong to him, but the title to which is so generally denied, that the passage asserting it, is now looked upon as a mere formality, and Mr. Cox, for one, is anxious to have it disavowed altogether.

But whether the faculty in question be exercised by the clergy of the established church or not, is a question of no consequence whatever to the people who are entrusted to their spiritual care. What is absolution? It is the remission, upon certain conditions, of the punishment due to sin. What are the conditions? Are they known to the people? Are they ever explained to them? Millions upon millions of sins are perpetrated hourly in this country, and it is neither untrue nor uncharitable to say, that those who commit them do not often know the mass of guilt for which they have to answer. They are not taught the distinctions between different transgressions, they know nothing of true repentance, and they go on from day to day adding to their crimes, without so much as even thinking of the dreadful condition in which they live. It is not known by their clergy, and how can it possibly be examined and reformed?

Indeed, so far as religion is concerned, the church of England is a striking failure. In this respect it has completely broken down. As an affair of state, a department of the political government of the country, calculated to bring together a certain number of respectable and well-dressed persons on a Sunday to hear a monotonous Liturgy, and a premeditated discourse, it is all very well. It serves to impose upon such persons the necessity of observing a decorous exterior, but to the heart it never reaches. It is utterly indifferent to the theological instruction, not only of its ministers, but of its congregations. With respect to the latter, it relies wholly upon discourses delivered from the pulpit, which are sometimes unquestionably eloquent and persuasive, but which are properly appreciated only by the higher classes, and produce no effect upon the lower orders. What are stately sermons compared with those lessons, which might be given to the youth of both sexes at school, to youth and adults in the churches, and even in their own houses, by clergymen really zealous for the welfare of their people? Where are their catechisms? Where their attractive books of piety, which come home to the bosoms of families in their domestic retirement? They have none—not even an authorized form of morning and night prayer, so necessary for all classes, in order to enable them to express the gratitude which they owe to their Creator, and to implore His assistance! The only one book recommended on all occasions, is the Bible, many parts of which are unfit to be exposed to innocent eyes. Mr. Cox is decidedly of this opinion; he suggests the adoption of stated prayers for the beginning and conclusion of the day, and the erasure from the Liturgy of several

passages, which could never have been intended to be read as a portion of divine service, to a mixed congregation.

The fundamental error in the constitution of the church of England is the want of a constant and active relation between its clergy and people. We know many of the former to be most accomplished scholars, and most excellent men; but of all of them it may be said, that when once the gown is taken off, they have no thought about their flocks until it is put on again. They look upon the church as a mere profession, and as an instrument for the advancement of their temporal interests. How rarely do we see them called to the bed-side of the dying sinner! How few there are amongst the married clergy, especially, who would readily attend to such a summons, even if it were sent to them! The fear of contagion is a terrible bugbear in such cases. We doubt if it would not compel them to hesitate between their natural affections and their clerical duty. They are not, however, often tried, for their people are unaccustomed to receive from them in private the slightest advice or consolation. They never think of such a thing.

Experiments have been repeatedly made, with the view of bringing about a more animated and continued intercourse between the minister and the congregation; but they have all uniformly fallen to the ground. Evening lectures were established during the Lent; but there was nobody to listen to them! The service has been ordered to be performed on every morning of the week days. It has been performed, but the pews were literally empty. Half a dozen elderly persons of the female sex attended occasionally on such days, but the edifice looked so cold and cheerless, that they never persevered beyond a week or two. Mr. Cox acknowledges that the churches have been utterly deserted during the week days. He suggests in consequence, that for the morning service, service in the evening should be substituted, and that it should be very considerably abridged.

Indeed this reformer of the Liturgy, moderate and phlegmatic as he is, thinks the service in general to be too long, and in many respects very imperfect. He would omit the Exhortation; erase the word Absolution from the Liturgy; follow the American prayer-book (the model by which he is chiefly guided) in changing the "*which* art in heaven," in the Lord's Prayer, to "who art in heaven;" and prevent so many repetitions of the Gloria Patri. He thinks many parts of the Psalms altogether unsuitable for the worship of the sanctuary, as containing expressions which are unintelligible to the mass of the people, occasionally ludicrous in themselves, and even uncharitable. He questions the propriety of reading so much of the Bible in the churches now, inasmuch as the art of printing has enabled every person to have a copy of the sacred volume for his own perusal. He intimates that a new version of the Scriptures would be extremely desirable. He would throw overboard the Apocrypha altogether, and appoint services for the

great festivals, which would express 'a more lively and distinctive recognition of these joyous seasons.' The Creeds also, he would expunge, and substitute for them 'a concise but comprehensive summary of the tenets of the church—a sort of Abridgment of the thirty-nine Articles,' and even this he would have read only on particular occasions. These are but a few of the alterations which Mr. Cox has proposed. He has entered into the matter in detail, and has suggested so many changes, that if they were all adopted, the Liturgy must be completely revised, and altogether re-cast.

This reverend gentleman has, nevertheless, only touched the surface of the evil. The whole object of his reform would be to do away, if possible, with that lassitude which now prevails among the congregation during the performance of the service. For this purpose he would shorten and vary it, and render it more capable of touching the feelings. But even if all his alterations were real improvements, which will be much doubted, and even if they were all carried into execution, the same defect would still be manifest in the Liturgy of the church of England—its extreme nakedness and frigidity. It is a mass of ice upon the heart that is prone to strong emotion, such as genuine religious ardour must always excite. Hence the desertion from it, which is every year becoming more extensive, of persons who are led instinctively to believe, that there must be a great deal more in the spirit of christianity, than the established church is able to impart. For this reason they fly to the meetings of the methodists, the ranters, and the other innumerable sects, who abound in this favoured land, and who have at least some fire and energy in their praises of virtue and their denunciations of crime.

We do not know to what sect Mr. Beverley, the author of the Letter to the Archbishop of York, belongs. He is evidently a well educated man, and thoroughly conversant with church history from the earliest times. His pamphlet is written in a compact, well formed, and occasionally captivating style. Not even his antagonists can deny that it is a clever and effective production. It has caused a prodigious sensation in the county (it ought to be called the principality) of York. Within a very short period it has reached a third edition, and strange to say, not one of the members of the church, which it fiercely attacks, has yet attempted to answer it. We understand that they are much puzzled as to the course which they ought to take; fearful of its power, they apprehend that a controversy will only attract towards it a larger share of notice, and augment its circulation. Some were for prosecuting the author, but that would have been still more injudicious. He is himself altogether devoid of fear, and hence his language may occasionally be deemed too violent. For our parts we admire his manliness, and applaud the spirit by which he is actuated; for it is the spirit of truth, even though it be now and then overshadowed by error.

'England, says this sturdy champion of reform, is thoroughly sick of the

church establishment, and your Grace's diocese perhaps reckons more persons who feel this nausea, than any other in England. It is, therefore, surprising, that, from so large a mass of discontent, no one should have come forth to express the feelings of what, I am persuaded, is a large majority of the population. The great spell that keeps all men silent on this topic, is the fear of that dreadful weapon, *the accusation of atheism*—a weapon always liberally used, by the clergy, when their strong holds are attacked. The popular indignation is so easily excited by this awful accusation, and the feeling of society in general is so decidedly against the crime included in the charge, that no one dares to enter a war where such a weapon is used.—Is this prudence, however, or is it cowardice? The man who is sincerely attached to the Christian religion, and who thinks that its nominal guardians are in reality its worst enemies, should encounter even worse slander than this, in doing a service to a cause which might have even less claim to sincerity than the cause of religion.

'On some weak minds, perhaps, the unceasing assurances from the pulpit, that the church of England is synonymous with the Christian religion, may have made a little impression; and I know some few persons who agree with the majority of the clergy in their definition of religion. Our reverend pastors present us a strange picture of christianity in their sermons, their charges, and their tracts. According to their notions, the Apostles, or at least the immediate disciples of the Apostles, were reverend gentlemen, residing on wealthy livings, preaching fifty-two written, printed, or lithographed sermons in the course of the year, and securing livings for their clerical, or commissions in the Roman army for their military, sons. In that golden age, according to their system, all the world was not only taxed by Cæsar, but tithed by Cæsar, for the benefit of the primitive clergy; and the priests of the first three centuries amused themselves with card-playing, fox-hunting, horse-racing, shooting, fishing, and dancing, as they do at present. Pluralities were multiplied, and translations were frequent. St. Paul had a golden prebend of Philippi, a large living at Rome, another at Thessalonica, and was besides 'the very reverend' the Dean of Corinth. St. Peter was translated from the bishoprick of Babylon to that of Rome; and St. James was enthroned* at Jerusalem, with great pomp and large lawn sleeves, after having subscribed the thirty-nine articles, according to act of parliament. St. Bartholomew was pressed to take the see of Jericho, but he preferred holding the deanery of Napthali, with the great living of Succoth, which last was of the clear yearly value of £8,000, and besides was encumbered with very little duty, as there were only seven hundred persons in the parish, five hundred of whom did not believe in the Christian religion. St. Clement died worth twelve hundred

* '"Enthroned," and "enthronization," are strange words for placing a bishop in the chair of Christ; so preposterous, however, are we in our pomp and pride, that the newspapers assure us, at the last making of an Archbishop of Canterbury, it would have cost his Grace £30,000 if he had been enthroned with the full ritual in the chair of his own Cathedral! His Grace, therefore, very wisely avoided so heavy a mulct, by sending a deputy to act the farce of "Nolo," or by some other contrivance, which I do not exactly remember, escaped the fees, fines, and foppery, of that most stupid and frivolous rite.'

thousand pounds in the three per cent. consols, the careful savings of forty years' episcopacy: and Irenœus, having been a tutor to a consul's son, had the primacy of Rome offered him, which, however, he refused, being content with the bishoprick of Lyons.'—pp. 4, 5.

The argument conveyed in this forcible irony, it would be difficult to answer. The object of the "Reformation" was to restore the Christian church to the state in which it was found in the three first centuries of its existence, and that object, it is contended, has been fully accomplished by the establishment of Protestantism in this country. But the pages of Ecclesiastical history demonstrate that no such system ever prevailed, in the primitive ages, as that which now upholds the church of England. Let us for instance consider what were supposed to be the character and duties of the bishops in those days. Having ourselves made some inquiries upon this subject, we can attest the correctness of Mr. Beverley's statement.

'A "bishop" of the apostolical days, was some person of the lower orders, a man of mean birth, but of fair character and upright conduct: he was selected to his office for his piety, constancy, and courage—in short, he was a man whom the early Christians could trust; and whether he was a fisherman, a money-changer, a tent-maker, a day-labourer, a common soldier, or a slave, (for all these were "bishops,") he was expected to give up every thing in this world, to renounce his family, to travel whithersoever the elders of the church ordered him, to encounter all the danger and difficulties attending the character of one who was a chief of a forbidden religion, and, in fine, to die for the faith, if circumstances called him to martyrdom. The bishop, being thus selected, began his mission with fear and trembling; he commenced his visitations to the various congregations of Christians by stealth, for fear of being arrested by the police; he travelled on foot without money, he had neither scrip nor purse, nor house, nor home. God was his friend, and all good men his family. Beyond this he had nothing. In the darkness of night he visited the congregations, and there exhorted his flock to continue in the fear and worship of God, not dreading the face of man. His time was taken up in clandestine preaching, in comforting the sick and afflicted, consoling the weak-hearted, praying with the sinners, and teaching the ignorant. Presently the governors of the place ordered him to be arrested with the other bishops; he was thrown into prison, roughly treated, ill fed, exposed to cold and hunger, and after a long and rigorous durance, publicly beat in the market-place by the rods of the lictors. After this, he was, perhaps, banished from the city, and forbidden ever to return again on pain of death. In another city he was again taken up, and after several severe punishments by beating with rods, he was condemned to be thrown to the lions: but, perhaps, he escaped from prison by the assistance of his friends, and after terrible perils, by land and water, succeeded at last in eluding research in the depths of Syria, or the burning wildernesses of Ethiopia. But even there, after a time, the malice of persecutors hunted him out, and sent him, with other christians, to be judged and punished at Rome. At Rome, after another long and painful imprisonment, he is again condemned to be thrown to the wild beasts, and at last his mortal sufferings

are ended in the jaws of lions or under the feet of elephants, amidst the applauding shouts of twenty thousand spectators. This is a faithful picture of an apostolical bishoprick, and hence we see the full force of the words of St. Paul—"Are they the ministers of Christ? I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure; in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft; of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one: thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day have I been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

'But what are the labours, watchings, fastings, perils and difficulties of our baron-bishops? These holy men, perhaps, pass many a sleepless night in the first stage of their exaltation, to discover by what possible means they may escape the persecution of Llandaff or Bristol, or some other poor see, with which they find them themselves disagreeably saddled. To be rid of this meagre martyrdom, they have sundry struggles with Satan, many a wrestling in prayer, many a score of groans and tears. By dint of voting and jobbing in the House of Lords, the successor of the Apostles finds his prospects brighten a little, for, after infinite exertions of soul and body, he is translated to Exeter, peradventure whereby his apostolical pocket is replenished with a greater number of orthodox guineas. But not in Exeter is the godly man at ease: he is smit with a love of multiplication, and letter after letter is written to his patron and the minister, urging the necessity of a more advantageous translation. In the course of time, Winchester or Durham is vacant—then do all the eagles gather together to the carcase: loud are the screams of the apostolical vultures, and sad the dismay of the First Lord of the Treasury, to know how to satisfy so much pious voracity; at last, after undergoing the threats of a dozen great lords, each eager for his own client, the Premier makes selection of the hero of this picture, and crowns his hopes with twenty-five thousand pounds a year, and all the gorgeous dignities of the Durham episcopacy. After this, surely, the man of God is contented at last? By no means; he has sons and daughters not a few, and nephews very numerous. For all these there must be accumulated a store of good things full of marrow: the eldest son, perhaps, will condescend to gather up the dainties of the state as a layman, —*he* is to be the head of the family; for him therefore, the parliament, and the regular course of parliamentary jobbing, is open; but for his younger brothers, the church must open her nurse-like arms, and pour upon them a shower of benefices. My Lord Bishop is not slow to act the character of Jupiter Pluvius, and speedily sends forth from his liberal urn a deluge of golden prebends, large livings, archdeaconries, residentiaries, precentorships, chanceries, sub-deaneries, perpetual curacies, fellowships, masterships, vicarages, and all the other thousand varieties of dew concocted by the bounty of cloud-compelling Jove. The young gentlemen who find themselves thus gilded from above, are probably the very worst sons of Belial that ever fornicated in the porch of the temple. I do not say this of the real Durham, for luckily for me the present bishop has no children: neither do I say it of York; but I do mean it for some bishop that either

is or was on the bench, *and I know it as a positive fact*, that so gross and scandalous was the conduct of one of the sons of this prelate, that even *he* revolted at the idea of going into the church, and long resisted the importunities, and at last the commands, of his Right Reverend Father on this very infamous plan of aggrandizement. Threats, however, were at last employed, and the profligate was compelled to yield, though he did yield at last with a deep sense of shame and disgust. Circumstances have made me intimately acquainted with this transaction; but when it took place, or where, whether in the north or in the south, whether last year, or twelve years ago, I pray your Grace never to ask of me. I know it, and can vouch for it, and let that be sufficient.'—pp. 10—12.

Mr. Beverley cites with great effect a passage from the code of Justinian, in which it is enacted that no priests should be consecrated bishops, who had either children or nephews to provide for; since "it is almost impossible," says the law, "that those who give themselves up to the cares of life, which arise between children and parent, and which are of the very greatest importance, should spend all their thoughts and all their zeal on the service of God." The remainder of the passage, if adopted in an act of parliament, would undoubtedly be considered as tending to overthrow the church of England, although no man of common sense and moderate information can doubt, that it is conceived in the true and pure spirit of Christianity. "For since some pious persons with the greatest hope in God, from an ardent desire of saving their souls, hasten to the churches and bequeath to them all their worldly goods, to the use of the poor and indigent, and for other pious purposes; it is highly improper that the bishops should profit by them, or spend them on their own children and relations: *for a bishop should be entirely free from all affections for children according to the flesh, that he may be the spiritual father of all the faithful.* On these accounts, therefore, we strictly forbid that any one, *having sons or nephews*, should be ordained bishop. Concerning those bishops, however, who now are, or who shall be hereafter, we command that they should on no account have the power of leaving by will, or giving away, (or by any other means that can be thought of) any thing of their own property that they may have come in possession of, or acquired, *after they became bishops*, either by will, or by donation, or any other manner, excepting only those things which they had before they were bishops." [Codicis, 1. tit. 3. 42.] Had such a law as this existed upon our statute book, Dr. Tomline never would have been a bishop; or if he had been, the 700,000*l.* of which he is reported to have died possessed, instead of being divided amongst his already sufficiently opulent family, would have been applied to the endowment of an hospital, or a school, or have been distributed for the benefit of the church, and the relief of the poor. The case of Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Cloyne, is another striking instance of Episcopal wealth. He was originally the son of an Irish piper, was educated for the Catholic church, but having been thrown by

accident upon the continent, into the society of Earl Moira, who induced him to conform to Protestantism, he was rapidly exalted to the see of Limerick, whence he was translated to Cloyne. In that retired place he died, in the year 1826, in the possession of 7000*l.* a year, and 120,000*l.* in ready money, all the fruits of the church in Ireland! But the fact of the excessive wealth of the bishops and of a portion of the clergy, is so notorious, that no man will attempt to deny it. Of its effect upon the stability of the church, as little doubt can be entertained, according to Mr. Beverley's opinion.

'I am thoroughly impressed with the truth as paramount to all other truths, excepting the high mysteries of our religion, that the church of England, as it is now constituted, is a machine of anti-Christ, greatly surpassing, in the grossness of its abuses, all other jobs or systems of corruption that ever have afflicted the kingdom; and so much mischief has it done to religion, besides all the political enormities with which it may be charged, that all pious persons should hail with shouts of joy, that high and holy day, now not far distant, when the church of England will be abolished by act of Parliament, deprived entirely of all its revenues, and put on an equality with the other Christian sects tolerated in this country. This is speaking the truth without circumlocution; but it is a truth acknowledged more and more every day, and the more the clergy in this diocese are accustomed to hear this truth, the less will the evil day surprise them, when it comes upon them with thunder and an earthquake. I have said much of the injuries that religion suffers by the church of England, and this is the most important view of the subject, (though there are others also well worth attention,) for when the people see the teachers of righteousness, and "the successors of the Apostles" practically confuting all the doctrines of the gospel, they naturally think that the scheme of Christianity is a formal ceremony of the state, invented for the decorum and civilities of the body politic. The machinery of a church united to the state, must of necessity tend to solemn deceptions, and in all other religions, but that of pure Christianity, solemn deceptions are the principal object.'—pp. 16, 17.

The following picture is frightful, and, conscientiously speaking, we do not think it at all overcharged.

'With the church of England and with true piety there is but a slight connexion. Some pious persons there are, undoubtedly, in the church; but the great mass of religion is to be found with the dissenters, or with those whom the rulers of the church are pleased to nick-name Methodists, though they never went near a methodist chapel in their lives. The favored sons of the church, whom she delighteth to honor, are men in dignities and honors, men violent in their politics, jobbers in every department of the state, and all persons who are decorous church-goers, however scandalous their lives, or however base their principles. Decorum and outward shew are essentials in all things relating to the church of England; and two-thirds of the clergy, as well as two-thirds of their flocks, seem to think that religion is a theatrical ceremony that can by no means be omitted, but which, when once performed, is an indulgence general for any thing else that the heart may desire. Hence the nervous anxiety exhibited by the

clergy to see all the nobility and gentry in their churches; hence the unceasing sermons on the virtue of going to church; hence the steady church-going of mayors and aldermen; hence their decorous taking of the sacrament; hence the solemnity of chaplains and religious services in the court, and in the houses of the nobility. "If you go to church you will go to Heaven," is not said in the pulpit in so many words, but is very broadly hinted in many a sermon and many a tract; and the complacency with which all steady church-goers view their own conduct, is a proof how they have interpreted the spurious divinity of their pastors. According to common opinion, church-going and religion are synonymous! so that he who is religious must be a church-goer, and he who frequently goes to church must be religious. It is an ancient heresy as old as the time of the Jewish prophets, who have loudly complained of it in vehement and indignant language—"To what purpose is the calling of your assemblies," exclaims Isaiah to the orthodox church-going Jews, "I cannot away with them, it is iniquity even your solemn meetings—when ye spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you, yea when ye make many prayers I will not hear."—These words are often read in the lessons, but they make no impression on the hearers; when the ball of reproof is flying about, every man carries his own racket with him and strikes off the ball to his neighbour: so that this text, and fifty other texts like it, are supposed to apply to the Jews—to the Gentiles—to the any-bodies, rather than to *our* church, *our* corruptions, and *our* corrupt *selves!* My Lord A., or Mr. whoremonger B., or jobbing placeman C., think the passage very fine and poetical, and perfectly proper for those rascals the Jews; but to themselves it has no application whatever, for they continue to attend the solemn meetings with most decorous regularity, they spread forth their hands to the cathedral litanies and anthems with most picturesque effect, they make many prayers twice every Sunday, they take the sacrament occasionally to keep up appearances, but they will not give up one tittle of their evil practices, in whatever department of immorality they are most conspicuous. All this is well known to the clergy, but no reproof is ever heard, even in a whisper, against such villainous hypocrisy; for as long as their flock answer to the muster-rolls of deception *in* the church, what matters it to them what they do *out* of the church? In the whole course of my life I never heard of a clergyman refusing the sacrament to an immoral christian, and if your Grace can point out to me any one of the clergy in your diocese who ever ventured the experiment of this obsolete honesty, I should like to see the black swan, and to praise him as he well deserves to be praised. But how often have I seen immoral, scandalously immoral christians, pressing to the sacrament! and of their immorality there could be no question, it was open, flagrant, violent, and unconcealed—neither could it be suggested that they had repented, for their vice was of long continuance, and though it had been of many years' standing, yet they hesitated not to eat and drink their own damnation repeatedly; neither did the clergy hesitate to administer the sacrament, though he knew all the circumstances of the case as well as any of the congregation. And this, I say, is so common a case, that there is no large town in England where you could not find an example of it every time that the sacrament is administered; and, I moreover assert, that your Grace knows this fact perfectly well, as well as all the other Right Reverends on the bench.'—pp. 18, 19.

Mr. Beverley is equally eloquent and correct in his description of the sort of preparation for the mission, which the Ecclesiastical students in Oxford and Cambridge generally undergo. Upon this subject we may appeal to the evidence of Mr. Montgomery, from whose recent poem a Bacchanalian scene has been cited in a preceding article. When placed in the world, the utmost that can be said in favour of the unmarried clergymen of the Establishment is, that their immorality is not ostentatiously displayed. They certainly pay in general so much deference to society, as to conceal their evil deeds as much as possible—the usual homage which hypocrisy pays to virtue. But they would admit, if the question were put to them by a fellow collegian, that, under the rose, they deny themselves none of the indulgences to which other men are prone; and in addition to these, as Mr. Beverley testifies, 'they hunt, they shoot, they go to parties, they play at cards, they dance the gallopade, they flirt, they frolic, and act the merry fellow, with great applause!' Can it be doubted by any person, who, like Mr. Beverley, has been able to peep behind the curtain of life, and to see men as they really are, divested of their theatrical costume, that the following sketch is literally accurate in all its parts?

'From persons, such as the 'young gentlemen of fashion and education, whom it is the pride of the church to reckon amongst her priests, and who give themselves up to all the pleasures of the age, what can be expected, in the way of instruction in the pulpit? What, in the way of example, to the parishioners? The world expects much, and, according to the fashionable notions of most church-goers, a handsome young gentleman, with a good voice, who has lately taken his degree at the University, and who comes to his parish with some literary eclat, is considered as a rare and valuable gift, likely to be of inestimable value to his flock. In this way the frogs croaked for joy, when King Log descended amongst them from the cloud-compelling Jove; and well will it be for the silly parishioners, if he contents himself with the character of Log, and does not assume that of the stork. I have known, and do know, scores of these young priestlings, who come warm from the hot-beds of the Universities. A mighty sensation they make amongst the good Christians in some country town or village; but no one inquires what they have done hitherto in their zeal for Christ, nor what they are likely to do for the time to come. But let me tell these good Christians what they have done, up to the moment that they entered into holy orders. The led the life of jovial debauchees at the University, they hunted, poached, frequented the stews, got drunk, broke lamps and windows, gave the proctors a run, contracted enormous debts, drove tandems to London, slanged, swore, smoked, fought, roared and rioted all the time that they were preparing themselves for the ministry of Christ's religion. But your Grace will demand of me how could they commit all these excesses, and yet pay sufficient attention to their academical and divinity studies. Allow me to assure your Grace, that the most distinguished scholars are frequently men of profligate habits,—but that, for all ordinary purposes of academical examination, sobriety of conduct is not in the slightest degree requisite, unless a man is a perfect

dunce. Your Grace has, doubtless, heard of the process of CRAM: and it is by this process that they prepare the young wolves who are intended to devour the flock of Christ. Paley's Evidences of Christianity, some works of Beausobre, Grotius, Tomline's Theology, the Greek of the Greek Testament, the dates and geography of the Old Testament, a Latin theme, and a little more of such religious dainties, are easily *crammed* down the throats of future priests, to be inwardly digested till they are brought to light again by the stomach-pump of your Grace's chaplain.

'Having received the mission of an Apostle, and a convenient veil having been thrown over his University and London excesses, the new curate comes to receive the applause of his admiring parishioners! Peradventure he has a sonorous and musical voice; peradventure he reads the dismal truisms of his stupid sermons with an air of importance; he has a comely person; a profusion of black hair; neat black gloves, and a lily-white French cambric pocket-handkerchief; he delivers the blessing with a sweet pastoral tone, or his pauses and his cadences are perfectly ravishing! All this captivates his ignorant and irreligious auditors; they do not hunger and thirst after righteousness, and therefore care not if they be not filled; they are smitten with a love of forms and ceremonies, and such trumpery they get in abundance from their curate—*that* satisfies them, with *that* they are content, "for they know not that they are miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:" so that whilst their shepherd grates his lean and flashy song on his wretched pipes of scrannel straw, they mistake it for most melodious music and exquisite harmony.

'When, therefore, I hear the deplorable stuff usually doled out in the pulpit by the average sort of clergy; when I see the lifeless and unfeeling manner of the *reader*, (orator he cannot be styled); when I reflect on his general conduct, and think of the immense importance of his office, if duly administered; when I see the cold and ceremonious religion of the congregation; when I make the regular mechanical division of his flat discourse, the tiresome "thirdly," and the foolish "lastly," the stolen sentences, the windy periods, the sesquipedalian phraseology, the hackneyed admonition, and the hypocritical regret—I sigh to myself, and repeat the words of Job, in the vulgate translation.

'"Audivi frequenter talia, consolatores onerari omnes vos estis!

'"Nunquid habebunt finem verba ventosa? Poteram et ego similia vestri loqui. Consolarer et ego vos SERMONIBUS, et moverem caput meum super vos. Usquequó affligitis animam meam et atteritis me Sermonibus?"

'But all this we get from "gentlemen of education," whom, according to the slang of the day, it is highly important to encourage with fat livings and ample pluralities. Where, however are these scholars whom we hypocritically pretend to foster and encourage by a judicious dispensation of ecclesiastical emoluments? Who are the clerical scholars of your Grace's diocese? I know but two worthy of that name, and one of them* has been as completely neglected and overlooked as if he had been a priest

* 'The Reverend James Tate, master of Richmond School; and Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham. If learning should be encouraged according to the old fashion, who, in all Great Britain, has a better claim to rewards than Mr. Tate?'

of the Antipodes. Here, however, we touch upon a sore subject, at which I shall but glance at present, hoping, on a future occasion, to pay it more attention. Let me, however, in passing, observe, that though learning, as far as bribing can go, is more encouraged in the English Universities than in any country in the world; and that though the education of England is exclusively in the hands of the clergy, yet never was learning at so low an ebb, and never was our state of scholarship so contemptible as at present. I do not, therefore, merely deny that the clergy are learned men, but I deny that learning exists any where in England at present. We have many a gentleman who is *called* learned; many a stripling "of prodigious talents" at both the Universities; but when their erudition is more closely examined, it sinks into insignificance, compared with the real genuine learning to be found on the continent, where there are no bribes, no pluralities, no fellowships, no deaneries, and no bishopricks. In England we are dying of plethory; we are crammed up to the throat with good things; the morsels meant to reward scholarship are so rich and heavy, that they kill, but do not nourish, and, unless the church is soon bled to syncope, we shall return to a state of middle-age darkness and ignorance, merely for want of some vigorous hand to remove superfluities.

'I therefore deny that the clergy are scholars; and if they were so, we might be positively certain they would not be rewarded for their scholarship. Neither is it fitting that they should be; the Apostles were not chosen to the ministry for their knowledge of Greek, their skill in metres, and their acquaintance with the lexicographers, but because it pleased God to call them "to suffer great things for his name's-sake"—not to reward them with prebends and stalls, but to make them "*suffer*" for a witness to the gospel. Livings, however, are *not* given as a reward for learning; but for political jobbing, for the accident of birth, by family influence, by ministerial favour, and by episcopal patronage. Livings are bought and sold, regularly valued, lives insured, great and little tithes, glebe, and agistment, all calculated and estimated by dexterous attorneys. The farce of "rewarding merit" is a most evident imposture, nobody can believe it, and nobody does. Nevertheless, it serves to round a period, and is frequently mentioned by the advocates of the church, when pushed hard for an argument. The church, in reality, is recruited by speculators who have purchased the next presentation, by idle persons who want a nominal profession, by reprobate younger sons designed for a family benefice, by the sons, nephews, and cousins of the prelates, and by doubtful characters who wish to be considered gentlemen. I do not reckon, in this class, the true pastors of the English church, the evangelical curates: they are generally silenced, slighted, persecuted, and despised by their more powerful clerical coadjutors, who have received the government benefices for no good purpose.'—pp. 28—31.

All these deplorable evils the author justly traces to the connexion, which from its origin has subsisted between the church and the state. From this monstrous and adulterous union have sprung all the vices, which at this moment render England the most immoral country upon the face of the earth. We say so advisedly and with the utmost freedom from passion, for we have no interest in the question, beyond a most sincere desire to see religion again

revived amongst us in its native purity and simplicity. We have nothing in a worldly sense to gain, and as little to lose, by the preservation or destruction of the established church. But we cannot shut our eyes to the evidence, flashing upon them from every quarter of the country, of the awful and irreparable injury which that church has inflicted, and is inflicting, and will inflict as long as it shall exist, upon the real spirit of Christianity. We have no desire to see one farthing of the property possessed by that church transferred to any other, or to have any other system of worship erected in its place. We know of no system of Christianity, which could remain useful and uncorrupted for fifty years, if it were allied with the state, and endowed as the church of this country is. The uniform sentiments of this journal will sufficiently vindicate us from the charge of atheism, or even of apathy towards religion, should any of the persons, whom this article will offend, make such accusations against our character. No, we are far from being indifferent upon that subject, which we have always considered and treated as the most momentous of all others. We look around and tremble for our fellow beings, who have no anchor to hold by, save the delusive one which they imagine to be safe in the bosom of a church, itself on the verge of ruin. Such we firmly believe, with Mr. Beverley, is the fate that already awaits it.

'It is my belief that all church property will, ere long, be confiscated. A general feeling pervades society, that the sun of the establishment has passed its summer solstice, and is rapidly descending into the wintry signs. Already does this full-grown tree shed its leaves; the axe is laid to its root, and, because it brings not forth good fruit, it will be hewn down and cast into the fire. It is in vain to conceal the truth any longer, that the church is in imminent danger. A multitude of circumstances have occurred of late, to accelerate its great day of reckoning, which will probably arrive before the expiration of ten years. Events unfavourable to sacerdotal power advance now full gallop; they hitherto have approached slowly, uncertainly, and with long delays: but now, circumstances so unexpected take place, that no man can say what may not happen before the year is ended. The extortion of Catholic emancipation from the reluctant hands of government—the repeal of the test and corporation acts—the French revolution, with the abolition of the established church of France—and the all but certainty of the speedy fall of the Irish church establishment, would be sufficient, of themselves, to shew the dangerous predicament of the English church. To these causes, however, may be added the great increase of dissenters, their wealth, vigilance, zeal, and activity; their virtuous dislike of the church—the general education of the poor—the increased knowledge, and the thirst for reform, amongst the multitude—the monstrous abuses of the church itself—the worldly, secular, avaricious, and pompous lives of the prelates—the general grasping for wealth amongst the inferior clergy—the hateful system of tithes—the unpopular and aristocratic feeling of the priesthood in general—and the close and intimate union of the church with all men and measures that are arbitrary and overbearing.

'Let us not, however, omit in this catalogue of causes, that which is the most honourable, a want of a purer church, felt with a deep sense of piety by the middling classes of society. For we must not imagine that political agitators only and dissenters are inimical to the establishment: there is a large and respectable party within the church, and deeply attached to the doctrines of the church, which, nevertheless, is earnestly bent on a thorough and radical reformation of the establishment. Every notion of reform is, however, steadily and haughtily opposed by the bishops, who, in the uniform policy of their worldly system, choose to consider the property and secular power of the clergy, as an essential part of that religion of which they are ministers. The many plans of amelioration suggested to the ecclesiastical rulers, are scornfully rejected; the slightest hint at amendment is scouted as the suggestion of fanaticism or sedition; and nothing is supposed possible, in the way of improvement, to a system which merely consists in collecting money and reading printed prayers. Our modern priests, truly, exhibit a profound ignorance of the operations of the human mind; they are as careless and inattentive to the signs of the times, as if the opinions of society in England were no less stable and immoveable than the opinions of the priest-ridden populace of Thibet. They view themselves, and their establishment, with boundless complacency; their own snug palaces and parsonages are, in their eyes, part of a system which, if universally extended, would produce universal happiness; and all that is wanting to introduce millenium, is a payment of tithe over all the habitable globe, to the protestant partridge-shooting hierarchy of the thirty-nine articles. Hence the sweet encomiums that they pronounce upon themselves and their system, in their sermons, charges, and speeches. Hence the strong indifference with which they listen to plans of reform and suggestions of improvement. Within the last twenty years the emperor of China published an edict prohibiting any new invention, "because the Chinese nation had arrived at a state of perfection which it would be impious to endeavour to improve." This edict was in the very spirit of our church, which, though it all of a sudden, and in the course of one year, burst into existence, from a system totally opposite to that now established, both in faith, practice, and principle, yet never since that day has changed the slightest particle of its abuses, or altered the smallest fraction of its corruptions. It is not so very long since the doctrine and discipline of the present church of England were considered and treated as felony and heresy. It is a still less time since the church was abolished by act of Parliament, and restored to its former situation by another act of Parliament; but neither the memory of its modern origin, nor of its entire abolition by law, can rouse it to view with attention and prudence that dark cloud gathering against it in the horizon. In vain for the clergy does the thunder roll and the lightning flash in the distant clouds; they hear not, and they see not: and, as the flood came upon the Antediluvians when they were dancing, feasting, marrying and giving in marriage, so will the day of confiscation come upon the priesthood, when they are gathering tithe, and feasting in their pluralities. It will find the bishops moving up the steps of the Mithraic ladder to the seventh heaven of the primacy; those Right Reverend Fathers will be elbowing and pushing one another in their scramble for translations, grasping at more preferment, cramming their sons and nephews with spiritual guineas, bullying the dissenters, and praising themselves—the inferior clergy will be

severally at the card-table, watering-place, or cock-pit,—they will be leaping double ditches, imprisoning poachers, taking tithe in kind, dancing the gallopade, or firing off their artillery at grand battus, when the deluge of reform will come upon them in a moment, and overwhelm them in a wave of "apostolical" poverty and "primitive" economy.'—pp. 32—34.

Upon the subject of the disposal of the property now in the possession of the church, Mr. Beverley offers the following suggestions.

'If a question be raised as to the *political* management of church-property, it seems that great benefit might accrue to the state if a sale of it were to take place, according to some fair and equitable arrangement. Suppose, for instance, that all who now pay tithes to spiritual persons for spiritual purposes, should be compelled to purchase a perpetual release, by paying a ten years' income of the tithe to government. Thus, if a person paid £100 per annum in tithe, he would have to pay £1,000 to government, and be released for ever from any future payment. Surely the tithe-payers would not much complain of such an arrangement; but if the clergy should complain, I answer, that all present incumbents should be allowed to retain their benefices for life, by which means no person in possession would be at all injured; and as for those future parsons who are not yet in being, it cannot be said that they who do not exist would be injured by such an arrangement: for no one hereafter would take holy orders who did not know what he had to expect. If, however, some should persist in thinking that we hereby injure some embryo parsons, as well might it be said that we are cruel to a crocodile when we break a crocodile's egg. The cruelty is in imagination, and not in reality; for the crocodile is not yet in being.

'If the church-property be taken at five millions per annum, though some rate it much higher, there would by this scheme be paid fifty millions sterling to government, deducting a certain sum for purchasing an ample landed estate for the perpetual repair and ornament of the cathedrals. On this subject considerable liberality might be allowed; I would grant an ample revenue for the purpose, more ample than any cathedral possesses at present; but the rents of the estates, and the disbursements of the rents, should be in the hands of commissioners, two-thirds of whom should be laymen, nominated by government.

'Let not your Grace mistake my meaning; I do not propose to keep the cathedrals in repair, from an attachment to them *as temples*, but as splendid edifices, exhibiting all the possible beauties and grandeur of the gothic architecture: and, though I know that they were built by the priests of an abolished religion, yet their present possession might be conceded to the Protestant clergy, who represent the creed of the majority, and who have been the possessors for a time sufficient to give a title by law. If, however, at some future period, the decided majority of the inhabitants of a country should become Roman Catholic, then it would be but just that the priests of the religion of that majority should again take possession of the cathedral, which was originally built, founded, and endowed by Roman Catholics.' —pp. 37, 38.

Upon the maintenance of the cathedrals, or their ultimate destination, we shall say nothing. But if any such fund as that which Mr. Beverley has alluded to were created, we confess that we should

like to see it applied for ever to the relief of the poor in the three kingdoms. The people would thus be relieved from two most burthensome charges, which to millions are productive of extreme hardship. We know of no injustice much more objectionable than that, which compels a dissenter to pay for a church which he does not frequent, in addition to his own which he in every way prefers. This principle of our law must at all events be done away with. It will not stand the test of fair discussion for a moment in a reformed parliament. Let every man give tithes, or whatever other remuneration may be deemed most convenient, to the pastor whose spiritual services he requires. This would be the proper and equitable rule; the present system is nothing short of an outrage upon the rights of property. The French system, of the state paying salaries to the clergy of every denomination, is equally objectionable.

ART. VII.—*The Iliad of Homer, Translated,* by William Sotheby. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1831.

WE cannot possibly arrive at any just or correct judgment of such a work as that now before us, unless, in the first place, we are able to appreciate the peculiar duties that belong to a poetical translator in our language, and unless, in the next place, we keep the recollection of those duties constantly before us. True, we have a poet of tried skill to execute the given task: but then we should remember that it is a poet stripped, for a time, by reason of his office, of most of his ancient and sacred rights and privileges—that the whole dominion of imagination is alienated from him for a season, that the staple sources of his current supplies are cut off—that he but bears a barren sceptre in his hand—that not an impulse of feeling and scarcely a thought is at his disposal, and that even his very words are numbered. If we forget but for a moment such disabilities and restrictions as these, it will be in vain that we strive in our observations to do justice to the translator, or be useful to the public at large. And the obligation on the critic to consider these peculiar circumstances is particularly forcible in the present instance, since Mr. Sotheby's renunciation of every assistance that is foreign to the original, is realized by him in the most satisfactory manner. It behoves every reader, then, to bear in mind, what it is that Mr. Sotheby professes to accomplish. He does not pretend to give us as good a poem as he could fabricate of the Tale of Troy: he does not offer to re-write the story of the Iliad, as was said of old Chapman: his contract is of a different description, for it obliges Mr. Sotheby to place his unlearned English reader—(we repeat our own language on a former occasion) as nearly as he possibly can, in the same condition as if he were perfectly familiar with the language of Homer. Furnished with this explanation, we have at once a key to

the present version of the Iliad. We can now readily understand the consistency of the translator, in adhering to the language that expresses the meaning of his original, in preference to any substitutes which he could employ, however they might add to the beauty or force of his numbers. No—he neither adds to nor subtracts from his text—he resists all allurements—he is overpowered by no temptations—he will not trespass beyond the limits of his bond. Let us say that this is not a practice from which a real poet can be supposed to extract a great deal of enjoyment. Strong is the love of offspring: powerful the instinct of paternity. To strangle a newborn idea, which, by its loveliness, has just fascinated us to the very soul—to hurry out of existence some darling thought—some cherub of the fancy, the beautiful emanation of the happiest moment of mental excitement,—heroic indeed must be the bard who can contemplate without emotion the commission of infanticides like these.

Considering that the present version of the Iliad is characterised by a studied fidelity to the original in all respects, we scarcely think, that a comparison between it and the translation of Pope can be fairly instituted. Pope's ambition seems to have been to construct a perfect poem, without reference to the defects or peculiarities of the original: Sotheby aims at giving us a faithful model of Homer. Pope is therefore without scruples, we might say without conscience. He augments, he curtails, he expands, or contracts; he alters his materials as his taste or sense of expediency prompts him; his verse indeed is a Procustean bed, to which the text of the Mœonian bard is adjusted, upon a principle of the most unmerciful indifference. Sometimes the meaning of the original is misapprehended by him, or at least it is misrepresented; we may say that there is scarcely a page of this celebrated version, that can be allowed to contain a faithful interpretation, in all its requisites, of the corresponding passage of the Greek. As an English poem, the Iliad of Pope is unrivalled: but its merits, as such, are totally distinct from those of a legitimate translation. We can admit then that Mr. Sotheby has failed to give us the sustained spirit, the untired harmony, the unceasing splendour of Pope; we can allow that his verses want the force and the polish, the copiousness and the ease, and the general felicity, which distinguish the numbers of the bard of Twickenham. But such perfections are inconsistent with the fidelity of the interpreter. The translator should be but a passive agent of communication. He should reflect the impressions of another, and not give his own—when once he violates the reserve of his neutral character, he only imitates the treachery of the confidant who turns principal to the detriment of the person whom he professed to serve. Mr. Sotheby takes a more exact estimate of the duties of his voluntary commission: he appears to us to have proposed to himself a task, which, before this day, we should have pronounced to be one of immeasurable labour, and of scarcely superable difficulty; he has endeavoured to amalgamate the literal phrase, the direct import rather of Homer's lan-

guage, with the conventional peculiarities of English verse. The degree of success to which he has attained in this great enterprize, has not a little astonished us, for it implies the endurance of a course of minute and protracted labour, of which enthusiastic minds are not always disposed to be patient. It supposes, too, the careful superintendence of a guiding instinct, a power of selection, and adjustment, to the right exercise of which a thousand rare qualifications are essential. Not merely the language—but the style and manner of the immortal poet, are sought to be embodied in this version of the Iliad; rising with its occasional sublimity, the English verse now and then emulates the majestic flow of the Homeric measures, and again subsides with its alternate falls. The epithets, too, to which so large a share of the poet's meaning is given, are fully developed in most instances by the translator, whose contrivances for this purpose are often most ingenious and admirable. It is only in a translation, such as Mr. Sotheby has planned, that we can recognize any trace of those various poetical artifices, which the great master of poetry has so profusely employed for the purpose of maintaining or increasing the interest of his scenes. Sometimes a well chosen epithet will effect his object; sometimes he hides it in a parenthesis: on all occasions, however, we are struck with the delicacy of his art, and the graceful triumph in which it is sure to end. Neither Pope, nor the author of any other version of Homer with which we are acquainted, has given attention to this peculiar feature in the character of the Grecian poet; and, consequently, so far a great cause of the delight we feel in perusing the original, is withheld from the mere English reader. This complaint, however, does not include Mr. Sotheby, who has, with great ingenuity, preserved the force and point of many of those beautiful artifices. If, for preserving the characteristic attributes of Homer's poetry, as far as the nature of our language enables him to do so, Mr. Sotheby deserve the applause of his country; he merits not less approbation, for the uniform solicitude which he has shewn, in keeping the narrative free from all adulteration or profane admixture of any kind. From the sacred office of guardian of the Homeric story, he seems scarcely ever to have been induced to deviate. Hence every page of the new version is redolent of the venerable bard, whose rude strength and undisciplined boldness are not unfrequently represented in these pages to the very life.

We could justify our praises by endless quotations from Mr. Sotheby's work; but a few will be sufficient, since it is not our purpose to enter into an elaborate investigation of all the merits of this great performance, but merely to point out those peculiar excellences of the new translation which, as compared with all others of the same original, recommend it as an object worthy of national attention. The parting scene between Hector and Andromache, in the sixth book, is so universally known, that we have no hesitation in selecting it as a test, by which the success of different translators

may be tried. We are aware of the advantage which we afford to Pope by this choice; still, we do not despair of being able to show, that his version of the celebrated passage is by no means the best. We quote from Mr. Sotheby's Iliad—

'Swift at the word, impatient of delay
Thro' Troy's proud streets the chief retrac'd his way:
And now arriv'd, where to the battle-plain
The Scœan gate recall'd his step again,
His rich-dower'd consort—from Eëtion sprung,
Who erst held sway Cilicia's sons among,
And from far Thebes, and Hypoplacia's grove,
Led the fair virgin to her Hector's love—
Before him came, and, with her, came the maid
On whose fond breast their child was softly laid,
Their only child, and lovelier in their sight,
And fairer far than Hesper's golden light.
From fam'd Scamander Hector nam'd his boy,
But proudly call'd Astyanax by Troy,
In honour of his sire, whose single power
So oft had turn'd the host from Ilion's tow'r.
But now the father, bending o'er his child,
Ey'd him in silent joy, and sweetly smil'd,
The while Andromache, dissolv'd in tears,
Hung on his hand, and pour'd forth all her fears.

'"Too rashly bold, thee, sole defence of Troy,
Thy brave right arm and fearlessness destroy—
Fails then thy child a father's heart to move?
Fails then thy wife's unutterable love?
Thy wife!—no more—Greece arms 'gainst thee her force:
Thy wife! a widow on thy blood-stain'd corse.
Ah! reft of thee, be mine the wish'd-for doom
To hide my anguish in th' untimely tomb!
Ah! reft of thee, no hope, no solace mine,
But grief slow wearing out life's long decline.
No mother waits me, no consoling sire,
The hapless victim of Achilles' ire.
Ere from the sack of Thebes the chief withdrew,
His ruthless rage my sire, Eëtion, slew,
Yet fear'd to spoil, but honouring, on the pyre,
Him, with his arms, consign'd to feed the fire;
Then heap'd on high the earth, whose funeral mound
With planted elms the Jove-born Oreads crown'd.
They, too, in one fleet day all breathless laid,
Seven brothers sunk at once in Hades' shade.
These, 'mid their cattle, on the pasturing mead,
Achilles' fury doom'd at once to bleed.
And here the conqueror, 'mid his plunder'd store,
From Hypoplacia's groves my mother bore;
Then, richly ransom'd, back restor'd again,
Too soon to perish, by Diana slain.

Yet thou, my Hector! thou art all, alone,
Sire, mother, brethren, husband, all in one.
In pity guard this tow'r, here shield thy life,
Leave not an orphan child, a widow'd wife.
There, by the fig-tree plant thy war array,
Where, easiest of ascent, to Troy the way.
Thrice have the boldest chiefs that spot assail'd,
And thrice the efforts of the boldest fail'd:
Th' Atridæ, either Ajax, Tydeus' son,
And Crete's fierce king there led their warriors on,
Whether by seer forewarn'd, or martial art
There markt out Ilion's vulnerable part."

'Hector reply'd:—"These all, O wife belov'd!
All that moves thee, my heart have deeply mov'd:
Yet more I dread each son of Trojan birth,
More Ilion's dames whose raiment trails on earth,
If, like a slave, where chiefs with chiefs engage,
The warrior Hector fears the war to wage.
Not thus my heart inclines. Far rather far,
First of Troy's sons, I lead the van of war,
Firm fixt, not Priam's dignity alone
And glory to uphold, but guard my own.
I know the day draws nigh when Troy shall fall,
When Priam and his nation perish, all;
Yet, less—forebodings of the fate of Troy,
Her king and Hecuba, my peace destroy;
Less—that my brethren, all, th' heroic band,
Must with their blood embrue their native land,—
Than thoughts of thee in tears, to Greece a prey,
Dragg'd by the grasp of war in chains away,—
Of thee in tears, beneath an Argive roof,
Labouring reluctant the allotted woof,
Or doom'd to draw from Hypereia's cave,
Or from Messeis' fount, the measur'd wave:
A voice will then be heard that thou must hear,
See'st thou yon captive, pouring tear on tear;
Lo! Hector's wife, the hero bravest far
When Troy and Greece round Ilion clash'd in war—
Then thou with keener anguish wilt deplore
Him whose cold arm can free his wife no more.
But, first, may Earth o'er me her mound uprear,
Ere I behold thee slav'd, or see thy tear!"

'He spoke, and stretch'd his arms, and onward prest
To clasp his child, and fold him on his breast;
The while the child, on whose o'er-dazzled sight
The helm's bright splendour flash'd too fierce a light,
And the thick horse-hair, as it wavy play'd
From the high helmet, cast its sweeping shade,
Scar'd at his father's sight, bent back distrest,
And shrieking sunk upon his nurse's breast,

The child's vain fear their bitter woe beguil'd,
And o'er the boy each parent sweetly smil'd.
And Hector now the glittering helm unbrac'd,
And gently on the ground its terror plac'd,
Then kist, and dandling with his infant play'd,
And to the gods and Jove devoutly pray'd:

'"Jove! and ye gods, vouchsafe that Hector's boy,
Another Hector, all surpass in Troy,
Like me in strength pre-eminently tow'r,
And guard the nation with his father's pow'r!—
Heard be a voice, where'er the warrior bends,
Behold the chieftain who his sire transcends:
And grant, that home returning, charg'd with spoil,
His mother's smile repay the hero's toil."

'He spake, and gave, now sooth'd from vain alarms,
The lovely infant to his mother's arms,
And the fond mother, as she laid to rest
The lovely infant on her fragrant breast,
Smil'd in her tears, while Hector, as they fell,
Kist her pale cheek, and sooth'd with fond farewell.

'"Grieve not, my love, untimely; ere the hour
By fate predestin'd, dread no hostile pow'r;
But—at the time ordain'd, the base, the brave,
All pass alike within th' allotted grave.
Now, home retire; thy charge, beneath our roof,
To ply the distaff, and to weave the woof:
To task thy maids, and guide their labour, thine;
The charge of war is man's, and, chiefly, mine."

'He spake: then raised from earth, and firmly prest
On his brave brow the helmet's wavy crest.
She homeward went, and slow and sadly past,
Oft turn'd, and turning wept, with woe o'ercast.
And now beneath her Hector's proud abode,
Tears of deep grief from all around her flow'd,
One woe in all, while all alike deplor'd
In his own home, as dead, their living lord,
Who ne'er, they deem'd, escap'd the battle plain,
Would look on his lov'd wife and home again.'

vol. i. pp. 204—209.

The number of lines here quoted is one hundred and thirty-four, whilst Pope has devoted no less than one hundred and sixty to the same passage of Homer. If Mr. Sotheby then has strictly limited himself to the meaning of his author, it follows that Pope has greatly exceeded the bounds of a translator. The first four lines of this far-famed scene are given by Pope as follows—

"Hector, this heard, return'd without delay:
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state:
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate."

A reference to the original text, and a few moments' reflection, will convince us that there is a very material difference in the two translations thus far. Homer represents Hector as leaving the city, disappointed at not meeting with Andromache. He distinctly tells us that Hector had arrived at the gate which would have led him direct to the battle plain, a stroke of art by which the poet endeavours to heighten the satisfaction which we feel, when we find that at that very moment Andromache makes her appearance. This is one of those exquisite touches of Homer, so many of which are utterly lost in Pope. Mr. Sotheby, with admirable fidelity, preserves the original description. We continue our quotation from Pope.

> "With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
> His blameless wife, Ætion's wealthy heir."

The first of these lines is without any authority from the text; and, at best, the "joyful fair" is but a very unworthy description of Andromache in her circumstances. The epithet, "blameless," is entirely of Pope's own suggesting; the real word employed by Homer, "rich dower'd," being retained by Mr. Sotheby. Pope's lines on the child are certainly honest translations, not, however, of Homer, but of Dacier—

> "Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
> Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn."

Homer had compared the boy merely to a beautiful star; Mr. Sotheby is content to do no more; but Dacier makes him like *un astre qui se leve sur le horison*, and Pope implicitly followed the French interpreter.

> "Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd
> To tender passions all his mighty mind:
> His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
> Hung on his hand and then dejected spoke:
> Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
> And the big tear stood trembling in her eye."

So laboured and minute a register as this is of the progress of even conjugal grief, could never certainly have come from such a master as Homer, and, accordingly, it must be set altogether aside as a deformity. Instead of beginning with "a mournful look," and proceeding through the various grades of mental agony, until the big tear comes at last to explode both the grief and the rhetoric, Homer and his close translator have fixed the heroine in a living attitude, such as at once exhibits the intensity of her grief and her affection—

> παριστατο δακρυχεουσα
> Εκτ αρα οἱ φῦ χειρι.

These are the words whose meaning Pope has inflated into as many heroic lines, but which Mr. Sotheby, with infinitely more discernment and true poetical feeling, has translated—

'The while Andromache, *dissolv'd in tears*
Hung on his hand,'

This is precisely literal—but it is not the less effective.

The address of the disconsolate Andromache to her husband thus begins in Pope's translation—

"Too daring Prince! ah, whither dost thou run,
Ah too forgetful *of thy wife and son,*
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he."

Here we have one one of the most natural and beautiful touches of the wonderful poet most signally destroyed. A fond mother to think of herself or her interests before those of her boy! The insensibility of Pope astonishes us, for he makes Andromache refer to herself *first* in each of the alternate lines above, contrary altogether to the course of the poet, as may be seen in Mr. Sotheby's admirable verses. Where does Pope find the original of the next lines in the same speech?

"For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice."

Another instance of the indifference of Pope to the delicate beauties of Homer, occurs a few verses afterwards. Andromache, according to this translator, addresses Hector in these words—

"Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee."

Here the most indispensable phrase of all is left out—συ δε μοι θαλερος παρακοιτης, exclaims the eager woman passionately, and cheated for a moment into an exulting mood. Mr. Sotheby, it will be seen, has followed Homer, except as to the adjective θαλερος, the use of which by Andromache in the situation in which she was placed, exhibits the most profound and accurate acquaintance with the human heart. Pope, however, who had not room for the husband in any of his verses, does not hesitate to put two lines more of repetition into Andromache's mouth—

"Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall."

The remaining lines of Andromache's speech deserve the reader's utmost attention, as he will see in the management of their meaning by each translator, demonstrations of taste and power, very dissimilar indeed. After the heroine had exhausted all her tender appeals to the love and pity of her husband, Homer represents her as immediately having recourse to a species of argument, which, from its nature, she had reason to hope would prevail with the warrior. She points to a neighbouring spot, desires that Hector would keep guard there, since in that direction there existed facilities for the taking of Troy, which were not to be found elsewhere; she adds, that three attempts by the boldest and bravest of the enemy, had

been already made to carry the place, and broadly insinuates that it was declared by prophecy to be a vulnerable point. Who does not recognize and admire at once the divine skill of the poet, in thus endowing Andromache with just so much of what may be called an amiable cunning, as to enable her to make so plausible an excuse for requesting that Hector should remain with her? This is the consummation of the poetical power. Let any one read the following lines of Pope, and we are sure he will not deny that the translator was totally unconscious of the force of the passage.

" That quarter must the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou from this tower defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."—*Pope.*

The last line, " But stay my Hector," is entirely out of place, as it grossly and directly communicates to her husband the whole object of Andromache, which she, all the while, had used her utmost skill to keep out of sight.

In the next two lines Pope has betrayed the strangest ignorance of the Greek language.

" The chief reply'd: ' That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.' "

He supposed that τάδε ταντα meant " all the works of war "—whereas the true meaning is—"all your cares, my wife, are also cares of mine," and in this interpretation we are confirmed by Cowper as well as by Mr. Sotheby. The remainder of Hector's speech as given by Pope, may be compared with Mr. Sotheby's version, which, in our opinion, is quite as pathetic and as beautiful, though rendered with infinitely more precision than the former.

" How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, Imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,

Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread:
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led;
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine;
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."—*Pope.*

For the rest of this truly affecting scene, we cannot find anything to complain of in Pope, except the everlasting disposition to exaggerate every passion or feeling. Mr. Sotheby is, as usual, correct and perspicuous. That so great a degree of fidelity to the meaning of the original should be kept up in the new version, so uniformly with an adequate proportion of spirit and fire, is the more surprising, as such a union seems to have required an effort which Pope was certainly unable or unwilling to exert. In the descriptions of the battles, which it is well known abound in Homer, we miss none of the strength and boldness of language which we so much admire in Pope, at the same time that the latter must be said to be indebted for his success, very much to his own interpolations. We cannot light upon a single account of one of those conflicts in Mr. Sotheby's work, which includes almost an idea or allusion that Homer has not already employed, and yet there is not the slightest diminution of the vigour of the passage. We quote from the eleventh book.

'But, as keen reapers, band oppos'd to band,
Toil in the harvest of a grateful land,
And, where the barley bristles into grain,
Row after row with sheaves o'erstrew the plain,
The Greeks and Trojans thus in clash'd career
Slay and are slain, none pause, none fly, none fear,
But lift alike their crests, and, wild with rage,
Like wolves th' exterminating battle wage—
Alone of all the gods, with grim delight
Discord, there present, gloried mid the fight;
The rest, in peace, each on his palace throne
Amid th' Olympian cliffs repos'd alone;
But all Saturnius blam'd, whose partial sway
To Ilion gave the glory of the day:

While reckless of their ire, from all afar,
The thunderer, thron'd in glory, view'd the war,
Troy and the Grecian fleet, and all the plain
That blaz'd with arms, the slayers and the slain.

'From the grey dawn, and thro' th' advancing day,
Spears clash'd on spears, on warriors warriors lay;
But when in leafy heights, with toil opprest,
The hewer seeks an interval of rest,
And in the mountain glades, where fell the wood,
Longs for refreshment, and prepares his food,
Then rank to rank, loud shouting in their might,
Greece turned the Trojan phalanxes to flight;
While, rushing from their van, Atrides flew,
And fierce Bianor, guide of battle, slew:
Next, his tried friend, associate of his war,
Oïleus urging on his battle-car;
Him, as he leapt on earth, and dar'd advance,
And poise against the king his quiv'ring lance,
His brazen casque betray'd, Atrides' blow
Smote his helm'd front, and laid the warrior low,—
On thro' the casque, the bone, the brain, the spear
Flew, and arrested him in mid career.
The conqueror left them prone in death to rest,
Spoil'd their bright arms, and bar'd their snowy breast:
Then rush'd, where Priam's sons the battle led,
This of a lawful, that a lawless bed,
Isus and Antiphus, whom friendship held,
And in one car at once to war impell'd;
The spurious drove, while, skill'd the lance to wield,
Brave Antiphus in arms oppos'd the field—
Them, once, amid their flocks Achilles found
In Ida's glades, and there with osiers bound,
Then loos'd, rich-ransom'd. Gor'd above the breast,
'Neath the king's spear fall'n Isus sank to rest,
But Antiphus, beneath the trenchant blade,
That clove his ear, dropt, headlong, breathless laid:
Then from each corse the conqueror swiftly drew
Their armour flashing on his conscious view,
First seen, when Peleus' son the captives bore
From pasturing Ida to the Phrygian shore.
As when a lion, in keen search of food
Views in the deer's warm lair her tender brood,
His forceful jaws, that grasp with ease the prey,
Crush every bone, and reave its life away,
The while the hind in horror standing nigh,
Fain would defend, but dares not, forc'd to fly,
And mid far woods, alive alone to fear,
Bath'd in thick sweat-drops, seems the roar to hear:
Thus none dar'd shield the Trojans, as they fled,
While Greece resistless rush'd from dead to dead,

—vol. i. pp. 340—342.

Another vivid and powerful battle-scene is from the fifteenth book.

'The Greeks meantime remain'd,
And the fierce onset of their foe sustain'd:
Firmly they stood, yet powerless to defeat
Troy's scantier bands, and force them from the fleet.
Nor could the Trojans their firm phalanx break,
And mid their ships and tents full inroad make.
As when a line the skilful shipwright guides,
Marks the smooth plank, and equally divides,
Thus in that fight, where neither foe prevail'd,
One fate hung o'er th' assailant and the assail'd.
With different vessels, different chiefs engag'd,
Alone 'gainst Ajax, Hector battle wag'd:
Each for one ship: but not all Hector's might
Could fire the bark, or force the chief to flight,
Nor Ajax' utmost force could turn aside
Th' Hectorean strength, th' advancing god his guide.
But Ajax' lance transfix'd Caletor's breast,
Who, with his flaming torch, had onward prest;
Thundering he fell, and from his unnerv'd hand
Dropt on the blood-stain'd corse the flaring brand;
But Hector, when he view'd, where, bath'd in gore,
The son of Clytius lay the ship before,
Thus loud exclaim'd: "Ye Trojans, Lycias band,
"Close-fighting Dardans! hear your chief's command;
"Not from this press of conflict now recede,
"On, Heroes! on, for warrior warrior bleed.
"Let not the son of Clytius here remain,
"Nor the fell hand that slew despoil the slain."

'He spake, and whirl'd the lance that errant flew,
And, aim'd at Ajax, Mastor's offspring slew,
Him the Cytherian, who, by blood distain'd,
To Ajax fled, and long with him remain'd.
There, as in life, still found at Ajax' side,
Pierc'd through the brain his lov'd associate died;
Fallen from the deck, he lay in dust below,
And Ajax, shuddering, thus pour'd forth his woe:

'"Lo! Teucer, well belov'd, our comrade dead,
"Who to our dwelling from Cytheræ fled,
"He who, beneath our social roof endear'd,
"We, as a parent, honoured and revered;
"Him Hector slew. Where now Apollo's bow,
"Gift of the god, and arrows barb'd with woe?"

'Young Teucer heard—and onward swiftly bore
His bow already bent, and quivered store,
Shower'd on the foe his shafts—the arrow flew,
And great Pisenor's son, brave Clytus, slew—
Lov'd of Polydamas,—the shaft from far
Reach'd him, fierce lashing on his steeds to war;

His hand had grasp'd the reins, the chariot flew
Where the press darkened and the slaughter grew;
Hector and Troy rejoiced, but none had power
To guard their champion in that fatal hour.
Deep in his neck transfix'd, beneath the wound
Fell the prone corse, extended on the ground:
Scar'd at the clang, his steeds, that backward fled,
Dragg'd the void car, loud rattling o'er the dead.
Polydamas first heard the rush and roar,
And onward flew, and stood the steeds before,
And to Astynous gave, Protiaon's son,
And charg'd, "where'er the battle bore him on,
Nigh him to keep the coursers strict on sight:"
He spake: then mingled in the foremost fight.
But as the brass-mail'd Hector onward flew,
Keen Teucer forth a chosen arrow drew:
And—had it reach'd him, there, untimely slain,
Mid Grecia's shouting fleet had Hector lain.
But Jove, observant, deign'd the hero save,
Nor to keen Teucer's shaft that glory gave:
But, while in act to loose it, snapt the cord,
Snapt on that bow that ne'er had fail'd its lord.
Wide stray'd the brass-barb'd shaft, down dropt the bow,
And Teucer thus to Ajax breath'd his woe:

'"Some god, who joys our counsels to confound,
"Struck from my hand the bow, in act to wound,
"And snapt the close-twin'd cord, I newly strung,
"To scatter death on death yon host among."

'"Ah friend!"—the dauntless Telamon replied—
"Leave that false bow, and cast thy shafts aside;
"Since heav'n the archer's skill has render'd vain,
"Struck down the bow, and snapt the cord in twain,
"Grasp the long lance, firm brace the ponderous shield,
"Rush on, excite the rest, regain the field,
"Let not light conquest Troy's proud warriors greet,
"But their best blood gush forth, ere flames the fleet."

'Then Teucer in his tent the bow replac'd,
And on his breast the four-fold buckler brac'd,
Clasp'd the bright helm, that round his crested head
From the wide-waving horse-hair terror spread:
And, with his brass-edg'd spear, at Ajax' side
Stood in his armed strength, and Troy defied.
Hector observ'd his arrow's faithless flight,
And, shouting to his host, led on the fight.'—vol. ii. pp. 95—99.

The close, yet easy imitation of Homer's similes, is one of the greatest of Mr. Sotheby's triumphs. In this, perhaps the most difficult part of his task, the translator scarcely introduces a new idea or illustration: but, as on every other occasion, is resolved to work with the same instruments as his admirable master. The fol-

lowing passage contains a variety of similes, and it will be seen how well they are managed by the translator.

'Antilochus rush'd on, as springs a hound
To seize a fawn that bleeds beneath the wound,
Pierc'd by the hunter's shaft, as unaware
Leapt the rous'd slumberer from her ferny lair;
Thus, where thy corse, O Menalippus! bled,
The victor darted to despoil the dead:
By Hector not unseen, who fiercely sprung,
And forward dash'd the ranks of war among.
The Greek perceiv'd him, and tho' brave and bold,
Shrunk like a wolf, who slays before the fold
The shepherd, or his dog, then flies away,
Ere yet the gathering hinds pursue their prey:
Thus fled the Greek, while shouting, as he fled,
Th' Hectorean host behind the spear-storm shed:
Yet—Nestor's son, thus ardently pursu'd,
Reach'd his own ranks, and turn'd back unsubdu'd.—
Then 'gainst the fleet, like ravenous lions, drove
The Trojans, perfecting the will of Jove.
Jove melted Hellas' heart, her strength abas'd,
And more and more the exalted Trojans grac'd.
Jove will'd, high honouring th' Hectorean fame,
That his brave arm should wrap the fleet in flame.
'Twas his resolve, each deed divinely done,
And ratified the vow that Thetis won,
To view the accomplishment, and feast his sight
On a consuming vessel's blaze of light:
Then drive back Troy, her gleam of glory o'er,
And Greece to her pre-eminence restore.
Hence Jove 'gainst Hellas' ships fierce Hector fired,
And his bold heart with bolder rage inspir'd.
As when Mars hurls his lance, or fiercely spread
Flames mid thick woods that crest the mountain's head,
Thus while his lip breath'd foam, and red with ire
His eye-balls widely glar'd with living fire,
Fierce Hector rag'd, and round him, as he past,
The quivering of his helmet lightning cast.
Down to his aid, descending from above,
Came in his might the majesty of Jove,
And mid the press of war, him, him alone,
Rais'd to high fame, and glory all his own:
Him soon to die: for death now hover'd near,
And flash'd on Pallas' sight Pelides' spear.

'Then Hector strove to break the rang'd array,
Where brightliest mail'd the densest squadrons lay;
But all his efforts fail'd, so firmly clos'd,
The Greeks in four-fold squares his strength oppos'd.
As a vast rock, whose high o'erbeetling head,
Casts its dark shade o'er ocean's billowy bed,
Withstands the winds' tempestuous blasts, and braves
The sea storm tempesting the world of waves;

Thus stood the Greeks, while bright as radiant flame,
Swift, with impetuous bound, fierce Hector came:
Dash'd on the throng, as when the storm-tost deep
Bursts on the vessel with o'erwhelming sweep,
Veils it in foam, while the tremendous blast
Roars in the shivering shrouds, and bows the mast;
The seamen dread, in doubt their lives to save,
As yawns on every side their watery grave:
Thus Hellas fear'd: but Hector onward sprung.
As a gaunt lion darts the bulls among,
Innumerous herds that indolently feed
Mid the wide pastures of a marshy mead,
Whom, all unskill'd to guard, a youthful hind
Now forward rashly speeds, now pants behind,
While in the midst, fierce springing on his prey,
The lion, piecemeal, rends his limbs away,
The rest all fly;—thus fled, divinely driv'n,
The Greeks from Hector and the Lord of heav'n.
But Hector none, save Periphetes, slew,
Who his distinguish'd race from Copreus drew,
Copreus, who oft, by stern Eurystheus sent,
On message to the strength Herculean went.
Such was the sire: the son superior far
In virtue, wisdom, speed, and force in war:
His death crown'd Hector's glory: bent on flight,
As turn'd the chief from Hector's matchless might,
His footstep struck the border of the shield,
Whose huge circumference graz'd the battle-field.
He fell supine: and harsh beneath the blow
Rang the brass helm around his batter'd brow.
This Hector heard, and fiercer onward prest,
Stood near, and plung'd his war lance in his breast.
Amid his friends he fell: none dar'd to aid,
But all withdrew at Hector's might dismay'd;
Back to their fleet they past, then stood their ground,
By the first rank of ships, encompass'd round.
On rush'd their foes; while, more and more constrain'd,
Greece sought her camp, and gathering there, remain'd,
Nor to their tents fled diverse: shame and fright,
And mutual exhortation staid their flight.'—vol. ii. pp. 103—107.

The whole episode (if we may be allowed so to call it) of the death and funeral of Patroclus, is given by Mr. Sotheby with the greatest spirit. We must insert the description of the deadly struggle for the body of the chief, which was maintained by the contending parties.

'Like fire the conflict burn'd: nor day nor night
Had view'd the solar beam, or lunar light,
So hung the cloud, with darkness deeply fraught,
O'er the fam'd chiefs that for Patroclus fought.
But, other part, beneath the light of day,
Trojans and Grecians rang'd their mail'd array.

There blaz'd the sun, nor intervening cloud
Or o'er the mead or mountain cast a shroud.
They fought, they paus'd, and standing far apart,
Shunn'd as it crost the light each glancing dart;
But, in the midst, th' o'ershadowing gloom beneath,
Scarce could the chiefs, with war o'erwearied, breathe.
The while, two leaders, Nestor's sons, alone
Ne'er had the fate of fall'n Patroclus known,
But where the conflict, in its fury rag'd,
Deem'd that Menœtius' son there battle wag'd.
Not inobservant, in that doubtful day
Of Grecia's carnage, and her deep dismay,
They fought apart, so Nestor gave command,
And bade them leave the fleet and war on land.
But ne'er throughout that day the conflict ceas'd,
No momentary pause the toil releas'd:
Down each tir'd limb on sweat-drops sweat-drops flow'd,
With each fresh slaughter fresh resistance glow'd,
Each knee, leg, foot, hand, eyeball, o'er and o'er,
Around Patroclus' corse, defil'd with gore.
As when a man to many a labourer's toil
Gives the bull-hide deep soaked in unctuous oil,
They round it rang'd in circling order stand,
And strain, and stretch it with unyielding hand,
Till all its juice exude, and more and more
The new infusion penetrate each pore:
Thus here and there, in that close space confin'd,
Each host to gain the corse its strength combin'd,
These, with Patroclus slain, proud Troy to greet,
And those to bear the dead to Grecia's fleet.
O'er the slain hero uproar wild arose,
And the fierce madness of conflicting foes,
Such as with grim delight had Mavors mov'd,
Nor mail'd Minerva in her rage reprov'd.
Thus, all that day, at stern behest of Jove,
In ceaseless battle horse and horsemen strove.
Yet—while the war far rag'd nigh Ilion's wall,
Ne'er had Achilles' known Patroclus' fall:
Ne'er deem'd him dead, but watch'd th' expected hour
To greet him, living, back from Ilion's tow'r.
He knew that ne'er Patroclus might destroy
With, or without his aid, beleagur'd Troy.
Such was the secret doom Achilles heard
From Thetis, bearer of Saturnius' word.
Yet Thetis spar'd his soul, nor ere reveal'd,
That lov'd Menœtius' son should fall on Phrygia's field.
Thus round the corse the iron tempest sped,
And mutual slaughter pil'd on high the dead.'—vol. ii. pp. 174—176.

Our concluding extract must be part of the description of the shield of Achilles, one of those passages of supreme poetical excellence, which the genius of Homer alone could attain.

'There, by the god's creative pow'r reveal'd,
Two stately cities fill'd with life the shield.
Here nuptials, solemn feasts, and pomps that led
Brides from their chambers to the nuptial bed.
Bright blaz'd the torches as they swept along
Thro' streets that rung with hymeneal song:
And while gay youths, swift circling round and round,
Danc'd to the pipe and harp's harmonious sound,
The women throng'd, and, wondering as they view'd,
Stood in each portal, and the pomp pursu'd.

'Next, on the shield, a forum met the view;
Two men contending, there a concourse drew:
A citizen was slain: keen rose the strife:
'Twas compensation claim'd for loss of life.
This swore the mulct for blood was strictly paid;
This, that the fine long due was yet delay'd:
Both claimed th' award, and bad the laws decide
And partial numbers stood at either side,
With eager clamours for decision call,
Till the fear'd heralds seat and silence all.
There the hoar elders, in their sacred place,
On seats of polish'd stone the circle grace;
Rise with a herald's sceptre, weigh the cause,
And speak in turn the sentence of the laws:
While in the midst, for him to bear away
Who rightliest spoke, two golden talents lay.

'The other city on the shield display'd
Two hosts that girt it, in bright mail array'd.
Diverse their counsel: these, to burn, decide,
And those to seize, and all its wealth divide.
The town their summons scorn'd, resistance dar'd,
And secretly for ambush arms prepar'd.
Wife, grandsire, child, one soul alike in all,
Stand on the battlements, and guard the wall.
Mars, Pallas led their host: gold either god,
A golden radiance from their armour flow'd:
Celestial beauty grac'd, and o'er the rest
A god-like grandeur crown'd their tow'ring crest.
Onward they past, till, where a river wound,
A station fit for ambush mark'd the ground,
A watering place for beasts of every kind,
And there they couch'd beneath their arms reclin'd.
Two spies, at distance from their comrades, lay,
And watch'd the cattle on their wonted way.
They come;—unconscious of the ambuscade,
Two shepherds, following, on their reed-pipes play'd.
Warn'd by their spies, the warriors seize the prey,
Drive the horn'd beasts and snowy flocks away,
And slay the swains. As loud the tumult rose
Of bellowing oxen, and conflicting blows,
The chiefs from council dart; with fiery speed

Mount, lash their coursers, pour upon the mead,
And, warring on the margin of the flood,
The spear-arm'd foe-men shed each other's blood.
'Mid these Contention rush'd, wild Tumult rag'd,
And ruthless Fate unsparing battle wag'd,
Grasp'd one new-wounded, one without a wound,
And drew another slain along the ground:
While the dank garments that the warriors wore
Clung to their shoulders, thick with human gore.
Like life the conflict clash'd, the battle bled,
And host immixt with host dragg'd forth by turn the dead.

'The god then wrought on that celestial shield
A broad, a triple-plough'd, and fertile field;
There many ploughmen, bending o'er their toil,
Turn'd to and fro their yokes, and clave the soil:
And, as they reach'd the confine of the plain,
And paus'd to breathe ere turning back again,
The master met them, and to every hind
A goblet fill'd with luscious wine assign'd;
Then, each his furrow labouring, clave the ground,
And strove to reach the glebe's extremest bound:
And the tilth darken'd like a new turned clod,
Tho' golden all: all wonder of the god.

'Now, laden deep with corn, a heavy field
Rose on the view, and bristled o'er the shield.
The reapers toil'd, the sickles in their hand,
Heap after heap fell thick along the land;
Three labourers grasp them, and in sheaves upbind;
Boys, gathering up their handfuls, went behind,
Proffering their load: mid these, in gladsome mood,
Mute, leaning on his staff, the master stood.
Apart, the heralds, in an oaken glade,
Slew a huge bullock, and the banquet made,
While women, busy with the wheaten grain,
Kneaded the meal to feast at eve the swain.

'Now, bow'd with grapes, in gold a vineyard glow'd,
A purple light along its clusters flow'd:
On poles of silver train'd the vines repos'd,
Dark the deep trench, and pales of tin enclos'd.
One path alone there led, along whose way
Ceas'd not the gatherers thro' the live-long day:
Youths and fair girls, who, gladdening in the toil,
In woven panniers bore the nectar spoil:
In midst a boy, who o'er the silver wire
Breath'd the sweet sounds that thrill'd along the lyre;
While the gay chorus, as they danc'd along,
Together struck the ground, and swell'd the song.

'Now a large herd, high-horn'd, part tin, part gold,
Rose from the buckler of celestial mould:

These from their stalls rush'd bellowing to the meads,
Where flow'd a river midst o'ershadowing reeds:
Four herdsmen follow'd, all in gold design'd,
And nine fleet-footed dogs came on behind.
Two famish'd lions, prowling for their prey,
Sprung on the bull that foremost led the way,
And wild with pain their bellowing victim drew,
While on their tract the dogs and herdsmen flew:
Thro' the rent hide their food the lions tore,
The fuming entrails gorg'd, and drain'd his gore.
In vain the herdsmen speed, and urge in vain
The dogs the lions' conflict to sustain;
Too weak to wound, they linger'd, half-dismay'd,
Yet stood, too bold to fly, and fiercely bay'd.

'Now the god's changeful artifice display'd
Fair flocks at pasture in a lovely glade:
And folds, and sheltering stalls peeped up between,
And shepherd huts diversified the scene.

'Now on the shield a choir appear'd to move,
Whose flying feet the tuneful labyrinth wove;
Such as fam'd Dædalus, on Gnossus' shore,
For bright-hair'd Ariadne form'd of yore.
Youths and fair girls, there hand in hand advanc'd,
Tim'd to the song their step, and gaily danc'd.
Round every maid light robes of linen flow'd,
Round every youth a glossy tunick glow'd,
Those wreath'd with flowers, while from their partners hung
Swords that all gold from belts of silver swung.
Train'd by nice art each flexile limb to wind,
Their twinkling feet the measur'd maze entwin'd,
Fleet as the wheel whose use the potter tries
When twirl'd beneath his hand its axle flies.
Now all at once their graceful ranks combine,
Each rang'd against the other, line with line.
The crowd flock'd round, and wond'ring as they view'd,
Thro' every change the varying dance pursu'd;
The while two tumblers, as they led the song,
Turn'd in the midst, and roll'd themelves along.

'There, last, the god the force of ocean bound,
And pour'd its waves the buckler's orb around.

'The shield's vast bulk thus wrought, the Fire-God framed
A breastplate that in brightness fire out-flam'd;
Then a huge helm with various art imprest,
And tow'ring on its strength a golden crest;
Last, greaves of ductile tin. These, all complete,
The Fire-God brought, and laid at Thetis' feet:
She, like a falcon, from Olympus' height,
Flew with the arms that blaz'd around her flight!'—vol. ii. 220—226.

Having placed these copious samples of Mr. Sotheby's version

of the Iliad before the reader, and having, by critical comparison of a single passage with a corresponding one from Pope, indicated, what we believe to be a fair and judicious process for testing the merits of the two translations, we leave the rest to the public, satisfied that sooner or later its decision on the matter will be a just one. We have pretty freely expressed our approbation of the specimens of a version, which Mr. Sotheby had published, and now, having the general impression, resulting from a perusal of the whole work, strong on our minds, we see no reason to retract one word of the eulogy which we bestowed on the performance. Very much the contrary, for our satisfaction at the complete undertaking is exactly increased, as the materials themselves have been extended.

We felt the less difficulty in speaking conclusively as to Mr. Sotheby's success, because the avowed design of his enterprize was one that may be said to be of a purely practical nature. He proposed to give a faithful version of Homer within the very constrained limits of measures and rhymes. Of the execution of such a plan, almost any person of good education may be a judge, and few that have read and felt the Iliad, but will readily be able to tell, if in keeping closely to the text of Homer, Mr. Sotheby has also preserved much of his spirit. We have expressed our opinion on the subject, and we have no doubt the public and posterity will agree with us. We saw in Mr. Sotheby's specimens the most unequivocal testimonies of his having thoroughly studied his great author, of having entered minutely into the wonderful contrivances, which the illustrious poet brought together, and blended with so much address, in order to produce those effects, so various, so charming, so powerful, for which his works have been so glorious throughout all time. Mr. Sotheby, himself, no mean courtier of the harmonious nine, brought to his task the learning of a scholar:—he saw the inutility of another poetical periphrase of the tale of Troy in our language:—the splendid failure of Pope had warned him from the rocks of extravagance. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that out of such elements an almost unexceptionable translation of the Iliad should emanate.—We say "unexceptionable," not that there are no faults in this version, not that Mr. Sotheby has no *pet* expressions which he employs in season and out of season—not that he does not show a very inconvenient preference for the language of some of our quaintest writers—not, in fine that there are no crimes of negligence and haste to be found in his volumes, and that they do not require much and careful revision—but we say unexceptionable in principle and general effect—for we know of no book in any tongue, but this single one of Sotheby's, in which any thing like a just conception of Homer, can be conveyed to an unlearned reader.

The taste, we are told, for classical literature is dying. If this be the case, we can only say that the sooner it is revived the better—whether or not Greek and Latin be worth the extended cultivation

which it has hitherto received, we shall not now discuss—but this no one can dispute, that the works of the classical authors contain the noblest models of sublime thought, of pure taste, and refined literature. The time perhaps may come, when the labour of studying the dead languages, for the sake of the treasures which they contain, may be rendered more delightful by adequate translations—for Homer, at least, that time has now arrived. We say Homer without qualification, for in the nature of things we cannot suppose that Mr. Sotheby will be so insensible to his own success, and to the applause which will reward it, as to hesitate about making another splendid accession to our national literature in the Odyssey.

We close our observations with an arithmetical comparison of the two translations of Pope and Mr. Sotheby. This comparison will afford a means of estimating the extent to which Pope has carried his exaggerations of Homer.

BOOKS.	POPE. Lines in.	SOTHEBY. Lines in.	BOOKS.	POPE. Lines in.	SOTHEBY. Lines in.
1	781	683	13	1061	972
2	1071	1025	14	618	570
3	576	533	15	909	842
4	687	638	16	1049	944
5	1121	1030	17	854	844
6	679	606	18	712	708
7	579	522	19	471	466
8	708	644	20	590	568
9	837	814	21	724	670
10	680	618	22	663	582
11	985	956	23	1063	1006
12	562	532	24	1016	894

ART. VIII.—1. ***Destiny; or, the Chief's Daughter.*** By the author of "Marriage" and the "Inheritance." In three volumes, 8vo. Edinburgh: Cadell. London: Whittaker & Co. 1831.

2. ***Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks. The Wife and Friends, and the Married Men.*** In two volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn & Bentley. 1831.

3. ***At Home and Abroad; or, Memoirs of Emily de Cardonnell.*** By the author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," "Continental Adventures," &c. A Novel. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Murray. 1831.

4. ***The King's Secret.*** By the author of "The Lost Heir." In three volumes, 8vo. London: Bull. 1831.

5. ***Lucius Carey; or, the Mysterious Female of Mora's Dell. An Historical Tale.*** By the author of "The Weird Woman." In four volumes, 8vo. London: Newman & Co. 1831.

6. ***Alibeg the Tempter. A Tale Wild and Wonderful.*** By William Child Green, author of "The Abbot of Montserrat," &c. &c. In four volumes, 8vo. London: Newman & Co. 1831.

7. ***Crotchet Castle.*** By the author of "Headlong Hall." 12mo. pp. 300. London: Hookham. 1831.

WITH some aid from the friendly and well timed praises of Sir Walter Scott, Miss Ferrier, the author of the first novel on our list, has already obtained a considerable portion of the public favour. More, however, of that precious commodity has not fallen to her share than was due to her deserts. She is, in our opinion, an exceedingly shrewd observer, and a dramatic painter of manners and character. She has a keen sense of the ludicrous, a thorough knowledge of the female heart, a sufficient insight into the follies of fashionable life, and, above all, a truly religious temperament, without a shade of bigotry or fanaticism. Her style of writing is pure and natural; in her portraits it is neat and pointed; in her conversations smart and witty; and in her sketches of scenery occasionally poetical. She has, indeed, the various attributes that are capable of producing, by their combination, an entertaining as well as an instructive story, and in 'Destiny' she has displayed them all with complete success.

The leading personage in this exhibition, for it has the individuality of a comedy, is Glenroy of Glenroy, a Scottish chieftain of the old school. He is confined to his house by the gout, and is constantly scolding every creature about him. From morning till night every thing that happens goes wrong, and every body is to blame. His pride in the antiquity of his clan, forbids him to know any superior. The king might by a breath make a peer, but not all the sovereigns of the world could make a chief of Glenroy! His manners are rude, and sometimes even savage. Nevertheless, there is an under current of kindly feeling running beneath the more offensive parts of his character, which makes him singularly interesting. His grief for the death of his only son, the heir of his house, whom he loses at an early age, keeps our sympathies alive throughout. The perpetual reference to the tender scion prematurely cut down—"If *he* were here"—"*his* horse," that was *his* dog," as if all the world must know who was meant by *him*, is at once natural and deeply affecting.

Glenroy had the misfortune to marry, for his second wife, the Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, whose character coincided with his own, so far as excessive aristocratic pride was concerned, but in all other things was his antipode. A showy, vain, heartless, silly woman, a little *passée*, she thought to improve her pin-money by this union. She had already experienced the happiness of the matrimonial state with a spendthrift, who left her a miserable annuity, and she was anxious to throw off her weeds. Her daughter, Florinda, a peeress in her own right, and an heiress to a large fortune, as it was supposed, was the sun of her existence, whom she had educated in the very first style, by a numerous train of governesses and sub-governesses and masters and milliners. The consequence was, that the daughter proved in time a second edition

of the mother, neither revised nor corrected, and inherited a similar portion of happiness. She is one of the heroines of this tale, but second to Edith, the only daughter of Glenroy, a model of amiability and good sense, though rather too close a copy of Lucy Bertram, whom she resembles equally in her character, as in her fortunes. She has also her female Dominie Sampson in a Mrs. Molly Macauley, who having grounded her in the rudiments of a sound education, was retained in the family, and shared in its disasters. Although the imitation is open and avowed, it cannot be denied that it is cleverly executed, as Macky, (her pet name) is really a most amusing personage. Her homely phraseology, her fussy, hospitable, affectionate, and disinterested disposition, will secure her the favour of every body who becomes acquainted with her. As if Miss Ferrier could not escape from the train of imitation which the Dominie suggested, Edith has also her lover, a modification of Harry Bertram, in Ronald Malcolm, a relative of her own, who quitting his home in early youth was for many years supposed to have perished at sea, but afterwards, to the surprise of his family, returns in safety. He was not, however, Edith's only swain, for her first affections were placed upon Reginald Malcolm, who after coquetting with her for a while, preferred the young peeress. It is upon this baffled attachment that the whole interest of the story turns. It enables the author to represent the finely formed mind, the genuine sincerity, the tenderness, the purity of Edith's character, in contrast with the superficial intellect, the plausible heartlessness, the selfishness, and love of extravagant show, which distinguished Florinda; and to produce several striking situations and most affecting scenes, in which this contrast is turned to moral purposes. Although Florinda by her artful conduct deprives Edith of Reginald, who was apparently devoted to her, and was besides after the death of her brother, the heir of Glenroy, yet her "destiny" which preserved her for Ronald, conferred upon her by far the happier fortune. She lived to see her rival overwhelmed with misery, the result of her own folly, and of her husband's unbounded profusion; while for her, the discarded one, after undergoing a series of heavy trials, which she endures with a resignation which adversity has taught her, an abundance of happiness is in store.

The character of Madame Latour, a French governess, is also well drawn. Her intermixture of her native language with the most abominable English, is highly amusing. We fear that Miss Ferrier has gone beyond the legitimate bounds of comedy, in her representation of M'Dow, a Scottish minister. He is a most insufferable bore, and is intended to be so. We doubt whether it be advantageous towards the accomplishment of any purpose, which can be proposed to be attained by the instrumentality of a novel, to introduce into such a story as this, an actor altogether so odious as M'Dow. It is hardly an excuse for his appearance, that he is

painted to the life, that he is perfectly natural. A cat mews, and a pig grunts. To inform us that a cat mews and that a pig grunts, is therefore very true to nature—but it is not on that account agreeable. The fellow is a caricature of the most repulsive kind; he never enters on the scene without being an intruder, whom every body wishes in the bottom of the ocean.

Mr. and Mrs. Ribley, though a brace of wealthy cocknies, are far from being the most worthless or uninteresting of the whole set. We have in Mrs. Malcolm, the mother of Ronald, a most charming picture of dignified simplicity, mildness, and unaffected elegance—'even as that water is the purest which has no taste, that air the freshest which has no odour,' to borrow the expressive and happy illustration of the author. In Benbowie we recognize a true Scottish *follower* of the clan of Glenroy—a kind of character that is not unfrequently to be found also in Ireland.

Before we introduce the chief *in personâ*, we shall give the author's humorous description of him; it is a capital specimen of her "characters" in general.

'All the world knows that there is nothing on earth to be compared to a Highland Chief. He has his loch and his islands, his mountains and his castle, his piper and his tartan, his forests and his deer, his thousands of acres of untrodden heath, and his tens of thousands of black-faced sheep, and his bands of bonnetted clansmen, with claymores, and Gaelic, and hot blood, and dirks.

'All these, and more, had the Chief of Glenroy; for he had a family-tree, upon which all the birds of the air might have roosted. Doctor Johnson, to be sure, has said that there are no such things as family-trees in the Highlands; but the Doctor's calumnies against trees of every description, or rather of no description, throughout Scotland, are too well known to require refutation.

'Glenroy, therefore, *had* a tree; and as for his rent-roll, it was like a journey in a fairy tale, "longer, and longer, and longer, than I can tell." However, as the Chief himself was not particular in ascertaining the precise amount of his income, but lived as if the whole Highlands and Islands, with their kelp and black cattle, had been at his disposal; it would ill become his biographer to pry into the state of his affairs, for the gratification of the curious. Suffice it therefore to say, that the Chief of Glenroy lived in a style which was deemed suitable to his rank and fortune, by all—and they were neither few nor far between—who partook of his hospitality. In person, as in fortune, Glenroy had been equally gifted. He was a tall handsome man, with fine regular features, a florid complexion, an open, but haughty countenance, and a lofty, though somewhat indolent air. The inward man was much what the outward man denoted. He was proud, prejudiced, and profuse; he piqued himself upon the antiquity of his family, the heroic deeds of his ancestors, the extent of his estates, the number of his followers, their physical strength, their devoted attachment. On the other hand, he was of an open temper, of a social disposition, liberal to his tenantry, generous to his dependants, and hospitable to all. His manners, though somewhat coarse, were by no meaas vulgar; and when a little under control, he could be both pleasing and gentlemanly in his deportment.

'His supremacy being universally acknowledged throughout the extensive district where his possessions lay, he bore his faculties with that sort of indolent pomp which betokens undisturbed power. He felt himself a great man; and though he did not say even to himself that he was the greatest man in the world, he certainly would have been puzzled to say who was greater.

'Such was Glenroy; and with all these advantages, it was naturally expected that he would form an alliance worthy of himself and his clan, all of whom identified themselves with their Chief, and consequently looked upon his marriage as an event in which they had an undoubted interest. As it was impossible, however, that any one so great in himself could make a great marriage, his friends and followers, being reasonable people, merely expected that he would make the best marriage possible.

'Greater speculation could scarcely have been excited at the court of King Ahasuerus, as to a successor to the rebellious Vashti, than that which prevailed amongst the clan on the subject of forming a suitable alliance for their Chief. Each had his favourite and exalted fair, in one or other of the most illustrious Scottish families, on whom he conceived that Glenroy should place his affections. But vain are the schemes of man! Instead of these glorious results, Glenroy did what many wiser men have done before him; he fell in love, and made what was called, a "most unaccountable marriage;" for he married a merely pretty girl, of neither family nor fortune, the orphan daughter of a poor hundredth cousin of his own. The fact was, Glenroy was too proud to consider it a matter of much importance whom he married: he could derive no consequence from his wife; his wife must owe all her dignity to him. This was a blow to the clan, which all the youth, beauty, and sweetness of the lady could not reconcile them to; and it was not till the birth of an heir, that they recovered their spirits. But then bonfires blazed—bagpipes played—tartans waved—whisky flowed—all, in short, was done to welcome to this vain world an heir to its vanities. Alas! how short-sighted are sometimes even second-sighted mortals!

'At the end of two years a daughter was born, but far otherwise was her birth commemorated. A lifeless mother—a widowed father—a funeral procession—tears, regrets, lamentations, and woe; these were the symbols that marked her entrance into life, and cast a gloom upon her infant days. The child was christened Edith, after its mother. And so ended Glenroy's first attempt at connubial happiness.'—*Destiny.*—vol. i. pp. 3—7.

Perhaps Miss Ferrier has favoured us with rather too much of the juvenile life of her future heroes and heroines. She takes them almost from their infancy, when scarcely yet removed from the nursery, tells us all those stories about their hair, eyes, and figure, in which fond mammas take so much delight, talks at full length of their amusements, and even treats us to their little quarrels, and to the edifying language in which they gave expression to their anger. The *destined* husband of Florinda thus addresses her mother, who threatened 'that the savage should be sent from the house that very day,' for giving the young damsel a slap on the cheek. "But this house is not yours," retorted Reginald, with equal warmth; "it is my uncle's house, and I am to stay here till

my papa comes home, and then I shall make him send that wicked monkey to prison, for breaking my watch. The little wretch, I hate and despise her for telling lies,—yes, you shall go to prison, and be fed on bread and water, you little lying yellow-haired wasp!" This language may be, like M'Dow's character, all very natural, but it is certainly very far from being captivating to readers of any age. Yet the first volume is so full of this kind of writing, and of long preliminary descriptions of the various personages whom the fair author sets in motion, that it is calculated to raise strong prejudices against the remainder of the work, and indeed to prevent many persons from reading the other two volumes. Those who judge thus hastily of 'Destiny,' will indeed lose a good deal of enjoyment, a circumstance which was very near occurring to ourselves, had we not had the grace of perseverance. The scene in which, after a long absence from each other, Edith and Reginald mutually disclose the prepossessions of their youthful days, will put the reader in better humour with the author. We should premise that the *malaria*, of which the gentleman complains, was one that affected his mind rather than his body. In truth he had met Florinda, now the Lady Waldegrave, a peeress in her own right, abroad, and had been deeply smitten with her charms. Edith upon this, as upon all other occasions, engages all our sympathies upon her side, by the uncommon tenderness and maiden purity of her affections.

'Edith was arranging her drawing materials, preparatory to copying a drawing which lay before her, and which she had already begun.

'"I ought perhaps to feel ashamed of your seeing my poor attempts," said she, as Reginald looked at the outline she had begun; "but," she added, looking on him with the clear and innocent expression of her soft eyes, "I do not wish to hide any thing from you, Reginald, however painful it might be."

'"You have no cause," replied he, bending over the drawing, and seeming to examine it very attentively.

'"To you, who have lately been seeing so many fine pictures in Italy, it must be a penance to be obliged to look at my poor scratches; but I don't even wish you to praise them. I should think you were either laughing at me, or deceiving me, if you did so."

'Sir Reginald stood with his eyes still fixed on the drawing, but his thoughts were evidently more profound; at last, he said, in a voice of deep emotion,—"It would be difficult to laugh at you, Edith; and Heaven knows! I have no wish to deceive you!"

'"I am sure you have not!" said Edith, with tenderness of tone and manner. But, dear Reginald, are you not deceiving yourself?" And she blushed to crimson, as though she thought she had said too much.

'Reginald made no reply, but shaded his face with the drawing he still held in his hand. After a pause, raising his head, he said in a voice that vainly struggled with composure,—"I will not attempt to misunderstand you, Edith. You would tell me that you—" He stopped, as if suffocating with emotion.

'"Yes, Reginald, said Edith, tenderly, "I would tell you how much you have wronged yourself and me, if you ever supposed I, for an instant, could forget—Ah, Reginald, do you think I should have continued to wear this ring, if I had ceased to——" love you, she would have added, but the words died on her lips, and she bent her head to hide the blush which glowed even to her brow.

'Reginald took the hand she had half extended to him, and pressed it in silence to his lips, but some minutes elapsed ere he spoke; then, in a deep and faltering voice, he said,—"I believe you, Edith; my doubts are now ended. Say, when will you become mine?"

'Edith started; for the accents in which this fond interrogatory was put, were any thing but those of hope and joy. She looked on her lover, and his face, even his lips were pale, and his features were contracted as if in agony.

'"What is this?" exclaimed she, wildly. "You are ill, Reginald; Oh, tell me why do I see you thus?"

'"I *am* ill, Edith," said he, faintly attempting to smile; "but do not be alarmed—it is a mere spasm, to which I am occasionally liable; but it is past for the present, let us think no more of it." And, assuming an air of gaiety, he sought to quiet Edith's fears, and remove her suspicions, if she had any, as to the nature of his emotion. Edith was, of course, strenuous for medical advice: but Reginald assured her it was merely the effects of the *malaria* he had had, when at Rome, and consequently a disorder not understood by the physicians of this country. "But time, and your good management, will perhaps enable me to get the better of it," he added with difficulty, suppressing a sigh, "if you are not afraid to undertake the cure."

'"You had the *malaria*, then, and concealed it from me?" said Edith, reproachfully. "Ah, Reginald, if you had known what your silence cost me! but it was your tenderness for me made you conceal it from me; and you were ill while I was unjustly blaming you, perhaps——"

'"No, no," cried Reginald, in agitation; "I ought—But—oh, Edith, had I flown to you at the first, it might not then have been too late; I should not then have been the wretch I am!"

'"Dear Reginald, do not reproach yourself so bitterly, you could not foresee how fatally our dear Norman's illness was to terminate."

'"Fatally indeed!" re-echoed Reginald, as he leant his head on the table, and buried his face in his hands.

'"Had you been here, you could have done nothing for my poor brother," said Edith; "he would not even have known you, and you see you are not too late to be a comfort to us."

'Reginald looked up, and spoke more calmly, as he said, "You were always gentle and forgiving, Edith; but you know not the depth of my self-reproach," he added, with renewed agitation. "Edith, you see me broken in spirits, oppressed with remorse—the victim of a hopeless malady," gasped he, striking his bosom; "yet, if I can but make you happy, I can bear it all. Edith, a brighter, happier destiny might be yours, but if you will unite yourself with me, let it be quickly, let there be no idle delay, there has been too much already."

'A painful surmise now darted into Edith's mind; she had heard of the baleful effects of the pestilential fever at Rome, in even affecting the

mind of the sufferer long after the cause had apparently ceased; and trembling at the dread suspicion, she knew not how to reply.

'"Speak, Edith," he cried, impatiently, "do you repent?"

'Edith cast her streaming eyes upon him with a look of tenderness and affection, whilst she slowly and distinctly uttered, "Never!"

'"Enough!" cried Reginald, as he pressed his quivering lip to her hand; then, after a short pause, he said with calmness, "And now, Edith, I again entreat that there may be no trifling delays on your part; on mine, everything shall be done to accelerate matters; for that purpose I must now leave you for a time. I must go to Dunshiera; there must be much for me to do there, and the more, that I have to prepare it for its future mistress." His voice now faltered a little, and he stopped, but soon went on. "I have too long neglected it, but I must now live there for a part of the year if I can. I am aware of the opposition this will meet with from Glenroy; but much as I owe him, and desirous as I am, by every means in my power, to discharge my debt of gratitude, still I cannot devote myself wholly to him."

'"It would be too much to expect," said Edith with a sigh; "and yet, my poor father! how shall I leave him in his present state of mind? and still worse, how will he bear your absence—you who are now every thing to him?"

'"Yes," cried Reginald, again relapsing into agitation; "my father's mistaken tenderness for me has placed me in a cruel situation. I have incurred a load of gratitude to Glenroy, which crushes me to the earth; his house hitherto has been my home, but Edith, I cannot, I will not, continue to drag out a useless existence here."

'Glenroy's voice was at that moment heard loudly calling "Reginald," and presently he came slowly shuffling into the room, talking to himself as he was wont to do."—*Destiny.*—vol. ii. pp. 60—66.

The necessity for a more candid explanation upon the part of Reginald, soon becomes more pressing, as Lady Waldegrave and her mother, who had long been absent from Glenroy, made use of the death of his only son, as a pretext for their proceeding in person to offer him their kind condolence. The real object of the daughter at least, was to see her lover from whom she had parted in a quarrel, which she was most anxious to make up. We do not mean to follow this pair through all their intricacies of courtship. We shall limit ourselves to a conversation which passed between Edith and her father, upon the subject of an answer to Lady Waldegrave's self-inviting letter. It shews out the prominent traits of the old chieftain's character in bold relief.

'"Are you to be all day writing that letter, Edith? is it not done yet?" were the queries that greeted her on her entrance.

'"I beg your pardon, papa; but I have not had time."

'"Not had time! you've had time to write at least a dozen of letters—it's really intolerable; what's the use of you women learning to write at all? you should all keep to your needles and thread, like that idiot, Molly Macauly, and not torment people with your trash of letters this way. Have you not written the one I desired you yet?"

'"It is not five minutes, papa, since Reginald showed me the one you had received from Lady Waldegrave."

'"That's not the letter I am speaking about; it's the one I desired you to write in answer to that."

'"I understand you, papa; but I really have not had time since."

'"I tell you, the letter might have been half way to London by this time."

'"My dear papa, you know the post does not leave this, till the evening."

'"That's nothing to the purpose; your business was to write the letter when I desired you."

'"I will write it directly, papa, if you will be so good as to tell me what I am to say."

'"How often am I to tell you what to say? I told you already, or at least I told Reginald, which is the same thing."

'"Reginald said you did not seem inclined to receive the visit."

'"How can I be inclined to receive a visit, lying in my bed here? It's a most senseless and unfeeling proposal."

'"It must be kindly meant," said Edith, gently; "and, dear papa, sympathy ought always to be kindly taken."

'"Sympathy! what good will all the sympathy in the world do me! it will not bring back him that I've lost."

'A pause of some minutes ensued.

'"You may be quite well before Lady Elizabeth comes, papa," said Edith! "and if not, you will at least have shown your hospitality and goodwill; but yet, if the thought of it is so unpleasant to you, to be sure the visit had better be refused, than that you should suffer."

'"You don't know what you are speaking about! If I'm well, and if I'm not well! how can I tell whether I'm to be well or ill? I wish both these ladies of quality had my gout in their fingers and toes, to settle them, and keep them from disturbing me in this manner. And there's Reginald, he has got the gout too, or I'm mistaken; his father had it when he was not much older than he is now; but if he could get it to fix in his foot, there would be no fear of him. But what's the reason you have not written that letter, Edith?"

'"I will write it now, papa, if you will only tell me what you wish."

'"How can I tell you what I wish? Can't you ask Reginald, and he'll tell you what I wish?"

'"Reginald and I don't quite agree about it, papa."

'"Reginald and you don't agree! And do you really pretend to disagree with the man you're to be married to? and before you're married to him! I never heard of such a thing in my life, as people not agreeing before they were married—not agree with the man that's to come after me!"

'"Reginald and I are very good friends, papa, and we shall be quite agreed when we know your wishes on this subject; but he is of opinion that it would be better to decline the visit; and I—"

'"He's quite right—much better—what the plague brings them here now? After staying away so long, they'd better have staid altogether. The mother not particular!—there's not a more troublesome, particular woman in the kingdom than she is!"

'"Then I shall write and say the state of your health prevents you receiving their kindly meant visit at this time, or something to that purpose, papa?" said Edith, and she was leaving the room.

'"The state of the fiddlestick!" cried Glenroy, peevishly; "I wish you would not be in such a hurry—what's the matter with my health? You women are always so impatient and so ready with your pens! what is there in the state of my health to keep people from coming to the house?—you speak as if I had the plague? I've had a touch of gout in my toe, which is now almost gone, and I'm better than I've been for months, and how can I tell people they're not to come to my house! It's a thing I never did in my life, and I'm not going to begin now; I wonder how you could propose such a thing, Edith, to refuse to admit a woman of rank, and my own wife too, within my door, and for two or three days; and her taking such a journey, poor thing! on purpose, and all for my poor boy! it's a piece of respect to him, and it says a great deal for her, and she shall be welcome to the best in my house for his sake."

'Here poor Glenroy began to weep, and Edith, distressed and perplexed, after soothing him as well as she could by turning his thoughts to another channel, left him to have again recourse to Reginald for advice and assistance. But Reginald had set off to join a shooting party, and had left word he should not return till late in the evening. Edith had, therefore, to write the letter without farther communing. Upon showing it to her father, he of course scolded and protested against it, and swore he would not receive any such visitors; but, at the same time, desired the letter might be sent off, accepting the visit.'—*Destiny*—vol. ii. pp. 106—111.

The result of this visit we have already anticipated. Edith loses her first lover, only to exchange him for another favourite of her youth, Ronald Malcolm, or Melcombe as he calls himself, of Inch Orran. Besides that his story so strongly resembles that of Harry Bertram, it has some improbabilities about it, which now and then shake our credulity. It cannot however be denied that the interview between the parties, in which Ronald, who had long preserved his incognito, becomes revealed in his true character to Edith, is well managed.

'On the table which stood before them some drawings lay scattered; and as Edith, in confusion, turned her eyes from the deep earnest gaze which was fixed upon her, they fell upon a view of Inch Orran by sunset—the parting gift of Lucy. Beneath were written these words from Ossian,

'"My soul is full of other times;
The joy of my youth returns."

'"There," said she, in emotion, "is the dear home where, ere long, I hope to be."

'"Inch Orran!" exclaimed Melcombe, in a tone that thrilled to her heart. She started, and turned upon him a look of anxious enquiry, but his eyes were fixed on the drawing. Why should the simple pronouncing of a name conjure up visions of the past? Why should a tone—the tone of a stranger's voice—thus suddenly recall the past, the lost, the loved of other times to him unknown? These feelings were depicted on Edith's countenance, as she continued to gaze in breathless suspense.

'Struck with her paleness, and the intense interest expressed in her

blindness, have mistaken a virtuous woman for a vicious one. Assisted by a sincere friend, he made inquiries, and finding that his suspicions against his wife are altogether unfounded, he clasps her again to his bosom. This story gives the author an opportunity of exhibiting the corruption and heartlessness that prevail in the upper ranks of life; but the picture has none of the touches of a master hand. The second tale is shorter and much more commonplace than the first. It is the story of a gentleman of large fortune, who, tired of loneliness, as well as of the sundry attempts made against him by the manœuvring mothers of dancing daughters, at length marries a female who had been the mistress of more than one of his friends, and who had acted towards himself in a similar capacity. There is nothing amusing in such a sketch, and still less instructive, unless the misery of the man be sufficient to afford a warning.

The reader will find a novel of a much higher order in 'At Home and Abroad,' from the pen of the author of a work, which has been perhaps more highly praised than it deserved, "Rome in the nineteenth century." Her great facility in writing, has led her into the serious fault of carrying on almost the whole business of her tale by means of conversations, which are often prolonged to an unreasonable length, and employed upon uninteresting topics. It is sufficiently manifest, that without the aid of such resources as table-talk could afford, she could never have spun out the quantity of matter requisite for the manufacture of three volumes. At least we are nesessarily led to infer as much, from the disagreeable habit which she has of splitting small ideas among several individuals, who seem all born with peculiar predilections for the science of tattle.

The heroine, Emily de Cardonnell, is not a French demoiselle, as the reader might be apt to suppose from her name, but a thorough English, intelligent, beautiful, spirited girl, who rides among her native hills in Lancashire, without escort or fear. Her family present a delightful specimen of those accomplished and unsophisticated circles, that are to be found secluded from the bustle of cities and towns in many parts of this country—circles, of whom not one member perhaps had ever thought of visiting London. Accident brings into her neighbourhood various ladies and gentlemen, all of whom, in the course of the story, contrive to fall in love with each other. We have a Mr. Dormer at the feet of a Louisa Wentworth, whose heart is set upon a Lord Borodale; the said Lord Borodale hopes to captivate the heart of Emily herself, who had given it irrevocably, and at first sight, to a certain Count Waldemar, although the count knows it not; then he is the mental idol of a Miss Lydia Wentworth, who is run after by a Mr. Percival, who is pursued by a Harriet Dormer; while a man in spectacles, and a profound mathematician, 'yclept Mr. Egerton, attacks Miss Elizabeth Wentworth according to the rules

of geometry, whereas that amiable lady's ambition goes no higher than the hand of a country curate, named, vulgarly enough, Mr. John Thomas! Here is a puzzle for an author to break up and put together again! The reader, however, will be very apt to overlook all the minor persons of the drama, and give his undivided attention to the vicissitudes, to which the genuine loves of Emily and the count are subjected. We are alarmed by hearing from a dying gypsey, that the heroine and the count are never to be married; that before she weds she is to wear three suits of mourning successively; and there are roses falling asunder, and yielding drops of blood, and ghosts, and duels, and sundry other omens of dire aspect, which lead us to suppose that the whole will end in some horrible tragedy. Nay, we are to all intents and purposes convinced, about the middle of the third volume, that the count has committed suicide in a Danish prison, to which he was committed under a charge of high treason, and that he was really buried in the earth, *in propria persona*. Nevertheless, all the prophecies are realized, the difficulties clear away one by one, the count comes to life; after Emily has been left in a most unenviable degree of suspense for a sufficient period, he comes back, not as the count, but as the successor to the title, and a fair portion of the property of his uncle, Lord Harleston, and the whole horizon of the piece is illuminated with bridal lamps—every body gets married!

To say that the invention of the plot evinces the highest order of dramatic talent, would be to award it an undue share of praise. More properly speaking, the talent which applies to that quality in the present composition, is more of the melo-dramatic class. The count had been indeed imprisoned under a false accusation of treason, brought against him through the instrumentality of an enemy, but through the favour of the turnkey he escapes, and a rumour of his suicide having been fabricated, and a dead body buried as his representative, the scheme is successful. It is, however, but a very common kind of resource for a novelist, who seems to believe, that if she had not prefixed to her work a proper caution, she might have been supposed an imitator of Miss Edgeworth! She may depend upon it that she need never apprehend a mistake of that description.

We shall content ourselves with a single specimen from that part of the tale, which precedes the return of the count. We need hardly desire our readers not to be quite so much alarmed as Emily was, as the figure of the supposed phantom which she saw, was the real flesh and blood of Count Waldemar; though, blinded by the storm, (rather say by the author for the sake of a ghost scene,) he did not see her, though in pursuit of her at the moment.

'Weeks passed away. She was now able to go out, and she found a relief in rambling alone about the woods and walks which she had so often

frequented with *him* who was never absent from her thoughts. For hours she would remain out, unconscious of the lapse of time, but slowly deriving benefit and strength from the restoring influence of the fresh air.

'One dreary afternoon in February, when Emily was wandering in the park, heedless of the gathering storm, she met a messenger despatched from the village by her aged nurse, to say that she felt her end was rapidly approaching, and that she prayed to see Miss Emily once more before she died. Shocked to hear of the imminent danger of this faithful old servant, whom she had seen only two days before not materially worse than usual; she hastened to the village, and found poor old Martha indeed almost in extremity, but perfectly sensible; and penetrated with gratitude at this last instance of her adored young lady's goodness. Martha was the old nurse of the family. She had had the charge of Emily and her brother from their birth, as well as of the three children of General and Mrs. De Cardonnell who had died in childhood. In her declining years she had been placed in a neat little cottage belonging to General De Cardonnell, where she lived with a sister, surrounded by every imaginable comfort, and cheered by the frequent visits of her mistress and her dear young lady. Her complaint, which was water on the chest, was now advancing with rapid strides, and her dissolution was drawing nigh. Dr. Doran had been called in, but had left her, declaring that all human aid was vain. Emily hung over the dying bed of the poor sufferer, supporting her sinking frame, soothing her last moments with affectionate sympathy, and administering every alleviation that could smooth the passage to the grave. In the absence of the parish minister, who was from home, Emily prayed with her, and endeavoured to impart spiritual hope and comfort. She read to her several beautiful passages from the Psalms and Gospels, and that admirable prayer appointed by the Church for persons on the point of departure. But old Martha had not left the great concern of her soul's salvation to the last hour. The scriptures had been her rule in life, her comfort in age, and were now her hope in death. The blessed promises of the Gospel now sustained her soul, in faith, that was triumphant over the grave; and filled her heart with that peace, which this world can neither give nor take away. It was a beautiful and a blessed sight to see the death-bed of this humble Christian. Emily could not bear to leave her. No other could so well smooth the pillows for her head, administer the cordial, wipe the cold sweat from her pallid brow, or whisper the same peace and comfort to her parting spirit. Still the dying eyes of her aged nurse rested upon her to the last, and her latest breath implored blessings upon her head.

'By the time poor old Martha had expired, the short-lived winter's day was done, and the thick shades of evening were rapidly descending. Emily had a considerable distance to walk, and she now began to remember, with some uneasiness, that in consequence of having met Martha's messenger in the park, no one at home knew whither she was gone, so that she feared her absence at such an hour might occasion anxiety and alarm. She, therefore, hastily set off on her return home, without waiting to procure an escort from the village, from which Martha's cottage stood at a little distance.

'The night was stormy. The wind, which was rising every moment, blew in tempestuous gusts, and before she had advanced far from the cottage, blasts of mingled sleet, and hail, and rain were driven before it,

which darkened the atmosphere. Still the storm was behind her, and Emily hurried forward, regardless of its fury. She had been deeply affected by the solemn scene which she had just witnessed; and as she recalled to mind the recent decease of her excellent aunt, and the singular circumstances that she, who till lately had never looked upon death, should have been within so short a space of time the chief comforter and assistant at the death-beds of two persons deservedly dear to her, she could not restrain the tearful wish that it had pleased God to have allowed her to have seen her betrothed husband but once before he died. "Or if even yet his spirit could revisit earth," she mentally exclaimed, "and explain the horrible and mysterious circumstances of his death! if from himself I could but know that he was happy in heaven, how would my misery on earth be assuaged!"

'Scarcely had the wish been formed, when a fitful and clouded gleam of the storm dimly revealed to her astonished sight, the visionary form of her lover! In long sable garments, pale and attenuated as if risen from the grave, but in stature more gigantic than when in life, the figure moved on rapidly through the gloom towards her, but passed straight onward, without even turning its head to gaze on her, and vanished in the darkness.

'Gracious Powers of Heaven! Was the grave indeed permitted to give up its buried dead? Were the spirits of the departed permitted again to revisit the earth? Or was it some illusion of her disturbed mind—some vision such as Fancy bodies forth "within the chambers of her imagery?" Had her excited imagination invested some other being with the form and features of him, whose image was never absent from her thoughts? Oh, no!—too well were that form and those lineaments impressed upon her remembrance! Indistinctly as that dim ray of light had revealed them, she could not be deceived. No other ever resembled him; it was the form of himself, such as he had appeared on the earth, in all but substance.

'Chill horror froze her veins, and every joint shook, so that she had been compelled to lean against the fence for support as the phantom passed her by unnoticed. Had it stopped,—had it spoken,—had it even seemed to recognize her by one look, or testified by any sign that love which he had borne towards her in life,—awful as would have been the trial, she thought she could yet have strung her soul to have stood it; her doubts and fears would have been removed, she should have learned the mystery of his death, and the state of his disembodied spirit. But that he should know her no more, that he should walk the earth without casting upon her one glance of recognition or affection, chilled her inmost soul with horror.

'When the apparition appeared, she was walking upon a footpath which ran at the edge of the field, alongside of the carriage-road down which the vision had passed, and from which it was divided by a high but broken hedge and trees. As soon as she was able to move, she made her way through the first opening in the hedge out upon the open road, and gazed along in the direction the apparition had taken; but it had vanished. Still her feet seemed rooted to the spot; the driving storm pelted in her face in vain; she stood and gazed; till at last, by the feeble light which the early moon gave through its thick curtain of stormy clouds, again in the distant gloom the phantom appeared; again it advanced towards her, almost with lightning rapidity, but not again did it pass her by; its voice called upon her name, its long arms were extended to receive her; she

wildly shrieked, but they enclosed her in their dark embrace, and she fell backwards in a state of total insensibility.'—*At Home and Abroad.*—vol. iii. pp. 173 -178.

Mr. Power, celebrated for his unrivalled representation of Irish characters, continues most laudably to unite the author with the actor. The 'King's Secret,' we believe, is the third production from his pen within a short period, and we do him but bare justice in saying that it is in every way creditable to his education and talents. The time of his tale is laid in the reign of our Edward III., commencing with the league that was formed between that sovereign and Philip D'Arteville, here called Artevelde, the famous brewer of Ghent, at that period the demagogue ruler of Flanders. We cannot go the length of assuring our readers, that Mr. Power has lifted up the veil that hangs between us and the fourteenth century, and given us a perfect view of the manners of that age, with the accuracy and vivacity of a Sir Walter Scott. He has, however, produced an entertaining work, in which the brave will find wagers of battle, and tournaments, and bloody combats; the fair will discover more than one tale of love; the religious will see pilgrim-processions, convents, and ceremonies; and the turtle-eating citizen will witness an abundance of Guildhall festivity. As a mere novel, the 'King's Secret' will not be considered interesting. It has, in fact, no continuous story, unless we deem such the adventures of Edward in Flanders. Its chief merit consists in the acquaintance which it every where shews with the notions, habits, and manners of a period rich in romantic associations.

The hero of the piece is Leonard Borgia, supposed to be the brother of King Edward, or rather the son of the Queen Isabella, by Roger Mortimer, who intrigued with her at the court of Hainault. The *secret* consists, as well as we can make it out, in the knowledge which Edward possessed of this fact, but which he did not choose to disclose, inasmuch as it might lead to scandal and inconvenience. Leonard, who subsequently settled in Italy, whither he was followed by the celebrated Sir John Hawkwood, had hitherto passed as the nephew of Andreas Borgia, to whose custody he had been delivered when an infant. The relation of this event we shall detach from the third volume.

'"It is now many years agone," said old Andreas to Leonard, "that, in this very month of June, I went to Nottingham with some rare jewels for the Queen Isabella, the which she fancied to wear at a tourney, proclaimed to be holden there by the great Lord Roger Mortimer and the young King, so soon as the parliament, there sitting, should be dismissed.

'"Well, having delivered and fitted on my wares, and heard them well approved by the court dames, as well as by my royal and bountiful mistress, I turned again, well pleased, towards London; the first night, I mind me, I slept within some twenty miles of Nottingham, at, I forget what place, but, indeed, it matters not, being resolute to travel only by such short journies as were suited to the capacity of my cattle, my own years, and humour.

Well, in obedience to this, on the next day I rose some hours before the sun, resolving to end my travel before the mid-day heat should raise the dust, which I saw sore galled the nostrils of my poor beast, to say nothing of the pain I endured in my own eyes from the same cause; assisted by a trusty countryman of mine own, named Cire Perotte, my preparations were soon made, and forth we sallied from the Ostle, where we had passed the night; whilst we together thus peaceably rambled along the dusky path, for the trees were many, and all now decked with their thickest foliage, besides that the fogs of morning yet lay heavy on the land, or flitted before the growing day like smoke clouds, from tree to tree—suddenly from a shady forest path on our left hand, was plainly heard the sound of hurrying horses' feet, and just as we passed the lane, forth issued two cavaliers, covered with dust, and seemingly sore spent with their hasty travel.

'"The horse of the foremost was clearly of the kind I have so often chidden thee, vainly, for riding, being full of hot blood, and of untameable mettle, and at a rare pace the rider of this beast prycked by us, without deigning to exchange word of greeting, or kind courtesy, as is usual amongst most honest wayfarers: the second brute was however of another sort, and shewed no such alacrity at passing, without halt or breath, the sober-looking nags we rode, the which, I take it, he found more near akin to his liking than the wild horse whose hot company he had striven in vain to keep.

'"In vain did the chafed rider try both whip and spur, till foot and hand failed, the patient beast moved no jot the faster, but quietly enduring the storm, jogged soberly forward on the same level as my old hobbeler, as deaf to oaths as he had proved insensible to the lash and iron.

'"The shouts of the vexed man at last warned his flightier companion of his sad plight, for such his words implied he thought; and suddenly back, flying, came the foremost cavalier, who, being thus suddenly fronted by, I instantly recognized, as he did me, and mutual salutation and words of civility now passed between us.

'"'How is't man? art foundered quite, Thornden?' demanded the returned rider.

'"'He hath no better pace left in him, my Lord,' answered the weary man, pointing to the reasonable rate at which the poor willing brute was journeying on: with this, without more ado, the knightly cavalier besought me to alight and step one minute aside with him, when, in a hurried way, he told me his life depended solely on the speed he now used, adding how unwilling he was to leave his faithful follower behind, to fall into the hands of angry enemies, and ending with a request that I would give in exchange for this spent horse, the one on whose back honest Cire was mounted.

'"This, to be sure, I readily consented to; for setting aside the desire I naturally felt to serve, in such extremity, one that was known to me, I likewise guessed that a bold and desperate man would not twice think of taking that by force, he needed for his life's safety, after, perchance, braining me for venturing to say him nay.

'"I, in one moment, however, surmised that the knight did not mean to end with this simple opening matter; for, after standing for a small time, like one only half resolved, he violently wrung my hand, muttering 'a moment more, kind Borgia,'—for as I said, I was well known to him; and, passing with this, he went up hastily to his attendant, who had not yet

alighted from the worn horse, whilst my poor Cire gazed stupidly on, utterly unable to comprehend what parley was going on between his master and these strangers.

' " I was yet inwardly marvelling from what cause the knight's trouble could have arisen, and how this odd meeting would end, when I beheld the horseman, after a word from the knight, quietly throw aside the ample cloak which hung from his neck down to his heels, and deliver into the hands of his master a fair boy, that lay packed carefully in a long basket, strapped on a pad before him. Judge my wonder when, placing this strange burthen before me on the ground, the knight hurriedly said, as well as at this distant time I may remember—and no word of that hour but has often since been recalled to my memory.

' " ' Master Borgia,' he said, ' look on this poor wearied boy; all night have we ridden with him from near Nottingham hither, and a sore journey hath it proved to the child, as well as a heavy impediment to us who fly for very life; here is no time to tell all that hath passed; too soon will it reach thy hearing—but only this—I well know thee for an honest man; I judge thee by nature a kind one: take thou this boy to thy care awhile, for very pity, and say no word of aught that has passed here this morning.

' " ' Of the child hereafter,' he added, ' thou shalt know all that is needful; for the present, take this ring; it was given me by his noble father; if I live and thrive, I will, in due time, claim thy charge by this token—if we meet not again, give it to his keeping, when he shall have reached the years of manhood: and now, farewell!' " '—*The King's Secret.* —vol. iii. pp. 273—278.

The dedication of ' Lucius Carey' to Mr. O'Connell, leads us at once into the secret that this is an Irish story, written by a son of Erin. Though extravagant beyond all bounds in some things, it really indicates a prolific fount of genius in the author. Truly indeed, has Mr. William Child Green entitled his ' Alibeg the Tempter,' a tale ' Wild and Wonderful.' It possesses both these characteristics in a pre-eminent degree. The scene is in the East, and the action is a continued series of adventures of the most extraordinary nature. We recommend it, by all means, as well as ' Lucius Carey,' to those readers who can allow their imaginations to be wafted to the very ends of the world of invention. Of the seventh candidate for fame upon our list, ' Crotchet Castle,' we regret that we cannot speak in as favourable terms as we could desire. It is a satire upon the London citizens, and their mode of life, both in their country, and their counting-houses. The style in which it is written is polished, but the wit is not at all remarkable for pointedness or elegance.

ART. IX.—*A Speech delivered in the House of Commons on Lord John Russell's Motion for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the representation of the people of England and Wales.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay, M.P. 8vo. pp. 31. London: Ridgway. 1831.

BEFORE the ministerial plan of reform was promulgated by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, we conceived that we

were going a reasonable and sufficient length of way towards the attainment of that object, by proposing that the principle of universal suffrage should be discarded; that the franchise should be limited by property, indicated by assessments in towns and boroughs, and by freehold, copyhold, and beneficial leasehold in counties;—that the decayed boroughs should be abolished, where the franchise could not be extended to neighbouring hundreds, producing, at least, five hundred voters, and that where they could not produce double that number, the representation should be reduced to one member. In the same proportion that four thousand bears to one thousand in the latter case, and two thousand to five hundred in the former, did the plan of the ministers exceed our most sanguine expectations. We could not have conceived that they would have had the courage to attempt so bold, so manly, so decisive a measure of reform, as that which they laid before Parliament. We venture to say that our notions on the subject were in harmony with those of a very considerable portion of the public, and we have no doubt that they have been as much gratified, as we have been, in finding those notions exceeded, beyond all probable previous calculation, by the provisions of the Bill.

Indeed we do not believe that there was, at any period of our history, a proposition made by the Government, which has carried with it so great a share of the approbation of the people as the bill of which we speak. Upon its first appearance it was hailed with an unanimous shout of applause, which was heard throughout the three kingdoms. A reaction against it was subsequently attempted to be concerted, by the boroughmongering party on the one hand, and by some low mischievous radicals on the other, but it altogether failed. The exertions of the former are not to be wondered at, for their strength as a party, their existence as political characters, depend so much upon the principle of nomination, that they would naturally do every thing in their power in order to preserve it from annihilation. The virtues of such men as the Dukes of Norfolk, Bedford, and Devonshire, and of John Smith, are too rarely distributed amongst the mass of mankind, to allow us to hope that more than a few sacrifices of self-interest would be made upon the altar of the country. We looked for nothing of the kind, and have not been at all surprised by the fierce opposition which the bill encountered from the Tories. But we have been indeed amazed by the efforts which some of the radicals have made to inflame the multitude against the measure, by representing that it was not calculated to cheapen the necessaries of life, or to give a great majority of them a voice in the election of their representatives. Nothing could be more malicious and unjust than this species of invective *ad captandum*. It altogether passes over the probable consequences of such a reform, if it were carried into a law; for no man can doubt that *if* the taxes can be reduced, and *if* the necessaries of life can be rendered accessible at a more moderate price

to the poorer orders of the population, these objects would be accomplished more speedily and more effectually by a reformed Parliament, than by a Parliament which has the power and the disposition to resist any effectual improvement in its constitution. It is very true that the bill did not propose universal suffrage, and, consequently, that a very great number of the inhabitants of these kingdoms would still be without the elective franchise. But the radical auxiliaries of the boroughmongers, in putting forth this argument, wholly left out of their view the fact, that the qualifications of electors were so much lowered by the bill, that it was competent to any man of ordinary industry to become possessed of the right of voting.

But with all the arts and intrigues and malignity which self-interest can give birth to, neither the boroughmongers nor the ultra radicals have succeeded to any extent in rendering the bill unpopular, although both in the house and out of it, they formed a most unnatural coalition for the attainment of that purpose. The people have had the sagacity to see at once through the designs of both these odious parties, and we trust that they will every where successfully resist their machinations. Now is the time and now the hour for the people of England to exhibit to the world the possession of that good sense, and the inflexibility of that attachment to liberty, for which the civilized nations in general give them credit. Now is the season in which they may gather the fruits of their long and unwearied labour in the cause of reform; in which they may show their affection to the monarchy, by destroying the oligarchy, which has hitherto oppressed and enslaved it, as well as their zeal for rational and practical freedom, by discountenancing those extreme doctrines, which would place their property and their political institutions at the feet of a tumultuous mob.

Of the real character of the ultra-radicals we need hardly say one word. They are easily discovered by their hypocrisy, which veils as much of selfish interest as is to be found in the breast of the most selfish of the boroughmongers. But, perhaps, the true and essential qualities of the oligarchy, have never appeared more conspicuously than during the late debates, especially those which were in full and violent progress at the moment, when they were silenced by the arrival of His Majesty for the purpose of dissolving the Parliament. The scenes that occurred on that occasion in both houses were manifestly preconcerted. They were, perhaps, the most extraordinary that ever took place in the neighbourhood of Westminster-hall, and may be looked upon as the precursors of other scenes of a still more serious description. The dignity of the legislature was never before so indecently violated, as it was on that day by certain Peers and Commoners. It was known that the Parliament was about to be dissolved, and a bare intimation of the approach of such an event has usually been sufficient to assemble a number of Peers, who, dressed in their robes of state, appear each in the place which belongs to him, according to his rank.

On this occasion, however, not only did most of the Peers opposed to reform appear without their robes, but they took their seats without any regard to rank, thereby intimating, in a daring manner, their utter disregard for the presence of their sovereign. On common occasions the refusal to wear a piece of ermine, and sit on a lower or a higher bench, is a matter of so little consequence, that it would be mere folly to notice it. But in state ceremony small things signify a great deal. Those ceremonies have been framed with a view to distinguish the links by which the sovereign is connected with his peers and his people, the scale of dignity ascending from the latter by various gradations, until it terminates in his person, in which the majesty of the whole is reflected. But on this occasion the opposition peers confounded those links, and refused to be considered as a portion of them. They withdrew themselves from the body politic, and openly insulted the majesty of the Sovereign, at the moment when he was about to exercise the most indisputable and the most valuable of his prerogatives.

But this was not all. While the House of Lords was waiting for the entrance of the King, his Majesty being engaged in robing, and the Lord Chancellor having left the woolsack for the purpose of attending the sovereign, Lord Shaftesbury was moved into the chair, in order to enable the opposition peers to vent their indignation. This proceeding was a pointed insult against the Chancellor, and altogether unprecedented under the circumstances. Although Lord Shaftesbury is the deputy-chairman of the House, he has never presided on the woolsack, when discussions of importance were going on; and in substituting him for the Chancellor on this occasion, the peers, who voted him to the chair, marked their disposition, as strongly as they could, to snatch the seals from the hands of the noble and learned lord to whom they were entrusted by the King. The manœuvre was the commencement, not only of violent proceedings, but of proceedings truly alarming for their revolutionary tendency. For if a certain number of peers think, that if they do not approve of the exercise of the royal prerogative upon a particular exigency, they are therefore authorized to insult the King and his Chancellor, and to divest them of their dignity and office as far as circumstances enable them to do, may not a similar line of conduct be adopted towards those lordly mutineers by the people?

May not such a scene as that which disgraced the House of Lords on the 22nd of April, in which one peer called another the hero of a *coup d'etat*, and accompanied his sarcasm with a violence of tone and language that bordered on personal conflict; in which another peer, deviating from his usual line of moderation, to the path of madness that ruled the hour, dared to read, almost in the hearing of the King, a protest against his Majesty's presence, and an address, declaring to him that his Majesty's conduct would be attended with the most disastrous consequences;—may not such a

scene as this, we ask, give rise in the public mind to serious questions as to the utility of the peerage itself? If an institution, which was formed for the protection of the people and the support of the Crown, be made an instrument for inflicting injury and insult upon both, would it not be better that it should be altogether abolished? These are questions which the violence of the Londonderries, the Wharncliffes, and the Mansfields, will undoubtedly raise, as if there were not sufficient ingredients of agitation and disturbance already mingled in the cauldron of national discontent; and whatever solution those questions may finally receive, no man can doubt that the bare discussion of them will have in it all the elements of a most sanguinary revolution.

The associates of these peers, the Vyvyans and the Peels in the other House, did every thing that was in their power to get up a similar scene. They talked freely, indeed, like men to whom the ideas had long been familiar, though they never ventured to give expression to them before—of the dissolution of the union with Ireland, of tampering with the public funds, of the abolition of tithes, of the subversion of the House of Lords, and even of the destruction of the monarchy! Sir R. Vyvyan said, amongst other things, that "it was quite useless to conceal from themselves the evident fact, that this country was on the eve of a revolution." (*Cheers.*) "The present ministers were the most incapable, the most inconsistent, body of men, that ever attempted to govern a great country." (*Animated cheering.*) "They had been tried, and were found wanting." "Mr. O'Connell was the real governor of Ireland." "Did the fund-holders think that if there were a reformed Parliament, their property would remain unvisited?" (*Cheers.*) "A stronger excitement than that which was now felt, had never prevailed since Walpole's administration went out of office, and he would tell ministers, that in the country the general feeling was, that the tithes would be repealed, in consequence of the projected reform of Parliament." (*Cheers.*) "This measure would destroy funded property—it might destroy tithes—it might overthrow the House of Lords, and might, perchance, even shake the King's crown on his head." (*Cheers.*) Sir R. Peel went a little further, and exclaimed, "Alas! he already perceived that the power of the Crown had ceased. (*Cheers.*) He felt that it had ceased to be an object of fair ambition with any man of equal and consistent mind, to enter into the service of the Crown." (*Cheering.*) If this language be not revolutionary language, we know not what style of diction can be entitled to that epithet.

Combining, therefore, the proceedings of the oppositionists in both houses of the legislature, we have no hesitation in imputing to them a pre-concerted design to spread alarm in the public mind—and for what purpose? Is it for the purpose of making the people more vigilant with respect to their liberties, more anxious to extend and secure them? No such thing. These hollow-hearted declaimers

have no other object in view, than the preservation of the rotten boroughs; the perpetuation of a system that is incompatible with the constitutional privileges of the people, but exceedingly consistent with the power of the oligarchy, and pre-eminently conducive to its maintenance. We are almost ashamed to say, that they have contended with more energy in this last struggle for their monopoly of power, than ever patriot statesmen did for the cause of liberty. They fought desperately, and have given a decided intimation of the course which they mean to pursue in the new Parliament. Sir R. Peel has thrown to the ground the mask under which he had been for some time coquetting with reform. He stands out now in his true character, as a decided enemy, not only of the measure itself, but also of the ministers by whom it was brought forward, although he had hitherto affected to treat them with politeness, and even with forbearance. How true is the old remark, that disappointed statesmen became patriots by profession! —but by profession only, for all their machinations centre in their own return to power.

We would caution the people, then, to be upon their guard against these wolves in sheep's clothing; to turn a deaf ear to their admonitions, to despise their threats, and to laugh at their prophetic denunciations. They mean nothing save the continuance of the old abuses, and the exaltation of the oligarchy, whose insolence has become intolerable. It was but the other day that they reproduced amongst us a perfect specimen of that kind of Inquisition, which we hoped had been confined to Spain, in the worst ages of her bigotry. A writer in the Times newspaper having spoken of the Earl of Limerick in language ungracious to his lordship's delicate ear, the public business, at this most active season of the year, was, forsooth, suspended, and the time of the House was fully occupied for three evenings, in examining the Printer of that able journal, and in awarding punishment to his enormous crime! But let it be remarked that the whole proceeding was strictly of an Inquisitorial nature; the judges who had to try the alleged guilt of the man, were the real parties supposed to be offended. For Lord Limerick declared, and his declaration was assented to, that he brought his complaint, rather for the purpose of vindicating the privileges of the House, than those which appertained to him personally; the consequence of which was, that their lordships were at once the accusers and the judges in their own cause; they drew up the Bill of Indictment, they found it as a Grand Jury, they tried the prisoner as Judges, they found him guilty and sentenced him to a certain punishment. All this, too, they did upon the single evidence of the prisoner himself; they examined him *viva voce;* they attempted, though, happily, in vain, to extort from him the disclosure of matters which were entrusted to him in confidence; and to crown this unconstitutional character of their proceedings, they excluded the public from their court, during the period of the

trial! Aristocratic insolence can go no farther this. This House of Lords is, in point of law, the highest Court of Judicature in the Kingdom, and it sets an example to all the other tribunals which, if they were to follow it, would render this country the most enslaved nation upon the face of the earth. We trust that an occasion may arise for putting this Inquisitorial power to the test of a solemn examination. It is evidently a remnant of the feudal ages, an old Baronial usurpation, which ought to be put an end to, either by the express provisions of a law, or the equally potent efficacy of popular odium.

It is the more necessary for the people to combine in a grand effort during the present elections, as it will be of the greatest importance to afford something like stability to the existing Cabinet. In a period of little more than five years we have had four different Premiers, and almost as many different Ministries. Of course they have all differed from each other in their domestic, as well as in their foreign politics, the consequence of which has been, that they have accomplished scarcely any thing, beyond one great healing amelioration, the (emancipation of the Catholics,) within that period, for the internal regulation of the country; and abroad we have lost, we may say, all our influence. Bills of the utmost possible consequence to the national interests have been laid upon the tables of either House; we would mention, for example, the Local Courts Bill, the Bankruptcy Bill, the Game Bill, to which we might add very many others, all of which have been necessarily postponed on account of the agitation, which the changes of Ministers and the contests of parties have created in the Legislature. By this perpetual struggle for power, the members are thrown into a fever of feeling, which shews itself in endless speeches, uttered for party purposes, having nothing to do with the real advancement of the country in the career of prosperity, and ultimately vanishing in empty sound, through the columns of the newspapers. The rage for appearing in print adds to the fever thus produced, and such is the eagerness on all sides to talk as much as possible, upon every given topic, that it is settling down into an adage, "that a great deal was said last night in the House, (no matter which of the two be meant,) but nothing was done." The business that per force is gone through, is effected in so slovenly a manner, because at unseasonable hours, when the intellect of the members is jaded, that the statutes of one session are frequently altered and amended in the next, upon points that a cold reader is astonished to find of the most essential description.

We want a Legislature that will really and honestly transact the business of the country, not an assembly of coxcombs who desire only to shew off their oratorical powers upon every trifling occasion. A common petition could not latterly be presented to either house, without calling up half a dozen declaimers on either side. It is a curious instance of this prevailing habit, to observe

that Sir R. Peel was talking at the ministers upon a petition, without so much as intending to refer to its subject matter, when the usher of the Black rod tapped at the door and put a stop to his eloquence. It is still more remarkable that in the House of Lords there was not even the shadow of a question before the chair, when the unrobed mutineers of the opposition were attempting to keep the King out, under pretence of their being engaged in debate. But William the Fourth is not to be trifled with. Without waiting for the officer to assist him, he himself put his crown upon his head, and mounting the throne with a fearless and dignified composure, at once vindicated his insulted prerogative, and the violated liberties of his people. That people, His Majesty may be assured of it, will stand by his throne to the last; they will no longer allow it to be the footstool of a corrupt and licentious aristocracy. The battle is begun, and although for awhile it may be carried on with disadvantage on the side of liberty, we have no apprehensions about the result. The King's name is indeed a tower of strength in itself, which cannot but prove impregnable to the enemy in its present condition, manned as it is at all points by the whole population of the country, who are prepared, if necessary, to defend their rights and those of their patriot sovereign, by the best might of their hands and the purest blood of their hearts.

ART. X.—*The Correspondence of the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart., with Reminiscences of the most distinguished characters who have appeared in Great Britain, and in Foreign Countries, during the last fifty years. Illustrated by fac-similes of two hundred autographs.* In two volumes. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

WE have had examples without number, of men carrying their enthusiasm for a particular object to an extravagant height:—a peculiar passion—a longing—a dread—an affection will so overwhelm an individual as to command all his thoughts and give direction to all his actions. But before the time of Sir John Sinclair, we declare we never could have believed that any human being could be so warm about *every* thing, as that most worthy of all baronets has ever shown himself to be. It matters equally to the susceptible patriot whether the granary of a nation is about to be swallowed up by an over abundant population, or a parterre of polyanthuses about to be destroyed by a swarm of wire-worms, —the cordial sympathy and the honest indignation of Sir John, are as generously prompt. It would do any body's heart good to observe, with what earnestness the philanthropic baronet exhorted the late Emperor Alexander to encourage the carding of flax; how tenderly he pressed on the Duke of York some choice hints on the better management of the army; while about the very same time he drew tears from all to whom he had access by his

papers on the congenial subjects of Bullion and Gymnastics. What must be the univeral love for his kind of that extraordinary man, who writes now the description of a battle, and now of a competition of Scotch pipers; who sent yesterday a despatch on grave matters to Mr. Pitt, and sends to-day a pebble to Lady Craven; who astonishes Admiral Keith in the morning with a grand plan of protection against French invasion, and concludes the day by transmitting the plan of a tragedy to Miss Baillie!—Such and so various are the topics embraced in the circumference of Sir John Sinclair's cyclopedic benevolence, and quite as multifarious is the correspondence which he here produces.

It is not by post that Sir John receives letters from his correspondents, it is by parallels of latitude that he communicates with his fellow men—dividing his daily leisure between Persia and the Pacific, and conferring obligations at the same moment on Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Thayadeneges, an Indian chief in the wilds of a Canadian forest.

The most worthy of baronets having selected a mass of letters, with infinite kindness proceeds to give them all the benefits of due order and arrangement. There are, accordingly, nearly as many genera and species in this kingdom of literature as are to be found in the Linnæan system.—We have the Imperial and Royal Correspondence, embracing letters from almost every sovereign of Europe —including some of the ten thousand dignitaries of regal pretension who swarm in that *officina gentium*, that stretches from France to the northern borders of Europe. All these epistles commemorate Sir John's attention in sending to the authors his agricultural works. The correspondence of the British Cabinet Ministers occupies the next place, as in importance it undoubtedly should; and from this division of the work we discover that Sir John entertained a profound sense of Mr. Pitt's abilities and wisdom, and that his admiration was afterwards extended to the friend and disciple of the celebrated stateman—Mr. Perceval. Whether, whig or tory—*Tros Tyriusve*—who remained in power—Sir John was always an humble suitor for a hearing, carrying under his cloak to some public office, an unexceptionable plan of his own fabrication, warranted to remedy the prevailing evil of the time. Both Pitt and Perceval more than endured the baronet; and it was through the former that he was able to establish the Board of Agriculture, of whose achievements we confess we are not in a condition to speak. As Sir John advanced in years, he does not seem to have increased his claims to ministerial confidence; Lord Castlereagh returned his patriotic offers with significant proposals of adjournment, and Mr. Canning's language in two or three stiff notes may be considered as more elegant periphrases of the awkward word "*bore.*"

The Female Correspondence ranks next to that of the British Ministers, but we observe nothing in the letters selected, to which we could think it worth while to call the public attention, although

they are subscribed in several instances by such names as Miss Edgeworth, Miss Baillie, and Hannah More.

The Naval Correspondence embraces nearly the whole literary efforts of Sir John Sinclair. To promote the best interests of our marine, he made various suggestions, and addressed many inquiries to different officers in that service; and in all instances the writers appear to have treated Sir John with civility and kindness, thereby manifesting their sense of the innocent motives by which he was actuated.

In introducing his Military Correspondence, Sir John tell us that he was the first to raise a Scotch Regiment of Fusileers, for the general defence of Great Britain, and with very justifiable pride he refers to numerous testimonials which the regiment received for its conduct, discipline, and its remarkably healthy condition. Letters from officers in all the military services of Christendom, we believe, are collected in this department, the very names of whose authors on many occasions, but particularly in those cases where the letters are dated from the Russian territory, would be sufficient almost to deter our readers from perusing them. Sir John appears to have been delighted with old Blucher, to whom he was introduced in London, and who had acquired so much civilization as to say to the Baronet, that he liked farming, and would send home a Scotch plough. When the battle of Waterloo was fought, Sir John Sinclair naturally concluded that a victory so worthy of renown should be celebrated by a competent historian. Accordingly, the baronet took the matter in hand himself: he solicited materials from all quarters, he patronised Baron Muffling, on whom he prevailed to dare the press; and at last, to ensure the authenticity of his immortal narrative, Sir John applied to Wellington himself for a few facts, "on which posterity could rely." The answer of the Prince of Waterloo is strikingly characteristic.

'"I can give you no information that would be of any use to you. My mind was so completely occupied with the *great events* of the battle, that I could not pay any attention to its *minor details.* All that I can tell you is, that we met the enemy: that we fought a battle: and that we gained a victory."'

As we have already had occasion to observe, Sir John Sinclair was not a man to be diverted from his purpose by even the most unpromising disappointments. As he was not prepared for the task of giving to fame the story of the *three* days' contention, he was contented to limit himself to the history of one; and instead of the Battle of Waterloo entire, Sir John has only written the episode of the attack on Hougomont.

These martial reminiscences shortly subside into the most tranquil discussions, and, indulging in some soothing thoughts on a peace establishment, the philanthropic baronet easily prepares us for the appearance of the clerical correspondence, the extent of which

shews that Sir John was as influential amongst the children of Mercury as of Mars—tam Mercurio quam Marti. The subjects of those letters being in no instance theological, the reverend correspondents are in general charitable and decorous. The Bishop of Llandaff writes very amiably on agriculture and politics. Dr. Chapman, of Cambridge, acknowledges the present of a copy of an ancient edict against Bacchanals, without the breach of any commandment. Other letters follow from Dr. Tucker, on Sir John's tract on commercial freedom; from Dr. Price, on the national debt; from Dr. Kippis on a plan for retiring from Gibraltar (all works by Sir John Sinclair;) then from individuals of the Scotch, American, and French clergy, one of the latter of whom presented him with an interesting biography of Robespierre.

The following anecdote, as it exhibits the necessity of exercising caution in the business of life, deserves to be preserved. To see such men as Whitbread foremost in an attempt to inflict an undeserved penalty, after a hasty and an erroneous judgment, ought to be a lesson of permanent admonition to us all.

'A motion had been made in Parliament for an inquiry into the conduct of Captain Lake of the navy, who was accused of having left a seaman called Robert Jeffery, on a desert island in the West Indies, where it was said he had actually perished; and Captain Lake was therefore considered guilty of his murder. Mr. Archibald Lee, a gentleman attached to the American embassy, had requested me to procure him permission to hear the debates in the House, and we were sitting under the gallery together when this motion was brought on. Mr. Lee expressed his astonishment that the time of the House should be taken up about such a business, since he had actually received a letter by the last packet from America, stating that Robert Jeffery was alive and safe at New York. I was much struck with so singular a circumstance thus accidentally communicated to me, and having every reason to confide in the truth of the information given me, I thought it right to mention it to the House, to prevent any measure being hastily taken on the supposition that Robert Jeffery was dead.

'It is astonishing the noise which this circumstance occasioned. The truth of my information was disputed in some of the anti-ministerial papers. I received anonymous letters reprobating me as the associate of murderers, and threatening me with vengeance; and Mr. Whitbread wrote to me to say, "I should be glad if you would take the trouble to inform me of the name of the gentleman upon whose authority you stated in the House of Commons that Jeffery was alive at New York: and how soon he is expected to return to England, as I have received information of a very different complexion; your immediate answer is requested." Captain Lake's friends also applied to me, requesting to be informed on what authority I had asserted a fact of so much importance to their relation."'

Sir John then goes on to give the particulars of other pressing applications made to him for the same purpose, and such was the degree of importunity by which he was assailed, that it is probable repented of his interference.

Sir John Sinclair commemorates, with much pride and pleasure,

the circumstance of his having been instrumental in rewarding the invention of the thrashing machine. It is a fact worthy the attention of the philosopher and politician, that in the very year in which the memory of the inventor of such an engine should have been held forth to public admiration, and credit taken by a living writer for having patronized him, the discovery should be treated as a nuisance of extensive mischief to the peasantry, and several machines be violently destroyed. The man's name was Andrew Meikle; and Sir J. Sinclair says, that he had the satisfaction of collecting for this individual, as a public testimony of admiration for his ingenuity, a sum of 1,500*l.* and of thus raising him and his family from that poverty which would otherwise have overwhelmed them.

A considerable portion of the work is occupied with remarks of a miscellaneous nature, on the various countries of Europe which Sir John Sinclair visited in the course of his very active life. These observations are chiefly of a political or statistical nature; and numerous and no doubt correct as they are, many of them are rendered wholly fruitless by the changes which the current year is making, and has made, on the aspect of European affairs.

We never cease, however, all through the work, to entertain the fullest sense of Sir John Sinclair's benevolent nature. The industry and perseverance which he had devoted to the general good of mankind, would have secured a splendid fortune in any walk in life to one less disinterested than Sir John. Whether or not his success has been commensurate with his wishes and designs, the praise of meaning well and kindly to his fellow-creatures will follow the good old man to his grave. In contemplating examples of genuine benevolence such as that before us, we are always struck at the strange absence or imperfection of those necessary endowments, by which such benevolence could be most usefully and extensively carried into operation. Is this ever to be so? Is it indeed a law of our nature that a man shall be incapable of being wise and good at the same time; that the very innocence which permits him to desire the happiness of his fellows, is inconsistent with the intellectual power by which such an object can be compassed? If Napoleon had had but the heart of Sir John Sinclair, united with the talents by which he was characterized, in what a world might we not now have been breathing!

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*Standard Novels*—1. *The Pilot.* 12mo. pp. 420.
2. *Caleb Williams.* pp. 452.

THIS is a good idea. Mr. Colburn, and Messrs. Colburn and Co., have undoubtedly published, in the course of a single or joint career, several novels which well deserve to be reprinted, and which, in a cheap form, would obtain a much wider

circulation than they have hitherto enjoyed. It was wise, therefore, to meet the spirit of the time, which, all-reforming as it is, most especially desires to bring down the price of books to a standard that will render them generally accessible to the middling and mechanical classes. The publishers have announced their intention of issuing a series of such reprints, as companions to the Waverley Novels. If they limit their enterprise to those works which, in the language of their prospectus, have been stamped by the "unerring voice of Fame!" they will soon come to a close. "Unerring voice of Fame!" We never before heard, that this celebrated distributor of laurels assumed to herself the attribute of infallibility. But even if that were the case, who is to be judge of the particular works which have been so fortunate, as to be favoured by her *unerring* admiration? Where are we to look for the evidence of it? Are we to find it in those pretty paragraphs which, somehow or other, find their way into certain newspapers, without the title of *advertisement* prefixed to them, but which the initiated, who are now indeed the public at large, easily detect at the first glance? Are these to be the proofs of your "unerring voice of fame?" or are we to collect them from the "New Monthly Magazine," whose independence in literary criticism is so unquestionable? *Nous verrons.* The first two numbers of the publication, containing the whole of the "Pilot," and "Caleb Williams," with handsome frontispieces, are now before us; and though the type and paper are not quite so good as we should wish, we must say that they form an auspicious beginning. We are certainly no admirers of the "Pilot," and we candidly confess that we have made many attempts to read it, but never could succeed. We know others who have been placed in a similar predicament. But still the "voice of fame" has lauded this work to the skies; and though we cannot admit that, in this instance at least, it has been "unerring," it has convinced many readers that the "Pilot" is a capital novel. "Caleb Williams" has our vote and best interest. There, indeed, we are hand in hand with the publishers, to whose undertaking we wish every success.

ART. XII.—*The Book of the Seasons; or, the Calendar of Nature.* By William Howitt. 12mo., pp. 404. London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

THERE are few subjects which we more desire to see well treated than that so well chosen by Mr. Howitt. He would seem, in every respect, peculiarly fitted to shine in it. He loves nature with an unfeigned enthusiasm; he has traced with a tender vigilance all her various features and changes; her clouds and sunshine; her serene hours, and her angry tempests. His poetical tendencies have enabled him to detect, with a keen eye, the thousand stores of loveliness which she has hidden from the vulgar gaze, to catch the notes of the different songsters she has given to the woods and fields, to discover the many tufts of beauteous flowers which she has scattered, with a plentiful hand, along the hedges, and in the recesses of the mountains. To these excellent qualifications for a naturalist, Mr. Howitt adds a facility of diction, suitable to the subject, and in itself meritorious for its fluency and grace. Nevertheless, if we were asked whether this is *the* 'Book of the Seasons,'

which we want, we should say that it is not. It is a little better, because more minute, than the calendar which is usually inserted in the Almanacks, but it does not at all excel that which will be found in the "Time's Telescope" for the present year. 'The most important business of the farmer, this month, is to feed and comfort his dependent animals.'—'Towards the end of this month, (February,) we are gladdened with symptoms of approaching spring.'—'Thrashing, tending cattle, early lambs, calves, &c., continue, as in the last month, to occupy the thoughts and hands of the husbandman. Manures, too, are carried to grass lands.' These, and pages of sentences such as these, together with tables setting forth the migrations of birds, form the staple of Mr. Howitt's work, and may be seen in any of the Calendars already published, as well as in his. The fault that pervades the volume, and renders it, in our opinion, a failure, is this,—that the matter is not connected with the man. The great charm of old Walton's angling lucubrations, consists in their being identified with his own feelings and reveries. If a person tell us that the month of March is the time when 'inhabitants are in their gardens, some clearing away rubbish, some turning up the light and fresh smelling soil amongst the tufts of snow-drops, and rows of bright yellow crocuses which every where abound,' he tells us no more than we already know, or may find in any book of gardening. But, if he say,—"you shall come with me into the garden; the old gardener has cleared away all the rubbish of the winter, and there you may now see him turning up the soil. What a wholesome fragrance springs from the newly exposed earth! Look at these snow-drops, how nun-like they cover with a white veil their modest and matchless charms! What a brilliancy do these crocuses impart to every bed they adorn! They are the heralds of the summer as well as of the spring!" With such a person as this, who, by expressing thoughts but faintly descriptive of his feelings, touches, nevertheless, the mystic chain of sympathy in our own breast, we should at once quit the desk, and go to see the objects which have kindled his admiration. But this man is not Mr. Howitt. He never impels us to move into the fields, or, if we go there, we do not think of him, for Nature always surpasses, in her power of enchantment, the laboured catalogue of her charms which he has recorded. It would be unjust not to add that he has written some pretty passages; and that the verses from his own pen, as well as from that of his amiable lady, interspersed through the volume, are marked with genuine feeling and taste.

ART. XIII.—*School and College Greek Classics.* 1. *Thucydides.* 2. *Herodotus.* 3. *Æschylus' Prometheus.* 4. *Euripides' Orestes.* 8vo. All Booksellers.

YOUNG students, in whose hands these new editions of the Greek classics shall be placed, before they have been troubled with any others, can hardly be made to understand the deep obligations which they owe to Mr. Valpy, who has thus so materially lightened and abridged the difficulties, that have long beset this department of liberal education. Besides that in general the best texts are adopted, they are printed in a clear and handsome type, and are accompanied by English notes, in which sometimes the

various readings are mentioned, and occasionally difficult passages are either translated, or so fully explained as to render them easily intelligible. In Thucydides the arguments of the different books are also given in English, by the distinguished editor, Dr. Bloomfield. We have before us only the first volume of Herodotus, which makes its appearance under the care of Dr. Stocker. Here also the arguments and notes are in our own language, and we observe that those passages, which have hitherto prevented this most entertaining historian from being familiarly introduced to schoolboys, have been most judiciously omitted. The editor appears to have taken a world of trouble, in verifying and rectifying the references to classic writers throughout the mass of authorities, from which the notes are compiled. These may therefore be looked upon as particularly valuable. We are glad to see the Prometheus of Æschylus, and that magnificent tragedy, the Orestes of Euripides, printed in a manner equally acceptable to the student. Indeed, no one who has not learned Greek without the facilities which Mr. Valpy has now supplied, can conceive the great advantages which they will afford for the acquisition of that language to the rising generations. We observe that Mr. Major (Master of Wisbech Grammar School) has appended to the Orestes, which he has edited, a series of questions which are intended to assist the teacher in the process of examination.

ART. XIV. — *Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy condensed, being Vol. I. of an Epitome of English Literature: or a concentration of the Matter of Standard English Authors.* Under the Superintendence of A. J. Valpy, M. A. 12mo, pp. 278. London: A. J. Valpy. 1831.

THERE can be no doubt that much useful information, and many happy thoughts lie scattered in the pages of English authors, who, on account of the distance of time at which they wrote, or other circumstances, are but little, if at all, known to modern readers. Neither is it to be denied, that the collected remains of some of these writers include a great deal that is unworthy of preservation. Again, we think it must be admitted, that copiousness of expression and diffuseness of style, too often characterize the works of even our most admired prose authors. If these facts be undisputed, and we see no reason to anticipate that they will be questioned by any reasonable person, we need say but little in commendation of a project, which proposes to give the quintessence of each of a certain description of eminent authors, freed either from such redundancies or peculiarities, as would prevent the easy comprehension of whatever is valuable in their works. It is evident, however, that the whole of the success of such a plan depends on the manner of its execution. The matter chosen for the leading essay in this novel enterprize, is Paley's Moral Philosophy. In the first place we observe, that this "concentration" is only of half the dimensions of the original work, yet we find that it faithfully preserves all the arguments of the great philosopher, and indeed omits nothing for which Paley's work is worth perusing. To a considerable extent the language of the original is adhered to, and in some instances the progress of the argument materially assisted. Every interpolation of this or any other kind, is distinguished by marks

which will at once inform the reader of their source; and whenever the editor or compiler suspects that he has not correctly expressed the meaning of his author by the substituted language, he adds in a note the words of the original. A fairer or more promising scheme of usefulness, it would be impossible to propose with such materials. It must be remembered, however, that it is by the taste and discretion of an individual, or, perhaps, a small body of individuals, that all these details are to be executed, and they will find it extremely difficult to satisfy every class of the public on every occasion, that the judgment of the compilers has been right. If, however, the first number be a faithful sample of what is to follow, we shall not be surprized to find the project completely successful.

ART. XV.—*The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.* By M. de Bourienne, his Private Secretary. In three volumes 12mo, being vols. VII. VIII. and IX. of the "National Library." London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

THIS pretty novel of and concerning Napoleon's "sayings and doings," has been for some time going the round of various modes of publication in this country. It came over to us in French, was forthwith translated in a hasty and inaccurate manner for Messrs. Colburn and Co., was printed in a much better version in Constable's Miscellany, and now is reproduced in the "National Library" corrected, enlarged, and improved, by the addition of sundry notes. In the mean time those who have perused the work itself, either in the original, or in the English translations, have satisfied themselves that in point of fact Bourienne was private secretary to Bonaparte during a period of little more than six years, viz. from April, 1796, to October, 1802, when he was dismissed for peculation, and never afterwards held any office, which could have enabled him to become familiar with the private and personal history of that extraordinary man. It follows, therefore, that all that part of the 'Life' which dates after 1802, must have been collected from other sources, although he has had the courage to pass off the whole as the fruit of his own individual knowledge. It is not to be wondered at then if he has fallen into many errors, some of which have been completely exposed by Generals Gourgaud and Belliard, Barons Meneval, De Stein, and Massias, the Counts d'Aure and Boulai' de la Meurthe, the Duke de Cambacérès, the Prince d'Eckmuhl and others. Notwithstanding the contradictions that have been given by these individuals, to several important statements which are made by this biographer of Napoleon, the work has maintained its ground; and owing to the *naive* and interesting style in which it is written, and the numberless anecdotes which it contains, will long hold a distinguished place among the works dedicated to the memory of the great master spirit of the continent. Every thing of any value in the original, is compressed into these three volumes, which are got up in a very creditable manner. Narratives and observations are added to it from other authorities, which throw light upon Bourienne's text, and, besides three capitally engraved portraits of Napoleon and his two wives, this edition is adorned by a variety of scenes from the campaigns of the great warrior, which are in general very fairly executed. The typography of the volumes is beautiful.

The cost of the whole is no more than eighteen shillings, whereas, three or four years ago, an octavo edition, with similar engravings, and containing the same quantity of matter, could not be bought under four or five times that sum! Here it must be admitted that the "falling off" is a great public advantage.

ART. XVI.—*A View of Ancient and Modern Egypt, with an outline of its Natural History. Vol. III. of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.* By the Reverend Michl. Russel, L.L.D. 12mo. pp. 480. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1831.

THE same diligence and care, united with the same scrupulous judgment in the selection of authorities, which marked the two former volumes of this valuable series, will be found in the present compilation of the ancient and modern history of Egypt. The reader will peruse in this little volume, small as are its dimensions, the results of the labours and researches of many able and indefatigable travellers. The peculiarities which distinguish the moral as well as geographical history of Egypt, are well known. The monuments of genius and power which are scattered through that country, will long remain as living incitements to stimulate our curiosity, respecting the people from whom such works have proceeded. The author of the volume before us, fully appreciating the sources of interest which his subject afforded, has given us a narrative of unfailing spirit and attraction to the very last page. The classical scholar will be delighted to meet in this volume with many curious explanations, derived from modern inquiries, which throw light on a great number of passages in some of the Greek and Latin authors, that have been hitherto deemed unintelligible. We should point out the account of the progress of the investigation which conducted to a knowledge of phonetic Hieroglyphics, as being one of the most valuable portions of this clever work.

ART. XVII.—*The Works of Lord Byron.* In six volumes, 12mo. London: Murray. 1831.

THE fifth and sixth volumes of this new and beautiful edition of Lord Byron's works are now before us. They contain "Hours of Idleness," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," "The Vision of Judgment," "Age of Bronze," "Werner," and a great variety of other poems, which had been previously scattered in periodical journals and other fugitive publications, and are now for the first time collected under the sanction of Mr. Murray's name. By what process of reasoning that highly respected bookseller could have prevailed upon himself to take under his patronage, since the noble poet's death, so many compositions to which he refused to lend his *Imprimatur* during his lordship's life, is a question which we have not the means of discussing. We cannot even conjecture any plausible justification of so strange an inconsistency. And we will take leave to add, that Mr. Murray would, perhaps, have better consulted his own fame, if he had persevered in his original intention, of including nothing in his edition of Lord Byron's works at which innocence might have cause to blush. We shall now, of course, expect from Albemarle-street, the whole of "Don Juan" without emendation or omission.

ART. XVIII.—*Sketches of Irish Character.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Second Series. 8vo, pp. 448. London: Westley and Davis. 1831.

MRS. HALL is undoubtedly the best judge of her own interests; she may be warranted, for ought we know, in expatriating her comic muse, and in abjuring the pleasant country which gave her birth; but it must be confessed by her best friends, that she has taken rather an Irish way of putting in her justification. A more conspicuous testimony to the crime of her desertion could not be furnished, than the very work in which she has announced it. There are thirteen capital stories in this volume, and, as usual with every thing Irish, they rapidly alternate between the sigh and the smile. We have read a few of the sketches in other publications; but those which are entirely new, appear to us to be by far the best. Mrs. Hall's delineations of Irish character and manners cannot be exceeded for truth; they are in fact too strictly, too severely real, and we must say that the more durable impression of the Irish character, which we derive from her powerful scenes, is not wholly of a favourable nature, though we are aware of the amiable purpose which that lady has ever had in view when writing these national stories. And perhaps a better proof than this fact, could not be given of the fidelity of Mrs. Hall's sketches. We have read with pleasure many comic stories of Ireland from contemporary writers; some of them are admirable for the humour of the dialogue; some for the eccentricity of the characters; some again for the perfect imitation of the rustic English dialect of the common people of Ireland. Mrs. Hall unites these three excellences in most of her tales. In addition, she invariably developes the genuine character of the peasant, and, in spite of herself, almost, is obliged to follow him through the obliquities of a time-serving and cunning dissimulation. Mrs. Hall, has, moreover, enough of good sense and true practical charity, to avoid every illiberal and partial view of the national character of her country. We trust sincerely that if this excellent writer should ultimately forsake the field, whence she has brought off so many well-deserved honours, it is with the intention of reappearing in a new, and not less delightful character.

ART. XIX.—*German Poetical Anthology.* By A. Bernays. 8vo. pp. 370. London: Treuttel and Co. 1831.

WE are glad to find that this work has reached a second edition, as the exertions which Mr. Bernays has been making for some years, in order to diffuse amongst us a love of his native literature, are well worthy of every kind of encouragement. The selections which he has given in the present volumes may be considered, for the most part, as indeed "Elegant Extracts." They are free from taint in a moral point of view, and are calculated to exhibit the poetical qualities of the German language in a very favourable light. The editor has prefixed to the Anthology, a short account of the authors from whose works his flowers have been culled, and also a well written historical essay on German poetry, which, besides evincing a thorough acquaintance with the subject, shews that he is as well versed in the English language, as he is in his own.

ART XX.—*Marina; or, an Historical and Descriptive Account of Southport, Lytham, and Blackpool, situate on the Western coast of Lancashire.* By P. Whittle. 8vo. pp. 325. Preston: P. and H. Whittle, 1831.

We are much obliged to Mr. Whittle for favouring us with a copy of his book, before it has been quite ready for distribution amongst his subscribers. It is with great pleasure that at any time we sit down to a topographical work, written by an individual, who is conversant with the localities which he describes, and pursues his subject with the enthusiasm, that naturally springs from early associations. Such an author passes over nothing in the features of the district, which he has undertaken to celebrate; its customs, its superstitions, the arrival of a king or of an admiral entered on its records, battles fought within its precincts, sieges and rebellions carried on there, are all displayed before us with a minuteness, and, generally speaking, a vivacity of detail, which are delightful. Particularly happy are we to light upon such a book, when drinking the spa, or purifying ourselves upon the seashore, from the smoke of this gigantic intellectual steam engine, as London may well be called. Then do we rejoice in exploring, with the industrious compiler, the old castles, and monasteries, and camps, of which he has preserved memorials; we enter readily into his Botanical, Conchological, Icthyological, and all his other *ogical* labours, and listen with unwearied perseverance to his legendary traditions, and, in short, to every thing he has to say. Hence it will be readily believed that we approve, in the most unreserved manner, of Mr. Whittle's 'Marina.' In his section upon Southport he has, perhaps, given us too much about the sublimities and beauties of the ocean, inasmuch as his praises are as applicable to the waters that lave the beach of Scarborough or Margate, as to those which visit the shores of Lancashire. Perhaps also we might advise him to be a little more careful of his grammar and language, in the next edition. 'The accommodations for visitors *is* equal to any watering place in the kingdom,' p. 31, will not do even in Southport. 'The following *systems* are taught by Mr. Walker and able assistants.—Greek, Latin, &c.' Is Greek a *system?* We might quote many other similar blunders, which a little care will rectify. The advantages of Lytham and of Blackpool, as watering places, are not raised up in rivalry with those of Southport, but are, we believe, fairly stated. The lithographic Illustrations are, we regret to add, but mediocre specimens of the art.

ART. XXI.—1. *Leigh's Guide to Wales and Monmouthshire, containing Observations on the Mode of Travelling, &c.* Illustrated with a Map of Wales, and Views of the Menai and Conway Bridges. pp. 356. London: Leigh. 1831.

2. *The Welsh Interpreter: consisting of a concise Vocabulary, and Collection of Useful and Familiar Phrases, &c.* By Thomas Roberts. pp. 138. London: Leigh. 1831.

THE superiority of this New Guide to Wales over any that we have seen, consists in its embracing an account of any possible route in the romantic scenes of the principality, which the traveller may be induced, by whim or business, to select. Thus, in order to avail himself of the assistance of this work, it is not necessary that the tourist should

be condemned to any prescribed and beaten track. There is, however, a series of tours in Wales proposed by the editor, which he considers best calculated to display the various beauties of that charming country. The illustrations, antiquarian and historical, which are introduced, are in the usual style of spirited and correct narrative, which distinguishes the itinerary publications of Mr. Leigh. The Interpreter will be found a very convenient companion for tourists in Wales, but particularly for pedestrians. No one can have travelled in a strange country for a single day, without feeling the vast difference which will be made in his convenience and pleasures, by his being capable of communicating with the natives in their own language. The Interpreter is therefore a very happy invention, and calculated greatly to enhance the luxuries of a Welsh tour. A very desirable quality of this instructor, however, deserves to be pointed out, namely, the pronunciation, according to English models, of the Welsh familiar language; so that with this book in his hand, a genuine Londoner may soon be as well able to converse with a Welshman, as any inhabitant of Llangollen itself!

ART. XXII.—*Few Words on many Subjects, grave and light.* By a Recluse. 12mo. pp. 294. London: Longman, Rees & Co. 1831.

WE suspect that this modest little volume is the transcript of a common place book, kept by an elderly gentleman in easy circumstances, who has read and thought just as much as one, whose chief business in life is pleasure, may be supposed to do. Though his volume is small, it embraces a great variety of subjects in law, politics, and literature. There is perceptible in all his reflections, a strain of shrewd common sense, which oftentimes gives them a piquancy that will not easily escape from the memory. The author, however, is of the class of timid politicians, who treat a thinking society as an inert, lifeless mass, that is inevitably subject to certain physical laws, and requires to have its balance permanently maintained by a power superior to itself. We greatly prefer the miscellaneous remarks of the author, which in general are the result of experience and considerable knowledge. The lovers of philology will find in this book "something to their advantage."

ART. XXIII.—*The Sailor's Bride: a Tale of Home.* By the author of the Months of the Year. 12mo. pp. 114. Charles Tilt. 1831.

THIS is a sweet tale, peculiarly adapted to the mind of childhood; it strongly tends to cherish the best qualities which can characterize the period of youth, and prepare it for the nobler duties of the man.

ART. XXIV.—*The Life of Thomas Muir, Esq. Advocate,* &c. &c. By Peter Mackenzie. 8vo. pp. 160. Glasgow: W. R. M'Phun; London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1831.

IN the Scotch state trials for 1793, the name of the unfortunate subject of this memoir occurs, as one of the honest and intrepid supporters of public liberty, whom a corrupt and wicked government had forced to become martyrs. The story of poor Muir and his companions has been too often brought before the coun-

try in the page of the historian, or the lament of the poet and orator, to require that we should now revive any of its details. But we applaud the spirit which has dictated the publication of such a biography, at a time when the triumph of those principles, for which Muir suffered, is about to be achieved, and when the glory of success ought to be fairly divided amongst those, whose heroic constancy laid the sure foundation of that success. Mr. Mackenzie has performed the duty of biographer, with a spirit and enthusiasm that very considerably increase the attractions of this work.

ART. XXV.—*A Playwright's Adventures. A Dramatic Annual.* By Frederick Reynolds, 12mo. pp. 356. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

HERE is as bad an attempt at a humorous novel as we have seen for some time, dressed up in Morocco and gold, illustrated by a variety of wood-cuts, and withal dignified by the title of 'A Dramatic Annual!' The hero of the piece is a youth named Vivid, who, giving up his Coke upon Littleton for Shakspeare, and abandoning his chambers for the theatre, devoted himself, with little success, to the task of writing for the stage. Some of the incoveniences attending this mode of procuring a livelihood are, it must be confessed, touched upon by the author in a manner that occasionally provokes our laughter and our pity. But neither the experience which Mr. Reynolds has exhibited upon this part of the subject, nor the acquaintance which he has shown with the resources and practices of managers in general, can redeem his work from the dullness which, in the main, pervades it. After going through a series of improbable adventures, related with an affectation of levity, but without any genuine drollery or wit, the hero has the honour of being raised to one of the most responsible offices of the state! and of being married to the daughter of Lord Carisbrook! We are at a loss to conjecture, why such a composition as this should have been called an "Annual." We suspect that instead of being renewable for any number of years, it will not be able to live out the term of even one year—nay, nor of half that time; for though published only a few weeks ago, it is already forgotten. The wood cuts are miserable productions.

ART. XXVI.—*Agapæ: or The Sacred Love Pledge.* By Mrs. Lachlan, Author of Leonora, &c. 12mo. pp. 567. London: Simpkin and Marshal. 1831.

WHEN we state that under a numerous variety of general heads, appropriate verses from the Holy Scriptures are respectively arranged in this volume, we need scarcely add, that, as a work of daily reference, it deserves a place in every domestic library. Mrs. Lachlan has exercised admirable taste and judgment, in the selections which she has made, and no work that we are acquainted with, exhibits in so striking and practical a manner, the perfect applicability of the Sacred Writings, to every state and condition of life. The printing and embellishments are beautiful.

ART. XXVII.—*A Freemason's Pocket Companion; containing a brief Sketch of the History of Masonry, a Chronology of interesting events, &c. &c.* 16mo. pp. 116. London: Washbourne.

WITHOUT revealing any of the wondrous mysteries which appertain to

Freemasonry, the author of this miniature volume, a Brother of the Apollo Lodge, 711, Oxford, has contrived to present to his fellow masons, in a neat and portable size, a very useful epitome of that venerable and far-famed institution. It is quite true, as he states, that Preston's work, though excellent, is much too long for general use, and that Oliver's is too closely confined to mere antiquarian discussion. He acknowledges, however, that it is chiefly to the labours of those indefatigable masons, as well as to an article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, he is indebted for the information which he has collected in a concise shape in this little manual. He traces the origin of the society from its commencement, that is to say from the beginning of the world, for he has no doubt whatever that Adam was a mason! With the greatest possible coolness he then proceeds—'I pass on to the flood.' The builders of the tower of Babel were of course all brothers of the society, which next took root in Egypt, whence it crossed the sea to Europe, where it still flourishes in its pristine glory. It is pleasant to see grave men run wild upon a favourite theme. Let it not be supposed, however, that we wish to undervalue the Institution itself. Such a disposition we could not entertain for a moment, as we know that wherever Freemasons exist, they are always found the firm friends of humanity, freedom, charity, and peace.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

Scientific Congress.—Preparations have been making for some time, with the view of assembling in York, as the most central place, a number of scientific and philo-scientific gentlemen, from different parts of the united kingdom. The immediate object is, we believe, to establish a regular triennial meeting, at which French and German savans may also be induced to attend. It is manifest that the intercourse which would thus take place between the most enlightened minds of the most civilized countries in Europe, would be likely to lead to consequences of the most important character, connected with the progress of knowledge. Differences in matters of doctrine might be explained and reconciled, discoveries communicated and improved, new enquiries instituted, and intrusted to those best able to conduct them, rewards proposed, and other measures adopted, for the encouragement of science, which is at present held in too little esteem by our own government. We shall observe the operations of this *Panhellenium* with the most lively interest. We may mention, as a circumstance worthy of notice, that the society of German scientific men, which is now what may be truly called a great national congregation, and which monarchs emulate each other in honouring, was, at its commencement, just nine years ago, an association merely of twenty persons. Even these met almost in secret; they were openly opposed and secretly watched by certain of the continental governments: their meetings

were limited to a few cities, and they were confounded with political associations. The German society owes its origin to Professor Oken, now professor of physiology at Munich. Scientific persons, who propose to attend the meeting at York, are requested to communicate their intention to John Robinson, Esq. Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Heat of the Earth.—The result of the various experiments which have been made to ascertain the temperature of the interior of the earth, would seem to justify the opinion, that the nearer we approach the centre the greater is the heat that we experience; and that at the depth of 10,000 feet any where from the surface, we might be sure of finding a degree of heat that would be sufficient to boil water.

The Census.—We beg to remind our readers, that on Monday, the 30th inst., a census of the population of Great Britain is ordered by act of Parliament to be commenced. On the morning of that day, all the parish officers are to proceed to the various habitations in their districts, with papers, on which questions are printed for the purpose of being answered by the owners of the houses. It may be well to remember, that there is a penalty, either for a refusal to answer or for a false answer, of not less than 40*s.* and not more than 5*l.*

Paper from Wood.—A patent was lately taken out in America for manufacturing paper from wood. It appears that the shavings of any description of wood being boiled in water, with a quantity of any vegetable or mineral alkali, in the proportion of 12, 16, or 18 lbs. of the alkali to 100 lbs. of the shavings, will yield from five to seven reams of paper.

Substitute for Oak Bark.—The husk of the grape from which the fermentive matter has been removed by distillation, is described, in a French periodical, as having been employed by a physician of Narbonne, as an excellent substitute for oak bark, in preparing leather. If the quality of the new be as good as that of the old, the saving would be immense by the discovery.

Cultivation of Flowers.—An eminent botanist observes, that the objections to the climate of Britain, as regards the habits of plants that are natives of Chili or Peru, does not arise from any defect of temperature, but from the excessive humidity of this country. In cultivating such plants amongst us, it would be well to consider the progress of vegetation in the original soils. From May till October the rainy season prevails; the heaviest rains being in June and July. During the time the plants are in flower there is little moisture in the soil, and whilst they are seeding, the ground is perfectly dry and hard.

Protection of Herbaria.—Herbaria are best protected from insects, by washing the specimens with oil of turpentine in which very finely powdered corrosive sublimate (*murias hydrargyri*) is suspended. Spirit of wine, so commonly used for this purpose, is found to extract the colour from the plants, and it also soils the paper to which the specimen is attached.

Mortality of Infants from Cold.—It has been found upon minute and protracted inquiry in Italy, that out of 100 infants born in the months of December, January and February, no less than 60 die in the first month; of 100 born in Spring, 48 survive the first year; of 100 born in Summer, 83 survive the first year; of 100 born in Autumn, 58 survive the first year. The difference of mortality is explained by

the circumstance, that the children, being brought to the churches to be baptized in the first month, become the victims to premature exposure to cold.

Christian Converts in India.—In justification of the views which we have taken of the failure of our missionaries in the East, we beg to quote a sentence from the evidence of Mr. T. H. Baber, late chief judge of the provincial Court of Circuit and Appeal in India. He is asked by the Select Committee of the House of Lords, if he thinks the Christians are an increasing body by conversions? he replies, "No such thing is known as a convert by any of our English missionaries. I have heard of such a thing, indeed, as a person who has forfeited his caste, turning Christian; but otherwise, it is a thing quite out of the range of possibility." Out of the range of possibility! what volumes does this phrase imply!

Taxes on Literature.—The importation of foreign books into this country, is subject to a duty of 5*l.* per hundred weight. In France, this duty amounts to no more than six shillings for the same weight; and in Russia no duty of the sort is levied or even contemplated. The result of our policy in England is totally to exclude all foreign books, which are not likely to meet here a large and rapid sale; a description which we much fear applies to the most valuable of the continental publications.

Old new Inventions.—The following inventions were published more than a century ago, but are commonly looked on as of recent date, because they were only lately brought into beneficial use. The hydraulic press; the lever watch; the kaleidoscope; the counting machine; the mangle rack.

Wollaston Medal.—The first Wollaston medal was recently awarded by the president of the Geological Society, to Mr. Wm. Smith, principally for having been the first in this country to discover and teach the identification of strata, and to determine their succession by means of imbedded fossils. Mr. Smith was born in Churchill, Oxfordshire, a place abounding in fossils, the playthings of his childhood; and no doubt it is to the bent which this accident gave to his mind, that we are to attribute the subsequent discoveries which render the name of this gentleman celebrated in the world of science.

Noah's Ark.—A fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, has recently published a learned paper on the construction of Noah's Ark, in which he endeavours to prove that the vessel was formed of a rectangular base, having sides springing up from its edges and inclining inwards, till they met over its middle; the covering at the ends inclining inwards and upwards likewise. A cross section of the ark would thus form an isosceles triangle, resting on its longer side, and the two equal sides forming each an angle of about fifty degrees with the base.

Societies.—It has been calculated that there are now upwards of fifteen hundred societies for the promotion of arts and sciences in the civilized world; and that of these, more than one half are for the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

Asbestos.—A manufacture of this mineral into cloth has been lately established at Valleline: a papermaker in France has announced it to be his intention to employ this substance in the fabrication of paper intended for theatrical scenery, in consequence of its well-known capability of resisting combustion.

Eastern Travellers.—Travellers in Turkey, Persia, and other oriental countries, should make it a rule never to stop at night in a large town, when expedition is an object. By going a stage or two further on, they will escape numerous impediments, which would delay their progress, and they will rather gain than lose in the way of accommodation.

Patents.—The following have been enrolled within the last few months. To Jeremiah Grime, of Bury, for a method of dissolving snow and ice on railways—to Dr. Burgess, of Northwich, Cheshire, for a drink for the cure, prevention, or relief of gout, gravel, and other diseases—to Richard Abbey, of Walthamstow, for a new mode of preparing the leaf of a British plant, for producing a healthy beverage by infusion—to John Phillips, of Arnold, Nottinghamshire, a servant man, for certain improvements in bridles—to Messrs. Peek and Hamnuck, of Tormshaw, Devon, for improvements in rudder-hangings and rudders for ships. The first improvement enables the rudder to rise upon its pintals in the event of the ship taking ground, in order to prevent the injury which rudders generally experience under those circumstances: the other improvement prevents the rudder from being dislodged from its hanging, through any accidental external force.

In the Press.—A series of Poems intended to illustrate the manners, customs, and institutions of Great Britain—The History of Poland—The Club Book, consisting of Tales by various authors—The Parliamentary Pocket-Book—A descriptive catalogue of Apples—Sketches in Spain and Morocco—The Lives of the Actors—The Columbia River, or a residence among tribes of Indians hitherto unknown—The Life of Wesley—Spain in 1830—American Ornithology.

Novels.—Philip Augustus—The Young Duke—The Smuggler—Bogle Corbet—The Staff Officer—The Young Muscovite—Robinson Crusoe—The Sister's Budget—Arthur of Brittany—The Cat's Tail—Stories from the History of Italy.

Notice to Subscribers abroad.

It has been intimated to us, that our Subscribers in France have occasionally experienced inconvenience, from the irregularity with which The Monthly Review *has been transmitted to them, especially to those who reside at a distance from the Metropolis.* Mr. G. G. Bennis, *who has established a Library and News Rooms at* No. 55, Rue Neuve, Saint Augustin, Paris, *having kindly offered all the assistance in his power in order to prevent a repetition of that inconvenience, our friends in France, who we are happy to say are by no means confined to the English residents, will, we trust, have no reason again to make complaints upon the subject.*

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1831.

ART. I.—*The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race, by C. O. Muller, Professor in the University of Gottingen. Translated from the German.* By H. Tufnel, Esq., and G. C. Lewis, Esq., Student of Christ Church. In two volumes 8vo. Oxford: Collingwood. London: Murray. 1830.

A SINGLE streak of light upon a field of dark cloud, resembles the position which the Dorians, one of the principal races of ancient Greece, occupied in their native territory. All around them is obscure and unknown, while they have been distinguished for many ages that are past, and doubtless will continue to maintain their glory for many ages yet to come. Such is the power of graceful literature to ennoble and immortalise a people, who, few in numbers, and issuing forth from a narrow tract of mountainous country, have bequeathed to all posterity, through the medium of their magnificent language, memorials of their enterprize and intelligence, which are likely to perish only with man himself. Warriors overrun nations, annihilate and create empires, and, for a season, are the idols of their followers, the terror of their foes. But unless their deeds be sung and recorded by the aid of letters, their memory, in a generation or two, fades away, leaving no trace of their existence. The most brilliant works of the sculptor, the painter, the architect, have, in many instances, failed to preserve the names of the artists even for a century—a moment upon the dial of Time, a globule in the ocean of Eternity. But poetry, eloquence, and history, possess an embalming power, which the worm cannot altogether destroy. The felicities of thought, the beauties of imagery, the divine fervour of the soul, embodied in disciplined and melodious language, defy the grave, and laugh at the vicissitudes of centuries. In the most barbarous periods of the world, there has always been some sacred temple in which the vestal fire of the mind has been duly tended, and its productions hoarded with a pious care. Letters must truly have been heaven-descended,

since they thus not only enable us to see, as in a mirror, an illustrious people, who have preceded us by thousands of generations, but induce all enlightened men to inquire, with a lively interest, into every thing that is connected with their history.

Doris, properly so called, was confined originally to the valley of the Pindus, whence it gradually spread, so as to include the sources of the Cephisus, and a narrow strip of land along Mount Œta, as far as the sea. Of the tribes that dwelt immediately beyond its boundaries nothing is known. The emigrants, who, pressed perhaps by a tide of population rushing from the north, quitted that confined territory, and spread themselves over the Peloponnese and some of the neighbouring islands, especially Crete, were, to those countries, what the Saxons were to England. They brought with them settled notions of law and liberty, which they established, wherever they went, by means of a variety of institutions, which it is the main object of this work to exhibit in a defined and accurate manner. Different writers have attempted, from time to time, to investigate the history of the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, and to attribute to accident, or to the genius and influence of particular individuals, the constitutions which governed Athens, Sparta, Corinth, and others of the ancient states of Greece. Muller has gone more profoundly into the subject than any of his predecessors. Tracing the incursions of the Dorians into several parts of southern Greece, shewing the power which they exercised by the establishment of their own mode of worship, he proves that it was to their superior knowledge and sagacity, that Greece was indebted for the best models of social organization which she possessed.

A political object has been ascribed, by some of our critics, to the author, in writing a work of this description, and it has been said that he evinces, throughout his labours, an anxiety to decry whatever was popular, and uphold all that was aristocratical, in the laws and institutions of which he treats. That Muller affects courtly sentiments, such as might sooth the royal ears of Austria and Prussia, cannot indeed be denied; but that he has rendered his history subservient to his interests or ambition, we must take it upon ourselves to deny. He has displayed throughout his work an ardent attachment to truth, an indefatigable industry in arriving at it, and a manly firmness of mind in developing constitutions, which have certainly nothing in common with the systems of the German potentates. The impression, which naturally arises after an attentive perusal of his volumes, is very far from being unfriendly to rational liberty.

The first volume is occupied chiefly with the origin, the migrations, and the religion of the Dorians. Upon the second of these points, great difficulties stand in the way of a satisfactory explanation. It would appear, however, to be sufficiently proved from tradition, that their first colony was planted in Crete; and that their most important expedition to the Peloponnese, which gave

them for a long period the dominion of that peninsula, was much celebrated as the "return of the descendants of Hercules." Their title of Heraclidæ was merely assumed, for they had no sort of right to it; but it served a political purpose, as, instead of unjustly invading, it made them appear as if they were only reconquering a country, which had belonged to their princes in former times. A great deal of learning is bestowed upon the history of this expedition, which is confused by a thousand traditionary tales. It is sufficient here to state that the Dorians, by successive conquests, established their supremacy in the most important districts of the Peloponnese, especially in Sparta, which became the principal seat of their power.

The author has endeavoured, with infinite labour, to trace the presence and influence of the Dorians, in other parts of the ancient Grecian territory, which have been most generally supposed to have been planted and organized by the Ionians. His guiding star through the darkness of this part of his subject, is the worship of Apollo, the existence of which is, in his opinion, every where connected with Doric preponderance. We confess that we have derived some entertainment, but not a proportionate share of instruction, from this part of his labours. We could not but admire the prodigious mass of mythological knowledge which he has brought to bear upon it, but the result of the whole dissertation is not satisfactory. It ends, as it began, in conjecture.

The chapters devoted to the political institutions of the Dorians, are, however, of a much more valuable and interesting character. To Englishmen particularly, inquiries into the constitutions of free states, must always be attractive, especially during a season when the elements of our own political system are daily undergoing the most searching discussion. We should much mistake the nature of those institutions, which the Dorians created and matured in Sparta, if we were to suppose that their object was to give to every man in the state, as great a portion of liberty as he could possess without injury to his fellow citizens. This would indeed express the notion of freedom, which prevails amongst us; which has been carried to the utmost bounds of practical expediency in the United States; and which has lately been acted upon with so much success in France. We must consider the Dorians always as Heraclidæ—that is to say, a species of nobility in themselves, who, after conquering Sparta, applied all their intelligence and power to the formation of a system of government, which should be most efficient for the purposes of public order, and the perpetuation of their own oligarchical supremacy. They constructed the machinery of the state, with a view to its being rendered an instrument in their hands for the maintenance of tranquillity, the repression of sedition in its very germs, the strict subordination of the citizens, upon a principle neither of slavery nor of freedom, but of symmetry, the rights of individuals being considered as nothing, the compactness of the state

every thing. They held it, in practice as well as in theory, to be the duty of the whole community to blend itself together, by the identity of its opinions and principles, and the direction of its actions, so as to become a single moral agent, guided by perfect unity of purpose. Upon this point Muller's observations are worthy of being transcribed.

'Such an unity of opinions and actions can only be produced by the ties of some natural affinity, such as of a nation, a tribe, or a part of one, although in process of time the meaning of the terms *state* and *nation* became more distinct. The more complete the unity of feelings and principles is, the more vigorous will be the common exertions, and the more comprehensive the notion of the state. As this was in general carried to a wider extent among the Greeks than by modern nations, so it was perhaps nowhere so strongly marked as in the Dorian states, whose national views, with regard to political institutions, were most strongly manifested in the government of Sparta. Here the plurality of the persons composing the state was most completely reduced to unity; and hence, the life of a Spartan citizen was chiefly concerned in public affairs. The greatest freedom of the Spartan, as well as of the Greeks in general, was only to be a living member of the body of the state; whereas that, which in modern times commonly receives the name of liberty, consists in having the fewest possible claims from the community; or, in other words, in dissolving the social union to the greatest degree possible, as far as the individual is concerned. What the Dorians endeavoured to obtain in a state was good order, the regular combination of different elements. The expression of King Archidamus, in Thucydides, that "it is most honourable, and, at the same time, most secure, for many persons to shew themselves obedient to the same order," was a fundamental principle of this race; and hence, the Spartans honoured Lycurgus so greatly, as having instituted the existing order of things, and called his son by the laudatory title of Eucosmus. For the same reason, the supreme magistrate among the Cretans was called Cosmus; among the Epizephyrian Locrians, Cosmopolis. Thus this significant word expresses the spirit of the Dorian government, as well as of the Dorian music and philosophy (the Pythagorean system). With this desire to obtain a complete uniformity, an attempt after stability is necessarily connected. For an unity of this kind having been once established, the next object is to remove whatever has a tendency to destroy it, and to repress all causes which might lead to a change: yet an attempt to exclude all alteration is never completely successful: partly on account of the internal changes which take place in the national character, and partly because causes operating from without, necessarily produce some modifications. These states, however, endeavour to retain, unchanged, a state of things once established and approved; while others, in which from the beginning, the opinions of individuals have outweighed the authority of the whole, admit in the progress of time, of greater variety, and more changes and innovations, readily take up whatever is offered to them by accident of time and place, or even eagerly seek for opportunities of change. States of this description must soon lose all firmness and character, and fall to pieces from their own weakness; while those which never admit of innovation will, at last, after having long stood

as ruins in a foreign neighbourhood, yield to the general tide of human affairs, and their destruction is commonly preceded by the most complete anarchy.

'This description expresses, though perhaps too forcibly, the difference between the Doric and Ionic races. The former had, of all the Grecians, the greatest veneration for antiquity; and not to degenerate from their fathers, was the strongest exhortation which a Spartan could hear: the latter, on the other hand, were in every thing fond of novelty, and delighted to excess in foreign communication; whence their cities were always built on the sea, whereas the Dorians generally preferred an inland situation. The anxiety of the Dorians, and the Spartans in particular, to keep up the pure Doric character, and the customs of their ancestors, is strongly shewn by the prohibition to travel, and the exclusion of foreigners; an institution common both to the Spartans and Cretans, and which has been much misrepresented by ancient authors. It is very possible, as Plutarch thinks, that the severity of these measures was increased by the decline of all morals and discipline, which had arisen among the Ionians from the contrary practice; that race having, in the earliest times, fallen into a state of the greatest effeminacy and indolence, from their connection with their Asiatic neighbours; for how early was the period when the ancient constitution of the Grecian family degenerated among the Ionians into the slavery of the wife! how weak, effeminate, and luxurious do their ancient poets, Callinus and Asius, represent them! and if the legend describes even the daughters of Neleus, the founder of the colony, so completely destitute of morality, what must have been the condition of this people, when the wives of the Ionians had mixed with Lydian women! The warning voice of such examples might well stimulate the ancient lawgivers to draw in, with greater closeness, the iron bond of custom.'—vol. ii. pp. 1—5.

We have then a most erudite, and, as far as we can judge, from some acquaintance with the works of the ancients, a very accurate account of the developement of the constitutions of the different Greek states, beginning with the heroic age, so charmingly described in different passages of the Iliad and Odyssey. Muller shews that, beyond all doubt, all these constitutions originated in a kind of Wittenagemote, like that from which we have derived our parliament, and which was principally composed of the aristocracy, the people being present to hear the debates, to express their feelings, perhaps, on important occasions, but having no deliberative voice in the assembly. In some of the states, the aristocratic principle was, in the course of time, merged in tyranny, or subverted by the power of the democracy. The Doric form of government, that is to say the political institutions founded upon the ancient laws, usages, and traditions of the Dorians, was, as we have already intimated, most decidedly established in Sparta and Crete, where the power of that people was predominant. The legislation of Lycurgus was altogether based on Doric principles, his object being to keep the old as well as the young in complete subjection; to produce harmony and order by means of self control and manly virtue,

which were to be systematically infused into the minds of the citizens. Hence their education was considered as the first and most essential duty of the government, and a Doric state may be truly described as consisting of a body of men, 'who acknowledged one strict principle of order, and one unalterable rule of manners; and so subjecting themselves to this system, that scarcely any thing was unfettered by it, every action was influenced and regulated by the recognised principles.'

The Dorians, in fact, contrived by their institutions to retain in their own hands, for many centuries, the government of the mass of the inhabitants, and it was to this end, as we have stated, that all their laws were forcibly directed. Hence, as we learn from Thucydides, when Brasidas harangued the Peloponnesians, he said to them,—"You are not come from states in which the many rule over the few, but the few over the many, having obtained their sovereignty in no other manner than by victory in the field." It is not very surprising that a nation of this description should have attracted the enthusiastic admiration of a German scholar, considering the notions upon the subject of government, which prevail too generally amongst the learned men of that part of the continent.

In speaking of the subject classes in the Doric states, Muller corrects some popular errors with respect to the Helots, who are generally supposed to have been originally inhabitants of the maritime town of Helos, and to have been reduced by their conquerors to a condition of unqualified slavery. He suggests that they were called Helots, not from the town, but from the word ἑλεῖν, signifying prisoners, probably, who were taken in war. He shews that they were possessed of several political rights; that they belonged to the state, and not to individuals, that the state allowed them to be possessed by individuals, but reserved to itself the power of enfranchising them. The state could not sell them beyond the frontiers, nor could individuals, the author thinks, sell them at all, or even liberate them. Like the boors of Russia, before they were emancipated, the Helots were annexed to the landed property, which was inalienable in Sparta. 'On these lands they had certain fixed dwellings of their own, and particular services and payments were prescribed to them. They paid as rent a fixed measure of corn to their masters.' Thus they resembled in a great measure the villeins *regardant*, that is to say those who were annexed to the manor or land, under the Norman system in former ages in our own country.

Upon the subject of the divisions of the free citizens and public assemblies in the Doric states, the author's researches appear to have been extremely elaborate. It would seem, that to the popular assembly all citizens were admitted, who were above the age of thirty, and who had not been deprived of their rights by law. They so far exercised supreme power, that nothing could become a law without their consent, though they could not originate laws or

decrees. They met at an appointed place in the open air, and the extent of their authority appears to have rather militated against the aristocratic tendencies of Mr. Muller.

'In the first place, with regard to the external relations of the state, we know that the whole people alone could proclaim war, conclude a peace, enter into an armistice for any length of time, &c.; and that all negociations with foreign states, although conducted by kings and ephors, could alone be ratified by the same authority. With regard to internal affairs, the highest offices, particularly the councillors', were filled by the votes of the people; a disputed succession to the throne was decided by the same tribunal; changes in the constitution were proposed and explained, and all new laws (as often as this rare event took place,) after previous examination in the council, were confirmed in the assembly. Legally, also, it required the authority of the assembled people to liberate any considerable number of Helots, as being the collective possessor of them. In short, the popular assembly possessed the supreme political and legislative authority; but it was so hampered and restrained by the spirit of the constitution, that it could only exert its authority within certain prescribed limits.

'This circumstance was shewn, in an especial manner, in the method of its proceedings; none but public magistrates, chiefly the ephors and kings, together with the sons of the latter, addressed the people without being called upon, and put the question to the vote; foreign ambassadors also being permitted to enter and speak concerning war and peace; but that citizens ever came forward upon their own impulse to speak on public affairs, is neither probable, nor do any examples of such a practice occur. A privilege of this kind could, according to the Spartan principles, only be obtained by holding a public office; as, therefore, the magistrates only were the leaders and speakers of the assembly, so we often find that stated as a decree of the authorities (especially in foreign affairs) which had been discussed before the whole community, and approved by it. The occasional speeches were short, and spoken extempore. Lysander first delivered before the people a prepared speech, which he procured from Cleon, of Halicarnassus. The method of voting by acclamation, has indeed, something rude and barbarous; but it has the advantage of expressing, not only the number of approving and negative voices, but also the eagerness of the voters, accurately enough, according to the ancient simplicity of manners.'—vol. ii. pp. 91—93.

The remark contained in the last sentence looks like an apology, for introducing to the notice of the Germans, the privileges of a popular assembly—such an assembly, by the way, as they, of all other nations, are entitled to possess, if antiquity of usage give any rights to a community. In Sparta, the popular branch of the legislature was controlled by a council of elders, in whom the aristocratical interests were centered. They were chosen for life by the people. None but men of sixty or more years were eligible to this council, and they were generally aristocrats in the true sense of the word; that is to say, they were of distinguished families, eminent station, and blameless lives. 'They were subject to no responsibility, since it was thought that the near prospect of death would give

them more moderation, than the fear of incurring at the cessation of their office the displeasure of the community.' This institution obtains from the author unbounded praise. It appears to him the most splendid monument of early Grecian customs. Its functions were at once executive, deliberative, and judicial, (in criminal matters). It advised with the kings, prepared and passed through their first stages, the laws which were submitted for the sanction of the public assembly, and had the power of supreme decision in all criminal cases. The kingly office, exercised by two princes for a considerable period, was strictly limited, indeed much more so than it is in this country. It was hemmed around not only by the popular assembly and the council of elders, but also by the Ephoralty, an institution peculiar, we believe, to the ancient Greek states. The office of the Ephori (who were five in number) is supposed to have been originally limited to a superintendence over sales, and over the public market. They were chosen by the popular assembly, without reference to property or distinctions, but merely on account of personal qualifications. They obtained, in the course of time, jurisdiction in all civil matters, and became a most formidable tribunal. They exercised the privilege of instituting scrutinies into the official conduct of all magistrates, the members of the council alone excepted. The kings were amenable to the decisions of the Ephori. They could not only punish magistrates, who, after the termination of their office, had been found guilty of misconduct, but they could divest them of office before the period of its cessation, if they thought proper. They could moreover impeach the kings as well as the other magistrates in extreme cases, without consulting the assembly of the people, and could bring them to trial for life and death. Such impeachments were carried before an extraordinary court, however, composed of one of the kings, the councillors, the Ephori, and a number of other public officers, and from its sentence there was no appeal. In short, they ultimately became a directory, like that of France, which engrossed all the power, executive, legislative, judicial, and financial, of the state. They affected to learn the will of the gods by dreams, and by the inspection of the heavens, and they did not cease to extend their prerogatives until they eradicated every vestige of the Spartan constitution. The Ephoralty was an institution altogether abhorred by Mr. Muller. Strictly speaking it must have been an excrescence upon the true Doric principle of government, for it was, in every sense, a tribuneship of the people, not unlike that which was subsequently established in Rome. Nevertheless, the author attempts to reconcile the Ephoralty with the aristocratic spirit of the Spartan constitution, and this he does in a way that would almost induce us to suspect that there was a spice of democracy in his Toryism.

'Now,' he says, 'I call the Spartan constitution an *aristocracy*, without the least hesitation, on account of its continued and predominant tendency towards governing the community by a few, who were presumed

to be the best, and as it inculcated in the citizens far less independent confidence than obedience, and fear of those persons whose worth was guaranteed by their family, their education, and the public voice which had called them to the offices of state. The ancients, however, remark that it might be called a *democracy*, since the supreme power was always considered as residing in the people, and an entire equality of manners prevailed; that it might be called a monarchy on account of the kings; and that in the power of the Ephors there was even an appearance of *tyranny*: so that in this one constitution all forms of government were united. But,' adds the author, anxious for the consistency of his argument, 'the animating soul of all these forms was the Doric spirit of fear and respect for ancient and established laws, and the judgment of older men, the spirit of implicit obedience towards the state and the constituted authorities; and lastly, the conviction, that strict discipline, and a wise restriction of actions, are surer guides to safety than a superabundance of strength and activity directed to no certain end.'—vol. ii. pp. 194—195.

In the public economy of the Spartans, there were some very extraordinary arrangements according to our notions. Nature does not abhor a vacuum more than they abhorred the extinction of a family; considering, that by the destruction of a house, 'the dead lost their religious honour, the household gods their sacrifices, the hearth its flame, and the ancestors their name among the living.' This evil, so formidable in their estimation, was prevented, as far as possible, by various regulations, some of which were most unnatural. For instance, if a husband considered his wife to be barren, he had the power of putting her away, and dissolving the bond of marriage. If he had reason to suppose himself to be the cause of unfruitfulness, he, as it were, put himself away, appointing a substitute, whose child, if one were born, was considered as legally belonging to the family of the husband, although the relation between the child and its real father was openly proclaimed. But there was another institution still more extraordinary than this. If, before he had children, a husband were slain in the field of battle, a successor to him, probably a slave, was appointed as to his marital rights, for the purpose of 'producing heirs and successors, not to *themselves*, but to the *deceased husband!*' Nothing can possibly demonstrate the artificial economy of the Dorians more palpably than these strange regulations.

For the laws which prescribed the appropriation of the lands, the value of money, and the punishment of criminals, we must refer the reader to Mr. Muller's volumes. From these subjects, which he treats with his wonted learning and skill, he passes to the history of architecture, that art in which the Dorians were so pre-eminent, and upon an order of which they bestowed the name of their nation, which to this hour remains attached to it. The remarks which the author makes upon the connexion between the architecture and character of the Dorians, may seem perhaps a little enthusiastic; but they will not, therefore, be considered as less interesting.

'The Doric character, in short, created the Doric architecture. In the

temples of this order, the weight to be supported is intentionally increased, and the architecture, frieze, and cornice, of unusual depth; but the columns are proportionably strong, and placed very close to each other; so that in contemplating the structure, our astonishment at the weight supported, is mingled with pleasure at the security imparted by the strength of the columns underneath. This impression of firmness and solidity, is increased by the rapid tapering of the column, its conical shape giving it an appearance of strength, while the diminution beginning immediately at the base, and the straight line not being, as in other orders, softened by the interposition of the swelling, gives a severity of character to the order. With this rapid diminution is also connected the bold projection of the echinus (or *quarter*-round) of the capital, which likewise creates a striking impression, particularly if its outline is nearly rectilineal. The alternation of long unornamented surfaces, with smaller rows of decorated work, awaken a feeling of simple grandeur, without appearing either monotonous or fatiguing. The harmony spread over the whole becomes more conspicuous when contrasted with the dark shadows occasioned by the projecting drip of the cornice; above, the magnificent pediment crowns the whole. Thus, in this creation of art, we find expressed the peculiar bias of the Doric race to strict rule, simple proportion, and pure harmony.'—vol. ii. pp. 276, 277.

There is no part of this work more delightful, than that in which the author presents to us a view of the private life and domestic economy of the Dorians. Their dwellings were remarkably plain and simple, the doors of every house having been, in compliance with an ancient law, fashioned only with the saw, and the cieling with the axe. Though rudely constructed, their private residences were commodious, having a court-yard in front, separated from the street by a wall, and containing a large portico. The pomp of that order of architecture, of which they have the reputation of being the original inventors, they reserved for their temples and other public buildings. In their clothing they displayed a peculiar taste, not unlike that which they shewed in their achitecture, inasmuch as it was equally removed from the effeminacy and ostentation of the Asiatics on one hand, as from the slovenliness of the barbarians on the other. They did not deem it necessary to cover the whole body, though they paid considerable attention to personal appearance. Contrary to the modern European usages, the unmarried ladies lived much more in public than the married women, the latter being constantly engaged in the care of their families, while the former practised music, and even athletic exercises, beyond the precincts of their homes. The unmarried ladies too walked out unveiled, and in company with young men, and were allowed to be present at the gymnastic contests, privileges which no married female was permitted to enjoy. We may see in those works of art which represent the goddesses Victory and Iris, an exact model of the dress which the Doric virgins generally wore. It consisted principally of a woollen stuff garment without sleeves, called a chiton, which was fastened over both shoulders by clasps of considerable size, and was wholly joined together only on one side, while on the other it

was partly left open, so as to admit of a freer motion of the limbs. It was worn without a girdle, and hung down to the calves of the legs. This is the dress in which Minerva is usually arrayed. Diana's robe is also of the Doric fashion, though, as she was a huntress, it is girt up for the purposes of rapid motion. The married women seldom went out without adding to this slight costume an upper garment, which more fully covered the person. The dress of the men consisted first of the chiton, which served as a shirt; secondly, of a square piece of cloth, called the himation, thrown over the left, and behind under the right arm, the end being brought back again over the left shoulder; and thirdly, of a cloak, called the chlamys, consisting of an oblong piece of cloth, of which the two lower ends came forward, and were fastened with a clasp upon the right shoulder. Oil was their only ointment, that of nature their only dye. The men preserved not only their beard, but the hair of their head, uncut, and both men and women tied the hair in a knot over the crown of the head. Public tables, at which many persons joined, were much in use. They sat at table, an attitude which their degenerate descendants exchanged for the recumbent posture. The office of cook was hereditary, so that the black broth was made after the same fashion for many generations, and as there was no competition, there were no new inventions. The trade of the bakers was also hereditary. Their bread was made of barley; on extraordinary occasions they indulged at dessert in the luxury of maize, which was very scarce. Besides their black broth, they used at their meals beef, pork, kid, poultry and game. Their drink consisted of mixed wine, which was poured by a cup-bearer into a cup that was placed before each person. The wine was not passed round, nor were healths drunk. Intoxication was forbidden by law, which shews, by the way, that it had prevailed to a great extent, and no persons were lighted home except old men of sixty!

The most singular part of this system was the community of their public tables. These were not *tables d'hote*, in the French fashion, to which persons were indiscriminately admitted. The company consisted of a small society of fifteen men, to which fresh members were admitted by unanimous election, ascertained through the medium of the ballot. Their conversation was such as might arise amongst friends, sometimes upon politics, always frank and unrestrained. The laugh and joke went round, and songs enlivened their meetings. Youths and boys eat in their own companies or divisions, but the small children were allowed to eat at the public tables; they sat on low stools near their fathers' chairs, 'and received,' says the author, 'a half share without any vegetables.' The women uniformly eat at home.

The Doric ceremony of marriage was not among the least curious of their institutions. The lady was first betrothed on the part of her father, and under the notion that marriage was against the delicacy of the virgin, her person was seized, as it were by violence,

by the bridegroom; he 'carried her off from the chorus of maidens or elsewhere, to the bride's maid, who cut short her hair, and left her lying in a man's dress and shoes, without a light, on a bed of rushes, until the bridegroom returned from the public banquet, and took the bride to the nuptial couch.' Sometimes a lengthened period elapsed before the husband took his wife to his own house; but there was, generally speaking, no difference between the children born before this took place, and those born after. Virgins were not allowed to marry at too tender an age, probably not before two or three and twenty. For men, the age of thirty was esteemed the most proper. The Dorians considered old bachelors as a public nuisance. Public actions might be brought against them, as well as against those persons who married too late in life, and those who entered into unsuitable connexions. Even cowards, who could not possibly get a wife for love or money, were punished for not marrying! The reason of these ordinances is explained by the circumstance, that among the Dorians, marriage was considered, not as a private relation, but as an institution connected with the state; its object being to supply the nation with a healthy progeny. So much was this the case, that, as we have already seen, the law, or at least usage, in certain cases of barrenness, allowed a suspension of that mutual fidelity, which was generally esteemed sacred. The wife was honoured by her husband with the title of mistress, a title which was not merely nominal, for the married ladies usually were really mistresses in their own houses. Every thing was regulated by their orders, and that too to such an extent, that their husbands have been sometimes censured for submitting to their yoke.

Muller has undertaken the difficult task of defending against Aristotle and other philosophers, ancient and modern, the custom which existed among the Dorians, characterised by the term παιδεραστια. We should wish to translate it by the word *tutelage*, and to consider the usage as confined to a generous, intellectual, and friendly intercourse between youth and adults of the same sex. Undoubtedly in many cases it was so confined. It is consonant with all the best feelings of the human heart, and indeed we see examples of it in the professions every day, that those who have advanced prosperously in the paths of life, should look with favour upon the juvenile aspirants, who are following in the same course; should feel a desire to instruct them, to form their minds, to promote their interests, and secure, as far as possible, their future success. This sort of relation is honourable in the highest degree to all parties, and, very probably, when it was recognised by the Dorian laws, no more was meant than reached the ear. But like other institutions, this doubtless degenerated into vice in the course of time.

The education of youth was carried on upon a very artificial system. The first question discussed was, whether the child was to be preserved or not, and it was decided by a council of the elders

of the family. To gymnastic exercises the greatest attention was paid by the Dorians. They are said to be the first who introduced crowns, in lieu of other prizes of victory. Another class of exercises was calculated to harden the frame by labour and fatigue. The youths were trained, by frequent hunting on the mountains, to undergo the extremes of heat and cold, hunger, thirst, and privations of every kind. They were, moreover, as they grew up, obliged to be their own servants, and even to obtain their daily food by stealing! The author justifies, or at least palliates this, to us extraordinary, usage, in the following ingenious argument:—

'According to the scattered fragments of our information, the state of the case was as follows: the boys at a certain period were generally banished from the town, and all communion with men, and obliged to lead a wandering life in the fields and forests. When thus excluded, they were obliged to obtain, by force or cunning, the means of subsistence from the houses and court-yards, all access to which was at this time forbidden them; frequently obliged to keep watch for whole nights, and always exposed to the danger of being beaten, if detected. To judge this custom with fairness, it should only be regarded in the connexion which we have explained above. The possession of property was made to furnish a means of sharpening the intellect, and strengthening the courage of the citizens, by forcing the one party to hold, and the other to obtain it by a sort of war. The loss of property which was thus occasioned, appeared of little importance to a state where personal rights were so little regarded; and the injurious consequences were in some measure avoided, by an exact definition of the goods permitted to be stolen, which were, in fact, those that any Spartan who required them for the chase, might take from the stock of another. Such was the idea upon which this usage was kept up; it might possibly, however, have originated in the ancient mountain-life of the Dorians, when they inhabited Mounts Œta and Olympus, cooped up within narrow boundaries, and engaged in perpetual contests with the more fortunate inhabitants of the plains. As a relic and memorial of those habits, it remained, contrasted with the independent and secure mode of life of the Spartans at a later period.'—vol. ii. pp. 324—326.

The gymnastic war-games constituted another characteristic feature of Doric education. Boys fought with boys in sham-battle, marching against each other to the sound of flutes and lyres. The females also (the virgins) had their gymnasia, as we have already seen. Clad lightly, they exercised themselves in running, wrestling, or throwing the quoit and spear. The object of all these practices was to improve the form, and render it vigorous as well as beautiful, an object in which the Dorians completely succeeded, as they were by far the most perfect models of strength and gracefulness in the whole of ancient Greece. Writing was never generally taught amongst them, and all that related to the education of the mind was comprised under the name of music.

The science of sweet sound was so highly cultivated among the Dorians, that they originated what was called the Doric measure, to which the ancients attributed 'something solemn, firm, and

manly, calculated to inspire fortitude in supporting misfortunes and hardships, and to strengthen the mind against the attacks of passion.' It was from an early period taken under the care of the state, as it was supposed to express the general tone and morals of the people, with whom it was an almost universal amusement. In the choruses of festivals, the inhabitants of the cities generally took part, including women who sang and danced in public with men and by themselves. The practice of dancing was anciently connected with the *palæstra;* it was calculated also, like our modern ballets, to give expression to certain ideas and feelings. Thus it was with the Pyrrhic dance, which was of a warlike nature, the time being quick and light. 'Plato says of this dance in general, that it imitated all the attitudes of defence, by avoiding a thrust or a cast, retreating, springing up, and crouching, as also the opposite movements of attack with arrows and lances, and every kind of thrust. So strong was the attachment to this dance at Sparta, that long after it had, in the other Greek states, degenerated into a Bacchanalian revel, it was still danced by the Spartans as a warlike exercise, and boys of fifteen were instructed in it.' Besides the Pyrrhic dance, there were several others, among which the Dipodia, a sort of *pas de deux*, we suppose, is mentioned, the origin of which is hidden in obscurity. It is introduced by Aristophanes into one of his comedies, where it is followed by a song, in which the chorus appears to describe the dance, while it implores the Laconian muse to descend from Mount Taygetus, and to celebrate the tutelar deities of Sparta.

'"Come hither with a light motion to sing of Sparta. Where there are choruses in honour of the gods, and the noise of dancing, when, like young horses, the maidens on the banks of the Eurotas rapidly move their feet; while their hair floats, like revelling Bacchanals; and the daughter of Leda directs them, the sacred leader of the chorus. Now bind up the hair, and leap like fawns, now strike the measured tune which gladdens the chorus."' —vol. ii. p. 352.

In addition to these dances the author enumerates several others, some of which were of a licentious character. He next proceeds to treat of the comic, tragic, and lyric poetry of the Dorians, of their historical writings, their brevity of speech, and metaphorical mode of expression; their symbolical language and the connexion of the Pythagorean philosophy with their history. He concludes with a summary of all that had been said, in different parts of the work, on the peculiarities of the Doric race, of whom the following striking character is given.

'The first feature in the character of the Dorians which we shall notice, is one that has been pointed out in several places, viz. their endeavour to produce uniformity and unity in a numerous body. Every individual was to remain within those limits which were prescribed by the regulation of the whole body; thus, in the Doric form of government, no individual was allowed to strive after personal independence, nor any class or order

to move from its appointed place. The privileges of the aristocracy, and the subjection of the inferior orders, were maintained with greater strictness than in other tribes, and greater importance was attached to obedience, in whatever form, than to the assertion of individual freedom. The government, the army, and the public education, were managed on a most complicated, but most regular succession and alternation of commanding and obeying. Every one was to obey in his own place. All the smaller associations were also regulated on the same principle: always we find gradation of power, and never independent equality. But it was not sufficient that this system should be complete and perfect within, it was to be fortified without. The Dorians had little inclination to admit the customs of others, and a strong desire to disconnect themselves with foreigners; hence, in later times, the blunt and harsh deportment of those Dorians, who most scrupulously adhered to their national habits. This independence and seclusion would, however, sometimes be turned into hospitality; and hence, the *military* turn of the Dorians, which may also be traced in the developement of the worship of Apollo. A calm and steady courage was the natural quality of the Dorian. As they were not ready to receive, neither were they to *communicate* outward impressions, and this, neither as individuals nor as a body; hence, both in their poetry and their prose, the narrative is often concealed by expressions of the feeling, and tinged with the colour of the mind: they endeavoured always to condense and concentrate their thoughts, which was the cause of the great brevity and obscurity of their language. Their desire of disconnecting themselves with the things and persons around them, naturally produced a love for past times; and hence, their great attachment to the usages and manners of their ancestors, and to existing institutions. The attention of the Doric race was turned to the past rather than to the future; and thus it came to pass that the Dorians preserved most rigidly, and represented most truly, the customs of the ancient Greeks. Their advances were constant, not sudden; and all their changes imperceptible. With the desire to obtain uniformity, their love for *measure* and *proportion* was also combined. Their works of art are distinguished by this attention to singleness of effect, and every thing discordant or useless was pruned off with an unsparing hand. Their moral system also prescribed the observance of the proper mean; and it was in this that the temperance, which so distinguished them, consisted. One great object in the worship of Apollo was to maintain the even balance of the mind, and to remove every thing that might disquiet the thoughts, rouse the mind to passion, or dim its purity and brightness. The Doric nature required an equal and regular harmony, and preserving that character in all its parts. Dissonances, even if they combined into harmony, were not suited to the taste of that nation. The national tunes were, doubtless, not of a soft or pleasing melody; the general accent of the language had the character of command, or of dictation, not of question or entreaty. The Dorians were contented with themselves, with the powers to whom they owed their existence and happiness; and, therefore, they never complained. They looked not to future, but to present existence; to preserve this, and to preserve it in enjoyment, was their highest object. Every thing beyond this boundary was mist and darkness, and every thing dark they supposed the Deity to hate. They lived in themselves, and for themselves; hence man was the chief and almost only

object which attracted their attention. The same feelings may also be perceived in their religion, which was always unconnected with the worship of any natural object, and originated from their own reflections and conceptions; and to the same source may perhaps be traced their aversion to mechanical and agricultural labour. In short, the whole race bears generally the stamp and character of the *male sex;* the desire of assistance and connexion, of novelty and of curiosity, the characteristics of the female sex, being directly opposed to the nature of the Dorians, which bears the mark of independence and subdued strength.

'This description of the Doric character, to which many other features might be added, is sufficient for our present purpose; and will serve to prove that the worship of Apollo, the ancient constitution of Crete and that of Lycurgus, the manners, arts, and literature of the Dorians, were the productions of one and the same national individual. To what extent this character was influenced by external circumstances, cannot be ascertained; but though its features were impressed by nature, they might not, in all places, have been developed, and would have been lost without the fostering assistance of an inland and mountainous region. The country is to a nation what the body is to the soul: it may influence it partially, and assist its growth and increase, but it cannot give strength and impulse, or imprint that original mark of the Deity which is set upon our minds.'—vol. ii. pp. 406—409.

The appendix contains dissertations upon the geography of the Peloponnese and Northern Greece, and upon the Doric dialect, which will be found useful to the scholar. We observe with satisfaction that, when treating the former subject, Muller speaks in terms of well deserved praise of the labours of our own countryman, Leake, in the same fruitful field of enquiry. Of the merits of the two gentlemen who have translated these volumes, the extracts which we have given will enable the reader to form a most favourable judgment. We must remark, however, that several sentences exhibit a stiffness as well as a vagueness of style, and frequently a repetition of the same word, which should be corrected in a second edition.

ART. II.—*Journal of Travels in the seat of War, during the last two Campaigns of Russia and Turkey; intended as an Itinerary through the South of Russia, the Crimea, Georgia, and through Persia, Koordistan, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople. With Maps expressly drawn up, and illustrative of the Author's Tour.* By T. B. Armstrong. 8vo. pp. 227. London: Seguin. 1831.

MR. ARMSTRONG, in a very modest introduction to his work, deprecates the severity of criticism, which might, if exercised, certainly draw up a considerable catalogue of inaccuracies and errors in his style of writing. As he does not aspire, however, to the honours of professional authorship, we shall not think it necessary to visit with punishment his literary delinquencies. His object was to produce rather an itinerary, than a tour; to give an account of

roads, distances between post stations, halting places, and other matters highly useful to the traveller to know, rather than a picture of the countries which he traversed, with a series of observations upon the habits of the people by which they are inhabited. He has, with good reason, deemed such a work the more likely to be acceptable, inasmuch as he has been enabled to insert in it various routes over land to India,—routes which are becoming every year frequented to such a degree, that journies to Bombay already begin to be thought less of than a progress from Edinburgh to London in the days of our grandfathers.

But although Mr. Armstrong's ambition was limited to the execution of a Guide Book, we must do him the justice to say that he has done something more. His journal, though not written with much elegance, retains a natural character and animation, which, in any kind of composition, never fail to charm the attention. His sketches of scenery are free and bold, and we sometimes gather clearer notions from them, than from much more elaborate descriptions. He seems to have been employed in the capacity of a courier, by two English gentlemen, who, in the year 1828, contemplated a visit to Constantinople and Syria, had the war between the Russians and Turks allowed of their going by way of the Balcan. That route, however, circumstances prevented them from pursuing. Having reached Vienna in the autumn of that year, they proceeded, by way of Austerlitz and Freyberg, to Cracow. The filthiness of the inns of the latter city is proverbial, the explanation of which is that it is chiefly inhabited by Jews. Eight miles from Cracow are the salt mines, celebrated by so many travellers. These have generally, we believe, passed over an interesting circumstance, mentioned by Mr. Armstrong, indicative of the prodigious effect which weight and pressure have upon timber. At the corner of an old mine, exhausted many years ago, upwards of two hundred fir-trees, laid crossways, had been put under the excavation, to prop the roof. They probably originally occupied a solid square of twenty feet. 'The rock had given way, it appears, as age had decayed the timber, and now nothing is seen but the trunks of trees, crushed together, and compressed into a mass of about three or four feet thick'! No doubt the reduction is partly to be attributed to the rottenness of the timber; but he adds, and this is the most remarkable feature in the pile, that 'he could not distinguish one tree from another.' We mention the circumstance for the benefit of the geologists.

The country, a few stages from the mines, is chiefly tenanted by Jews, who are all agriculturists. Their villages are wretched in the extreme. The furniture of their inns consists only of a few wooden chairs, and bedsteads filled with hay. The party having learned that the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia were in a very unhealthy state, changed their course towards Odessa, entering Russia by Radzovillow, where they underwent a strict search. In this part of Russia there are no roads. The traveller has to fight his

way as he can through forests and over sandy wastes, and through the eternal filth and poverty of the Jewish *tractiers* or inns. Sometimes his horses are knee-deep in mud—sometimes his carriage sticks fast and becomes immoveable without the assistance of a *posse comitatus*. Towards the town of Brailaw, the country, however, is more open and cheerful, and the roads are more tolerable.

'*August* 31*st*.—A fine morning, and the roads still good; we travel very fast, and make up for the time lost in changing horses, which is very considerable at some stations. The highways in this country are distinguished from the fields only, by having a ditch on each side; they are from sixty to seventy yards wide, and from the time they are first made never undergo any repair; the soil is a complete mould, and when wet, is like fine cement. By six, A. M., we crossed the river Boug, which is not more than sixty yards wide here; we soon afterwards arrived at the town of Brailaw. The next stage, across a very steep hill, brought us to the provincial town of Toultchin; it has a much superior aspect, before entering, than we really found it afterwards. Having passed the barrier, and traversed the principal street of the town, we arrived at a German inn, where we found every thing very clean and plentiful. The population is principally Jewish, and far exceeds that of any other town we have passed since entering Russia; the Jews appear to enjoy all the privileges of the Russian inhabitants. It was a fair day, and the various costumes of the peasantry, who came with their produce to market, contrasting with the dress of the inhabitants, had a very pleasing effect.

'We experienced in this case, as in many others, the degrading practises of the lower order of the Jews, who, without distinction, take advantage of every traveller fortune may throw in their way: before we had scarcely refreshed, we were annoyed by numbers of them, all anxious to change money or supply us with horses; knowing, at the same time, that we could not be furnished with the latter from the post-house, on account of the numerous government couriers on the road. Being anxious to proceed with as little loss of time as possible, we were compelled to take their horses for the following stage.

'The country beyond Toultchin, for upwards of eighty versts, is better cultivated, and possesses a much greater population; every six or ten versts brings us to a village, or some few houses on the road-side; the scenery is pretty, and various petty hills and small lakes are seen. On the borders of the latter are found some neat villages; the cottages being white-washed, are distinguished at a great distance, and have a very lively appearance. In passing one of these hamlets, we witnessed a Russian dance by the peasantry, who were celebrating a marriage festival; the women were all collected on one side, whilst the men kept at a respectful distance on the other; in the centre was a group dancing without music, it was not unlike the Highland Fling, as performed in the northern parts of Scotland. It was a droll sight—a picture of union for life—a mixture of pleasure and pain.

'After crossing some very high hills, and travelling over a fertile country, we arrived at the straggling town of Olgopol; previous to entering which, we passed a considerable supply of provisions for the army. Not finding any inn here, we entered a Jew's dwelling, and partook of some hard-boiled eggs and black bread.

'From hence we had eight horses to our calash, to climb the steepest hill I ever remember to be obliged to cross *en voiture;* the descent was equally difficult, and night closed on us ere we could reach the bottom; the lights in the villages, and scattered houses, had a curious appearance, as we came crawling down upon them, from the clouds, as it were. The second stage was hilly, and we found it unpleasant travelling, frequently over a rough road, at the rate of from ten to fifteen versts an hour. During the night we heard the drums of some troops on their march.

'*September 1st.*—This morning, by day-break, we found ourselves at the commencement of an open uninhabited country, in some places hilly; at first sight, it reminded me of the downs in Hampshire, but then I looked for trees or houses, and found none; the roads were, in appearance, formed over these wilds, according to the fancy of the traveller, who is left to choose the nearest, and pick that he likes best. Hitherto, we had had, for a distance of four hundred versts, young trees planted on each side of the road, with the addition of a ditch, which not only makes it more lively for the traveller, but acts as a guide during the heavy falls of snow in the winter; but now the *Steppe* of Russia commences—an ocean of waste.

'Most of the post-houses have two rooms on a floor; one is occupied by the postillions, who all sleep round a stove which has been heated during the day; the other is for the clerk, and the use of travellers; here is found nothing else, in the eating line, but black bread, salt, and water. The steppe not being woody, the peasants have recourse to a weed, called kisch, which they use invariably, as the only fuel to be procured in the country.

'About eight, A. M., we passed upwards of three thousand infantry and artillery, with thirty-six pieces of cannon, on their way to Brailaw; they had been marching all night. The numbers of baggage-waggons, drawn by oxen, were crowded with lame and fatigued soldiers; they had a pitiful appearance; the horses of the artillery seemed to feel the effects of long marching less than the men; the gun-carriages and powder magazines are of light workmanship, though very strong, and the whole are painted of a light green colour. At nine we arrived at the prettily-situated town of Novo Don Bazar, close to which flows the river Dnieper, which divides the province of Kherson from Bessarabia. Bender, so well known in the history of Charles XII., is near to this. We put up at a clean German inn, where we were fortunate enough to get some sort of a Christian breakfast, for the first time since we had left Brody. The stir and bustle seen in every part of this town may convey some idea of the result of war; couriers to and from Odessa and the head-quarters of the army were continually pouring in; one I conversed with, who had just left the army, near Bucharest, told me they were in a very sickly state, and, for the want of supplies and reinforcements, were completely at a stand; he said the Emperor was expected every day, to join the army before Varna.

'The troops we had passed this morning came to a halt on the steppe, outside the town; camps are putting up, and every one is on the look out for rest and refreshment. Three officers, who came into the town, found their way to our inn, and asked for eatables; on enquiring how long they had been on their route, I was astonished, on their answering, "eleven weeks continually." One of the young men, a native of Poland, spoke French fluently; he was very chatty; they all seemed as anxious for information from the camp, as I was eager to hear about their march. The soldiers

were far from animated, and when we consider the fatigue of long and forced marches, over the dreary steppe, there is every excuse for their drowsy appearance; they did not relish the news of a disease or plague, now raging amongst the army they were on the eve of joining.

'From this we proceeded on our journey; at three miles from the town we passed the quarantine, which is immediately in the neighbourhood of the river; on this side it is an assemblage of low unattached houses, with a boundary of white-washed walls; close to it is the passage of the river, over a bridge of boats. I observed upwards of two hundred carts, laden with provisions for the army, in the act of passing.

'We here arrived on the ridge of a steppe, which continues for fifty versts to Teraspol. Previous to arriving, we witnessed a cloud of those destructive insects, the locusts; we had to encounter them as they flew across the steppe, by millions; some of them alighted on our carriage. I took one of them, it measured about three inches long, and was two inches broad from the points of the wings. The postillion told us they had devoured every article of vegetation that fell in their way—whole fields of corn are devastated in a few days by these destructive creatures.

'I heard of a method resorted to frequently by the peasantry near the sea, when the wind is favourable; they collect with shovels, pans, fire-arms, &c., keeping up a horrible noise, advancing in a line as the locusts retreat, which are frequently driven from the land to seek an asylum in the bosom of the deep.

'The quantities of windmills, forming a barrier, as it were, before entering Teraspol, have a singular effect; all appeared at work, no doubt grinding corn, for the supplies wanted in the provinces of Bessarabia and Wallachia.

'This last stage of fifteen versts performed in forty-four minutes, may convey some idea of the rapidity of travelling on the steppe; were it not for the great loss of time in changing horses, nothing could equal the Russian posting, for expedition. During the short time we remained here, I tasted some fish (a kind of sturgeon) which had been caught in the Dnieper, where abundance is found; it is an excellent food, and much in repute; they run from three to four feet long, and weigh, very frequently, fifty or eighty pounds.

'Leaving the town of Mills, we journeyed with night, for it became dark almost as soon as the sun went down; the roads proved good and level for the following two stages. During the night, we passed considerable supplies going towards Odessa, for exportation.

'2*nd*.—Morning broke in upon us calmly, when we found ourselves still on the steppe; our approach to the Black Sea became evident by the quantity of sea-fowl and curious-coloured birds. I noticed the ring-tailed dove and speckled hoppoe, having been acquainted with them before while in Egypt; our approach to Odessa had a wild and dreary aspect. Oceans of steppe appeared everywhere, without a vestige of cultivation or wood. At the last post-station I was somewhat alarmed, on descending from our carriage to pay for the horses, when I found my legs and feet completely useless and benumbed, having been in a cramped position, with the exception of three nights, during a journey of thirteen days.

'At five, A. M., we passed the barrier and free limits of Odessa, which is guarded by a party of Cossacks. We were half an hour traversing the

environs and streets of the town, before we arrived at the Hôtel du Nord, (kept by a Greek), where we alighted, and were fortunate in procuring appartments, the town being much thronged with military.'—pp. 18—25.

The Emperor Nicholas and his consort were at Odessa when our travellers arrived there. Armstrong speaks of the Emperor's equipages, when setting out *en poste* for the army, with the utmost superciliousness. They were very simple. 'The whole turn-out,' he says, 'seemed rather to belong to a second-rate commoner, than to the emperor Nicholas.' 'The shabby appearance of the carriages,' he adds, with true English fastidiousness, 'the clumsy manner in which they were packed, and, withal, the dirty appearance of the imperial domestics, (who would not be allowed to enter some stables in England,) was [were] what it would be difficult to meet with in any other country than Russia.' 'The Emperor,' he adds, 'is a tall, handsome, soldier-like personage, with a fine manly countenance, possessing an air *dégagé*. He was dressed in the plainest manner, in a dark green double-breasted frock, with red collar and cuffs, a cap of the same cloth, with red band, and a grey military cloak thrown loosely over him. All eyes were anxiously fixed upon him, whose appearance amongst his troops was only required to give them energy, and (as it was thought) determine the fate of Varna.' At Odessa, no repose was to be found for poor Armstrong or his companions; they were three nights without sleeping, so insufferable was the familiarity with which they were treated by certain descriptions of insects. One day the weather stiffened them with cold, the next it dissolved them with heat, which was the more disagreeable, as Odessa had no trees to shelter them. Three steamboats were employed between that port, Varna and Sevastopol. The Empress was very popular. A school was established at her expense, for the education of the young Odessan ladies.

Armstrong's patrons seemed, in fact, to care little where they went; getting tired of their inactivity, in a few days they galloped off to Tifflis. On their way over the Scythian steppe, they lighted upon the village of Troitskoye, 'the inhabitants of which, about three hundred in number, are slaves, and the property of an English gentleman, who has been forty years in the service of the Emperor, and has attained the rank of a general; he is now a rich sheep-owner, and is like a governor in his village, with a troop of Cossacks at his command.' This fine fellow rejoices in the name of General Copley. We suppose he is some relative of the Lord Lyndhurst. At the pretty town of Nicholaef, called by the author the Plymouth of Russia, his masters and he were entertained for two days by another Englishman, who was employed as an engineer in the Emperor's service. At Kherson, on the Dnieper, they were equally fortunate in meeting with a countryman named Crisp, who was the principal conductor of the extensive rope-works in that nursery for the navy of the Black Sea. A pretty large nursery that navy must want, by the way, if it be true, as the

author states, that the ships of Russia are destroyed in a very few years, by an insect, the extermination of which has hitherto been found impossible. In crossing the Dnieper, the travellers passed some boats full of Turkish prisoners, on their way from the fortress of Anapa, which had been taken by Admiral Greig. The poor wretches were amusing themselves by playing on a reed, such as that used by the Arabs of the Nile.

At Simpheropole, the capital of the Crimea, Armstrong enjoyed the luxury of a sleep. 'Our apartments,' he says, 'though rather dirty, were not infested with vermin, as was the case at Odessa.' The pride of Simpheropole is its weekly fair, at which, variety of costume, and odd equipages, to which our courier pays marked attention, may be seen in abundance. 'Here,' he exclaims with astonishment, 'you will meet the German driving a pair of oxen, with a *horse* as a leader; Tartar carts, drawn by dromedaries; and horsemen, covered with Circassian bourkas. I actually saw a French doctor, in ill health, leave this place for Theodosia, *in a light phaeton drawn by a pair of immense camels*'! The nerves of Mr. Armstrong must indeed have been shocked at such a spectacle!

Nothing but wonders now awaited him. At Kertch, after crossing a small arm of the Bosphorus, his eyes were gladdened by the sight of several English prints, representing the *Sorrows of Werter*; at four versts from this place he saw a mud volcano!—and at Taman, he beheld grass growing upon the roofs of the houses, and calves feeding upon them!! Hastening along the banks of the Kouban for some days, the party crossed the Terek, and, by way of protection against Circassian depredators, joined a caravan of Georgian, Armenian, and Russian merchants, with whom they crossed the Caucasus. The winter was already setting in.

'31*st*.—The morning was cold, the mountains frightfully high on each side of us, with the rapid Terek running at one side; little or no verdure was visible, and every object wore a winterly and wild appearance. As we proceeded, the valley became narrow, and, at one place, there was scarcely room for the river and the road. The pass of Dariel is grand, picturesque, and dangerous in the extreme: one of the carriages, having the hood up, had it broken to pieces passing under a projecting rock. An Ossetinian cart, we were in the act of passing, upset on the brink of a frightful and narrow descent, hanging over the river; this circumstance placed the whole line of carriages in eminent danger—we all rendered our assistance to set the cart upright, and were fortunate enough to succeed, and arrived safe at the bottom.

'We made a short halt at a military station, where our guards were relieved by others; it is opposite the ruins of the Castle of Dariel. From this we had some steep and narrow ascents to pass, before we arrived at the village of Kasbek, where begins the country of Georgia; this is considered the finest position for a view of Kasbek, with the monastery on the summit of another mountain immediately underneath it. One of the neatest

churches I ever remember seeing is in this village, built by the order of a Georgian princess; it is entirely of stone, walls, roof, and steeple. After refreshment we descended into a beautiful, fertile, and well-populated valley, inhabited by Caucasian tribes, intermixed with Georgians. Many villages are to be met with on each side of the Terek, and at the entrance of every branching valley; each village has a square-built tower, of stone; the same material is used for houses, they are even roofed with it, on account of the scarcity of wood.

'The road from Kasbek to Kobi (sixteen and a half versts) gave us some hilly work; towards the latter part of it, the high mountains, covered with eternal snow, had a wild effect, as we descended into a marshy plain, about two versts before arriving at our destination.

'In this wretched and unhealthy spot is a military station, placed immediately at the entrance of three valleys, under a very lofty mountain. There we got into another government house, and found wood so very dear, that it was difficult to procure sufficient to boil our kettle for three rubles (2*s.* 6*d.*) The stove in which we made a fire had not been lighted for a length of time; the consequence was, that it gave us all, more or less, the head-ache; two of the party were very ill; I was a little inclined that way, till I took a dram, and a pipe, which had the desired effect, although unpleasant in the morning.

'*November 1st.*—Left here this morning, by seven o'clock; it was very cold, with piercing winds from the mountains. We purchased three horses from a Russian officer whom we met with here, on his way from the war.

'We had to encounter some rapid and narrow ascents and descents: it was a sharp frost, and the mountain streams, crossing the roads, being frozen, we had great difficulty in getting on at any reasonable pace, the roads being so very indifferent.

'The mountains become very grand and imposing, as we proceed; we passed several minerals, on both sides of the road; I filled some bottles, and found the waters very pleasant, and not unlike those of Ems or Wiesbaden. The cold winds, contrasted with the extreme heat of the sun at mid-day, told us we were approaching to a great height, which proved true, for we soon arrived at the highest point of the pass. There is a stone cross erected here, to commemorate the completion of the road, by the Russians, in 1809. The descent is very steep and dangerous. Having arrived in the valley, half an hour brought us to another high ascent; the road is cut on the side of the mountain, round which it winds, with a narrow valley at the bottom. This point of view is scarcely to be equalled; we could clearly distinguish villages, houses, flocks, and almost the source of the river Aragua, beneath us. We continued descending, and at three, P. M., made the pretty and romantic military station of Kashaur, sixteen versts having occupied us eight hours. After refreshing our wearied cattle, we proceeded for Passananoor, (twenty versts), where we began to meet with the inhabitants of Georgia. Four versts from whence we started, brought us to a most frightful descent, winding in a zig-zag direction, from the summit of the mountain, to the river, which flows through the valley at the bottom. I was on horseback, but dismounted, and had great difficulty in keeping my horse from stumbling over me.

'In the valley of Passananoor we observed various kinds of merchandize, from Moscow, strewed over some acres of ground; and Georgian

carts, drawn by buffaloes, exchanging their loads with the Russian conveyances. From this we proceeded through a delightful valley, by the side of the Aragua, the mountains on each side covered with fine trees; we still continued the descent, though it was very gentle.

'Being anxious to reach Passananoor before it became dark, I passed the carriage, and rode on; it soon, however, became so. Numerous fires are kept up by the Georgian carters, who bivouac in the forest, by the roadside; and Passananoor being a little off the road, I mistook one of those fires for it; and, riding towards it, passed the village. On discovering my mistake, I thought the village must be still farther, and continued trotting on. It was now so dark that I could not see my horse's head: ten o'clock came, and yet no signs of a village; I passed several Ossetinians, and now and then a Georgian, who called out heartily before I came close upon them. I had now got out of the road, when one of those strangers called to me and even put me right. I proceeded, and soon arrived at a bridge, which I dismounted to examine, my suspicions that all was not right being raised by the snorting of my horse. I found it broken in several places. Here I was at a loss how to act; I still thought I could not have passed the station, when I heard the voice of some one calling; I heeded not, and was proceeding to cross the best part of the bridge, when I again heard the same voice, and the noise of horses' feet. I began to feel about, for something to defend myself, when I found that it was a Cossack, who had been sent after me. I was nine versts beyond the station! and most cheerfully returned with the veteran. We turned off the road to a Georgian hut, where a fire was blazing outside the door, surrounded by ten or fifteen natives, some sleeping, covered with their bourkas; we got some refreshment, and proceeded back; on arriving, I found the gentlemen were obliged to occupy an out-house—as wretched an accommodation as we had met with since leaving the Isle of Taman; I was tired, and threw myself down on some hay, and slept soundly till morning.'—pp. 76—81.

Having escaped from the rats and the other various horrors of the Caucasus, the author and his friends at length reached Tifflis, pretty well tired of their journey. That city has a busy, cheerful, showy appearance, which reminded Armstrong of Naples. The houses are partly in the European, partly in the Asiatic style; the streets are narrow, and the Russian authorities have of late made such considerable improvements in them, that Tifflis is likely soon to take rank with the second class of cities. The population consists of about forty thousand, chiefly Georgians, but numbering also many Armenians, Russians, Germans, Tartars, Persians, Jews and Turks. The principal productions of the country are wine and silk; the worm, which manufactures the latter, is found in great abundance in the subject provinces of Mingrelia, Gouria, and Immeritia, where there are extensive forests of mulberry-trees. There is a German colony in the neighbourhood, which supplies the market with vegetables, milk, butter, cheese, and beer. Like the Spaniards, the Georgians keep their wine in skins, retaining so much of the form of the animal to which they had previously belonged, that, as the author truly remarks, their cellars look more

like a slaughter-house, than a repository of that liquid which cheers the heart of man.

From Tifflis, our travellers, who had set out from England for the Balcan, pursued their way to Persia. We fancy that this was their original destination, and that, from the concealment of their names and their operations, they were charged with a political mission, connected possibly with the war in which Russia was then engaged against Turkey in Asia. The Tartar dwellings in Georgia, which they saw upon their route, and in which they occasionally lodged, are of the most primitive description. They are, in fact, a square hole dug in the ground, the top being covered with beams of wood covered with earth, and so level with the surface of the soil around, that the habitations are distinguishable only by the smoke, which issues from a hole in the roof. It is with some difficulty that the men and horses, traversing that part of the country, prevent themselves tumbling in, uninvited, upon the natives seated at their meals below. The scenery, though occasionally flat and dreary, is in general delightful; the country being mountainous, well wooded, and watered by numerous musical streams, almost as far as the confines of Persia. Tabreez, one of the first Persian towns of any importance, which the traveller meets on that side, is nothing better than a confused assemblage of low mud houses; the streets being narrow and dirty, and the bazaars in a ruinous state; yet it contains a population of sixty, some say of eighty thousand, principally Armenians. In this miserable place our party remained during the severe months of winter. In February they quitted it for Tehran, which they reached in seventeen days. While traversing that district of Persia, the author was strongly impressed with the paucity of the natural obstacles, which it would present to a Russian invading army, should the Emperor be at any time actuated by ambitious views upon the dominions of the Shah.

'It struck me very forcibly how easy it would be for Russia, or any other civilized power, to march an army through the country we have been travelling in. Since we crossed the Araxis, I have met with nothing to obstruct the progress of artillery: the roads and country, as we advance, appear more accessible to an invading army, than those which we have passed between Tiflis and Tabreez. If the Russians have succeeded, in so masterly a manner, in driving the Persians and Turks before them, and retaining the country wherever they choose, what obstacle is to impede them (in the course of time and events) from proceeding to the shores of the Persian Gulf? This may be thought impossible, knowing the natural dislike those Eastern nations have for Christians, and, more especially, the antipathy they bear to Russia, and the little reliance to be placed in the faith of the Persians; and supposing Persia, as a united body, (which, on account of the jealousy amongst the numerous royal princes, who are all more or less ambitious for the throne, is very doubtful,) were to join with Turkey in a common cause against them; and together, also, with the uncertainty of procuring supplies for an army sufficiently powerful to oppose the enemy.

'But when one looks upon the progress of Russia in Armenia, where much more may be expected than is generally known, as regards provisions and the formation of an army, which might be probably with little trouble organized, at their own will and expense, when it is considered for the safety and foundation of their liberty, of which they have been so long deprived, and they now look forward with anxiety for the approach of the Russians, whom they consider as their deliverers. Then, again, the discontent of the Caucasians and Georgians may be urged: but the latter country is daily becoming more contented under its government; while the Caucasus is at this moment completely surrounded, and must, in the course of time, and shortly too, become entirely subject to the Czar. Then, again, has not Russia the command of all the navigation on the Caspian? can she not, without the slightest interruption, transport an armament or supplies within three days' march of the present capital of Persia? Supposing her to have Armenia, what is to prevent her co-operating with that extensive country? for, it is my opinion, there is not a Koordish chief or discontented Persian, who is not to be bought over, in case of invasion. As to whether a Russian army can put up with the privations and heat of Persia, it is highly ludicrous to suppose otherwise for a moment. I myself have suffered more from cold in the north of Persia than in any other country, and have felt the heat as oppressive upon the steppes of Russia, in summer, as in Egypt, in the month of August.'—pp. 120—122.

Armstrong gives a narrative of the late massacre of the Russian embassy at Tehran, in which, however, we discover nothing that has not been already known to the public. Tehran is rather a better sort of Tabreez, built upon a similar plan. The present Shah is a feeble avaricious monarch, and highly unpopular amongst his subjects. 'Persia is, at this time,' says the author, 'in a miserable condition, and it would require but little intrigue to establish a revolutionary spirit throughout the whole empire. The King, the Ministry, and, in fact, Persia in general, are alike devoid of principle, and are daily diminishing in importance.' The influence of England is predominant there; the court flies for advice to our embassy, in every exigency of importance. Our party, still rapid and unintelligible in their movements, remained but ten days at Tehran, when they set out upon their return to Tabreez, by a different and much more dangerous route, than that which they had pursued on their journey to the Persian capital. We shall give one or two of the author's adventures among the torrents and precipices of the Koordish mountains.

'On crossing a narrow, but deep and rapid mountain-torrent, over a wicker bridge, my horse, which was young and not very tractable, was leaning too much to one side, when I checked him rather suddenly, and we both fell headlong into the river, and were instantly carried under the bridge. The horse swam out on one side, whilst I was fortunate in grasping hold of the bough of a tree on the other, and thus succeeded in landing; being armed with pistols, sword, and carbine, and also wearing a heavy fur jacket, it would have been impossible for me to swim; and had not

this tree been providentially placed in the way, I should most inevitably have perished.

'At about one *agach* from the village, we joined another river, (the Karasou,) and kept in the vicinity of its waters the remainder of the day, crossing and re-crossing it at intervals; our road led us through the most singular and inaccessible country I ever was in. When about the third *agach*, we observed one of our late friends from the village following us, armed with sword, lance, pistols, dagger, and shield, and also an immense bludgeon, with a knob of iron, at the end, hanging at his saddle-bow; he was presently followed by some others, mounted and armed in the same manner. We became alarmed for our safety, thinking the guide had betrayed us. They approached nearer, and one of them advanced towards us, seemingly much enraged, and spit in the face of our guide, asking why he had taken us this way, and desired us to re-cross the river, and keep on its left bank; they then left us, and we resumed our journey, much satisfied with their departure. During the afternoon we passed an encampment of a wandering tribe; one of our party went to it, and returned with some cheese, and an arm full of new-baked cakes.

'Some of the passes we crossed were so very narrow, and the precipices beneath so frightful, that we were obliged to dismount, and lead our horses; in other places the passages between the rocks were so confined, that the mules had some difficulty in forcing their way through them with the baggage:—the scenery was picturesque and beautiful beyond description. Towards the end of our day's journey we cleared the mountains,—entered an open country, and forded the river, which, having become swollen by the late rains, was rendered very dangerous. About sunset we arrived at the singularly-situated town of Senna, the capital of Koordistan, (having come eleven *agach* since the morning). We were conducted to the palace of a nobleman, where we received every attention and hospitality. The Wallee is independent of Persia, but nevertheless pays a tribute to the Shah, who is acknowledged annually by the present of a splendid dress. This present (together with thirty camels, each carrying a piece of light artillery) came whilst we were here; and the Wallee, accompanied by his guards, and hundreds of horsemen, went out to meet it. There is a camp prepared for his reception, where he changes his dress for that sent by the Shah, and afterwards returns in great pomp to the city, preceded by numerous horsemen, who display great agility in their exercises, and the management of their horses, firing off, and re-loading pistols and muskets, in rapid succession, whilst at full gallop, charging with lances, shields, &c., with astonishing activity; nothing, indeed, can possibly surpass the Koordish horsemanship; and never do I remember seeing so many valuable and handsomely caparisoned animals at one time.*

'The town is in rather a ruinous state, and has nothing worthy of remark; the bazaars and streets are inferior to those of other places where

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* 'The food of the horses here differs from that in general use throughout Persia; a weed is very abundant in the mountains, which answers all the purposes of chopped straw and barley, the almost universal provender in the East for these useful animals.'

we have been; they are very clever in the manufacture of lances, javelins, (which are made of steel), and chain armour. I observed some dervises in the streets, performing their slight-of-hand tricks, to the great surprise and satisfaction of the inhabitants.'—pp. 153—156.

Armstrong and his fellow wanderers, as we may well call them, after revisiting Tabreez, shaped their course for Asiatic Turkey. Van, the first town of the Osmanlees which they entered, is seated near a beautiful lake, and is celebrated as the residence of Queen Semiramis. Most of the country which they traversed, then Turkish, has since, by the fortune of war, become the property of the Russian Emperor. Every where they met with tents of the Koordish tribes. One description will serve for them all, and give some notion of the country bordering on the Euphrates.

'6*th May*.—Our Tartar having sent a man off to the river early this morning, to get the float ready, we were away by six o'clock, and in one hour arrived at the bank of the Euphrates, where we had our baggage unpacked, and sent across at two different times, with our saddles and bridles; the horses, being driven into the water, swam over, the float (supported by inflated sheep-skins) not being large enough to convey us all at once across the river; its breadth here is about one hundred yards, and the current is very gentle, but deep; its waters are turbid, and particularly cold, I must here remark how a simple occurrence will often create the greatest surprise, especially in a country where the natives are kept in a state of ignorance.—Having arrived on the opposite bank of the Euphrates, before any of the rest of our party, I coiled up our luggage cords, and when the raft was about the centre of the current, threw them after the manner of our seamen, and succeeded in making them cross the raft; the astonished ferryman caught it with amazement, and soon worked himself ashore, at some distance above the common landing-place. The poor fellow begged me to show him the manner in which the miracle was performed, and said he would procure a long line, and adopt the plan, as he was often carried far below the ferry, and sometimes had much difficulty in securing a landing at all. Immediately on gaining the opposite side, we took to the mountains, and in one hour from the river arrived at three Koordish tents; our Tartar conducted us to one of them. Some men and women were milking the sheep and goats, whilst a woman was boiling milk, in a large copper kettle, in a corner of the tent, which is appropriated to cooking, and separated from the other parts by a partition of thin fence-work. She left her employment, and conducted the gentlemen into the tent, spread carpets and cushions for them, and as soon as they were seated presented them with pipes; after this she hurried to bake some cakes, and in a few minutes we all refreshed on excellent sour milk, cheese, and millet bread. During this time the chief had been within ten yards of us, busily employed milking, but did not leave his occupation till he had finished, and let the lambs loose to their dams; he then went to a brook, and, after washing his hands and face, entered the tent and made us welcome, regretting we could not stay all night: after remaining a short time we bad them farewell, and proceeded. A few pins, which I gave the daughters of the chief, were as much thought of as jewels would be in many parts of Europe. After continuing for four hours over some very fine mountains,

covered with excellent pasturage, we came to a noble valley, watered by a fine river, and full of villages, inhabited by Christians. Three hours up this valley brought us to the post-station, a considerable Armenian town (Kanous Kouremai), on the banks of the same little river I before mentioned; here we entered an old church, close to the town, where they were performing mass. The building is very ancient, and the curious figures of sculpture on the tomb-stones, in the cemetry that surrounded the church, represented horses ready saddled, rams, &c.; all, indeed, must have been the work of many ages past.'—pp. 182—184.

There is no doubt that the success of the Russian troops, in Asiatic Turkey, was much facilitated by the Armenian subjects of the Porte, whom a similarity of creed had naturally attached to the invaders. The route of the travellers was almost parallel to the southern coast of the Black Sea, from Arzeroom to Scutari, whence they crossed to Constantinople. The scenery along this route has been often described as of the most romantic character; a sketch from near Koyla-Hissar, will exemplify its peculiar beauty. 'The road here turns off abruptly to the right, and we gazed with astonishment on the almost perpendicular pass we had to ascend to the post-station. An old castle is on the summit of a rocky height above the village; and when we arrived at the top, we looked with admiration on the loveliest spot in nature, high amongst the mountains—hid from the noisy world—remote in nature's very bosom—surrounded with vines and walnut-trees, and enjoying almost every fruit common in Asia; the surrounding mountains are capped with snow, and seldom trod upon, except by the red deer, the wolf, or bear.'

ART. III.—1. *The Cabinet Cyclopædia.—England.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, M.P. Vol. 2. Fcp. pp. 381. London: Longman & Co., and Taylor. 1831.

2. *State Papers. King Henry VIII.* Vol. 1. Parts 1 and 2. 4to. London: Murray. 1831.

TURNER, D'Israeli, Lingard, Hallam, Mackintosh, Palgrave, such are the names of the learned and eminent men, who either lately have been, or still are employed in re-producing, under new forms, the most interesting portions of the History of England. Those amongst us who have passed the middle period of life, had often reason to lament, during the course of their education, that they were obliged to take their notions of the past annals of their country from the erroneous, though plausible, speculations of Hume, the elaborate and methodical dulness of Barrow, the heavy and ungenial narrative of Rapin, and the newspaper paragraphs of Smollet. The rising generations will be infinitely more fortunate in this respect. They will indeed not trouble themselves much with the work of Mr. Turner, the style of which is so obscure and repulsive, not to mention the bigotry which glares in every page that relates to religion; neither will they linger with prolonged

delight over the tomes of Mr. D'Israeli, highly lauded, though these have been, by some of our unreflecting contemporaries. He has affected to write grave history in the language of a court journal, and to put forward the most ordinary transactions with an air of mystery, as if they were the result of secret intrigues and combinations, which he alone has had the good fortune to discover. But when the students, of whose better fate we speak, open the volumes of Dr. Lingard, they will no longer associate ideas of labour and pain with the acquisition of historical knowledge. Beguiled by the concise, graceful, and transparent language, in which relations of even the every-day occurrences of human life are clothed by his cunning hand; admiring the judicial integrity, with which conflicting evidence is everywhere balanced, and the masterly power of discrimination, by which, often from the thickest confusion, he extricates the valuable truth, they will go on from reign to reign, gathering the knowledge and experience which arise from a thorough acquaintance with those men, who, in former ages, exercised a marked influence upon the character of our nation. Then, but not until then, will they be able to peruse with advantage the classic work of Hallam, and the series of essays upon our constitution and laws, as well as upon the social and commercial progress of England, which, under the title of its 'History,' Sir James Mackintosh is now, happily, presenting to the world. When reviewing the first volume of this work upon a former occasion, we feel that we judged the narrative portions of it perhaps with too much strictness. We expected, that in those portions the author would have displayed the same commanding genius and power, which shine with so much lustre in his commentaries upon the great charter, the rise of the house of commons, and other important subjects of that nature. But, in truth, we had not fully penetrated the real design of the distinguished author, which seems to be confined to the history of the constitution of England. The wars in which it has been engaged from time to time, have no charm whatever for his mind; he is altogether unskilled in the language of military description. He thinks it inconsistent with the dignity of his leading subject, to linger, even for a moment, upon a field of battle abroad, or of civil strife at home. A recorded misrepresentation of a date, or of the means by which a victory was achieved, is sufficient to turn him away from the theme, as if the whole were a tissue of falsehood, or at least of doubt, which it would not be worth his while to unravel. His legal education, and the philosophical and critical inclinations of his mind, fortunately for posterity, urge him constantly to the nobler field of speculation and reflection, where he usually succeeds in collecting a rich harvest of practical truth, unassailable principles of liberty, and many of those lessons of wisdom and of charity, which are intimately connected with the happiness and utility of private, as well as of public life.

If a reader were to form a hasty judgment of this second volume, by the manner in which the wars of the roses, constituting the early portion of it, are related, he would unquestionably pronounce it a failure. Facts are given in a confused and grovelling style, as if the object were to produce rather a bad list of contents, than a history. Accounts of battles, upon which the fate of the nation hung, are dismissed in a line, merely stating the conflict and the result, and leaving scarcely any impression behind that "such things were." But we must content ourselves throughout to forego all the pleasures that spring from tragic emotions. We cannot justly appreciate the labours of Sir James, unless we sit down to them with a mind as tempered as his own, and prepared on all occasions rather to discuss with him a debatable question of constitutional law, than the movements of an army.

The volume commences with the accession of the sixth Harry, when a mere puling infant, to a throne upon which he was physically incapable of sitting, and by whose command, although he could not yet speak, a Parliament was summoned, and a regency constituted, 'with all the circumstances of grave mockery and solemn falsehood, which characterise the acts done in the name of minor kings.' It is noticed, that upon the occasion of his marriage in 1445, the citizens of London already began to 'mingle the display of their commercial wealth with the gorgeous magnificence of princes and lords.' The rebellion of Jack Cade is told in fewer words than are bestowed upon the discussion of the difference between a peculiar and a general pardon, and of the legal effect of the amnesty, in violation of which that bold chieftain and several of his followers suffered death. The rivalries of the dukes of York and Somerset, the leaders of the adverse factions, which, for so many years, disturbed the country and drained it of its best blood, are narrated with a continued effort at brevity, which often becomes affectation. But this we must forgive, seeing the minute attention that is paid to every particular connected with the Duke of York's claim to the crown, and his assumption of the regal power, and with the conduct of the Parliament upon these trying emergencies. Again, there is little in the author's account of Warwick, the celebrated "king-maker," that corresponds with the historical associations which have long been linked with his memory; and all that we read of the famous battle of Tewkesbury, in which the pride of the Lancastrians was for ever laid prostrate, is, that it 'concluded this sanguinary war.' But, by way of compensation, we are indulged with some ethical reflections on the character of the ill-fated Harry. 'Our compassion,' says Sir James, 'for the misfortunes of such a person, would hardly go beyond the boundary of instinctive pity, if an extraordinary provision had not been made by nature to strengthen the social affections. We are so framed to feel as if all harmlessness arose from a pure and gentle mind; and something of the beauty of intentional goodness is lent to those who

only want the power of doing ill. The term innocence is ambiguously employed for impotence and abstinence. A man in a station such as that of a king, which is generally surrounded with power and dignity, is apt to be considered as deliberately abstaining from evil when he inflicts none, although he be really withheld, as in the case of Henry, by an incapacity to do either good or harm. Nature, by an illusion more general and more momentous, benevolently beguiles us into a tenderness for the beings who most need it, inspiring us with the fond imagination, that the innocence of children is the beautiful result of mature reason and virtue; a sentiment partaking of the same nature, with the feelings which dispose the good man to be merciful to his beast.' Now, with all possible respect for Sir James Mackintosh, we conceive that this passage might be cited as an example of his extreme tendency to cast every thing in the mould of his philosophy.

The author removes from Richard III., the odium of having murdered the deposed and imbecile Harry, merely upon the ground of such a deed being improbable, as his head had already been spared amidst so many other scenes of blood. The events of the usurper's reign are coolly disposed of in a few prosaic pages; but, adhering to his real, though not avowed plan, Sir James closes this part of his history with a digression, in which he treats of the influence of the aristocracy upon the election of members of the lower house, and shews that such interposition of the grandees was well understood, not at all disguised, and almost universal. Some of the instances which Sir James cites, in proof of the extensive power exercised over the elections, by the magnates of those days, are really curious.

The troubled, though prosperous, reign of Henry VII. occupies about forty pages of this volume; it is distinguished chiefly by the difficulties which the Sovereign had to encounter, in repressing the evils arising out of the inveterate licentiousness, which the wars of the roses had generated. It was for the accomplishment of that purpose, that the court, afterwards rendered the most odious of all tribunals under the title of the star chamber, was constituted. Its original object was 'the suppression of unlawful combinations which endanger the public quiet, or disturb the ordinary dispensation of the law.' The discretionary powers assumed by the judges of that court soon, however, rendered it a most formidable instrument in the hands of the executive; one, indeed, with which, as its destruction ultimately proved, the constitution could not possibly co-exist. The discovery, by Cabot, of the coast of Labrador, and the conclusion of the commercial treaty between England and Burgundy, shed upon this reign a much more honourable celebrity. The author's remarks upon this treaty exhibit, in a very favourable view, the faculty which he possesses of seizing upon those epochs in the transactions of men, which mark the completion of great improvements.

'The vast importance of a free and active exchange of all the products of human industry manifestly appears from this treaty, to have become an article in the political belief of some orders in the states, which had been taught the value of traffic by experience. When we now read such national transactions, we feel our approach to those mighty, but then unobserved, changes, which were about to raise the middle classes of men to more influence than they had ever before enjoyed; to restore personal property to that equality with real, of which the feudal institutions had robbed it; in due time to extend political importance to the lowest limits of liberal education; and at length to diffuse that education so widely as to alter the seat of power, and to bring into question many opinions hitherto prevalent amongst statesmen.

'That the rise of the pacific and industrious classes should coincide with the discoveries of a new continent and of eastern commerce, can only be thought accidental by shallow observers of human affairs. When we consider the previous discoveries, the coincidence of the voyages of Columbus with that of Gama, and with the conclusion of the treaty now under consideration, it appears evident that the growing wealth of the trading body was the parent of the passion for discovery, and the most important agent in the expeditions against the new world. The attractions of romantic adventure, the impulse of the fancy to explore unknown lands, doubtless, added dignity to such enterprises, and some of the higher classes engaged in them with a portion of the warlike and proselytising spirit of crusaders. But the hope of new produce, and of exchanges more profitable, were the impelling motives of the discovery. The commercial classes were the first movers. The voyages first enriched them, and contributed, in the course of three centuries, to raise them to a power of which no man can now either limit the extent or foretel the remote consequences. As America was discovered by the same spirit which began to render all communities in their structure more popular, it is not singular that she should herself most widen the basis of government, and become the most democratical of states. That vast continent was first settled for her rich commodities. She is now contemplated at a higher stage of her progress,—for her prospects, her men, and her laws, to which the wisest men will not be the most forward to apply the common-place arguments and opinions founded in the ancient systems of Europe.'—pp. 103—104.

The greatest blot upon the character of Henry VII. was his inordinate love of money, which he accumulated to an amount of about £16,000,000 of our money, by the most tyrannical exactions. As a king he was indeed feared, but as a man his memory will always be detested.

The reign of Henry VIII. offers a fruitful field of discussion to the speculative genius of Sir James Mackintosh. His attention is, as was to be expected, principally devoted to the Reformation, the origin and progress of which he details with more than usual minuteness, and with as much impartiality as, perhaps, any freethinker in matters of religion could be supposed capable of. His general reflections upon that memorable event are conceived in the genuine spirit of history:—

'The Reformation of 1517, was the first successful example of resistance

to human authority. The reformers discovered the free use of reason; the principle came forth with the Lutheran revolution, but it was so confused and obscured by prejudice, by habit, by sophistry, by inhuman hatred, and by slavish prostration of mind, to say nothing of the capricious singularities and fantastic conceits which spring up so plentifully in ages of reformation, that its chiefs were long unconscious of the potent spirit which they had set free. It is not yet wholly extricated from the impurities which followed it into the world. Every reformer has erected, all his followers have laboured to support, a little papacy in their own community. The founders of each sect owned, indeed, that they had themselves revolted against the most ancient and universal authorities of the world; but they, happy men! had learnt all truth, they therefore forbad all attempts to enlarge her stores, and drew the line beyond which human reason must no longer be allowed to cast a glance.

'The popish authority claimed by Lutherans and Calvinists was, indeed, more odious and more unreasonable, because more self-contradictory, than that which the ancient church inherited through a long line of ages; inasmuch as the reformers did not pretend to infallibility, perhaps the only advantage, if it were real, which might in some degree compensate for the blessings of an independent mind, and they now punished with death those dissenters who had only followed the examples of the most renowned of protestant reformers, by a rebellion against authority, for the sake of maintaining the paramount sovereignty of reason.

'The flagrant inconsistency of all protestant intolerance is a poison in its veins which must destroy it. The clerical despotism was directly applicable only to works on theology; but, as religion is the standard of morality, and politics are only a portion of morality, all great subjects were interdicted, and the human mind, enfeebled and degraded by this interdict, was left with its cramped and palsied faculties to deal with inferior questions, on condition, even then, of keeping out of view every truth capable of being represented as dangerous to any dogma of the established system. The suffering of the Wickliffites, the Vaudois, and the Bohemians, seemed indeed to have fully proved the impossibility of extinguishing opinion by any persecution in which a large body of men can long concur. But the two centuries which followed the preaching of Luther, taught us, by one of the most sanguinary and terrific lessons of human experience, that in the case of assaults on mental liberty, providence has guarded that paramount privilege of intelligent beings, by confining the crimes of mankind, as it has seen fit for a season to allow that their virtues should be circumscribed. Extirpation is the only persecution which can be successful, or even not destructive of its own object. Extirpation is conceivable; but the extirpation of a numerous sect is not the work of a moment. The perseverance of great bodies in such a process, for a sufficient time, and with the necessary fierceness, is happily impracticable. Rulers are mortal: shades of difference in capacity, character, opinion, arise among their successors. Aristocracies themselves, the steadiest adherents to established maxims and revered principles of rule, are exposed to the contagion of the times. Julius aimed at Italian conquest; Leo thought only of art and pleasure: Adrian burned alike with zeal for reforming the clergy and for maintaining the faith. Higher causes are in action for the same purpose. If pity could be utterly rooted out, and conscience struck dumb; if mercy were banished,

and fellow feeling with our brethren were extinguished; if religion could be transformed into bigotry, and justice had relapsed into barbarous revenge; even in that direful state, the infirmities, nay, the vices of men, indolence, vanity, weariness, inconstancy, distrust, suspicion, fear, anger, mutual hatred, and hostile contest, would do some part of the work of the exiled virtues, and dissolve the league of persecution long before they could exterminate the conscientious.'—pp. 132—134.

We have never read a finer rebuke of the system of persecution, than the closing sentences of this eloquent passage. We subscribe cordially to every word of them, and would most anxiously desire that they were lettered in gold, and hung up in the cabinet of every state in the civilized world. With respect to the causes which the author enumerates, as preparing the way to the Reformation on the continent, he is, we think, in the main correct. That there were several abuses in existence, when Luther began to preach, which it was essential to the cause of christianity to extirpate, no well-informed man will deny. But the question whether, in attacking and removing those abuses, the leaders of the Reformation, as well as their disciples, to this hour, have not extended their alterations greatly beyond the necessity of the case, and to the serious prejudice of that very fabric of christianity which they have all professed to uphold, is one that still remains to be decided. The principle sought to be established by the "Reformation" was the substitution of *reason* for *authority*. Men were enabled by it to form out of the Bible a religion for themselves, guided only by the light of their own minds, and were no longer subjected to the authority of the Pope, or the councils of the church. Three hundred years have seen this momentous change in constant operation, and what, we ask, is the result? Let any reasonable man put his hand upon his heart, and inquire whether in England, for example, the true spirit of christianity is to be found prevailing to any very general extent? Is *authority* really banished from the church here, and is *reason* the only director of the faith of the people? Is not the authority of the king constantly resorted to in the ecclesiastical system established amongst us? Is he not the Pope of the Protestant worship? Has the Archbishop of Canterbury no *authority*?—The Archbishop of York no authority?—The Bishop of London no authority? Have the Thirty-nine Articles no authority? By whose *authority* were those articles framed? By whose *authority* is the Bible printed? Is not the church itself established by the authority of law? Authority extinguished indeed! He is an impostor who would deliberately assert that the Protestant church in England is not, with its regular hierarchy, based in all its parts upon authority, in the strictest sense, and that so long as an individual remains in communion with it, he can no more exercise his reason than he could if he had lived before the Reformation. It is true he may take up the Bible, and form a religion of his own, and refuse to acknowledge the validity of the Thirty-nine Articles, or of any one of them. All this

he may do—but then he would no longer be a member of the church of England. If he were a bishop, the mitre would be torn from his head; if a curate, the door of the church would be for ever shut against him.

And then as to the substitution of *reason* for authority,—the boasted triumph of the reformers,—we take leave to ask, has reason been substituted for authority in those countries to which the reformation has yet reached? What is reason? Johnson defines it to be "the power by which man deduces one proposition from another." It would be absurd to contend that, even among men of the best education, this power exists in a uniform manner, so as to lead them all to derive the same conclusions from the same premises. Let us look for example to the most astute men in our own country, the judges of the land. Have they uniformly drawn the same conclusions from the same premises? On the contrary, are not our reports of judicial decisions ever varying and contradictory in principles and in consequences, offering to the world a frightful spectacle, of the errors to which the human mind is liable, when left to its own guidance? Again, look to the display of the reasoning power in our legislature. Are ten independent members often found to agree, in either house, in drawing the same conclusions from the same principles? And even if they do so agree, are they always right? Are the fifty quarto volumes of statutes which they have given us, the depositories of right principles and consistent conclusions? Are the legislative reasoners of one reign never laughed at by those of another? Not to go farther than the laws of England alone, as specimens of the power of the human mind, exhibited in what ought to be its best and noblest exertions of wisdom, we should say, with great humility, that what is called *reason*, is a faculty which, in its perfection, is very thinly diffused amongst mankind; that in the mass it is often darkened by ignorance, corrupted by vice, and controlled by passion; that, generally speaking, it is a wavering, flickering, and unsatisfactory light, resembling more the ignis fatuus, than the steady lustre of that miraculous star of the north, which has never yet changed its place in the heavens. And yet this is the delusive light which the reformation has enthroned in the place of authority! We see the consequences in Germany, where no two congregations agree in religion, where every doctrine of christianity has been refined into a mystical science, which few can comprehend, and where practical infidelity is now almost universal. We behold, with terror, similar consequences spreading wider ruin every day in England, where scarcely any three Protestants will agree in giving the same exposition of their religion; where a little pope is found in every corner, in the person of the shoemaker, the tailor, the carpenter, the sailor, and the gardener; who, getting tired of his trade, turns preacher, finds disciples, rents a chapel, and inculcates such doctrines as his miserable taper of reason can light him to through the intricacies of the Bible.

The characters of Wolsey and Luther, two of the great spirits of the age, are drawn with a masterly and impartial hand. The intellectual portrait of the latter is exquisitely finished.

'It ought not to be doubted by a just man, of whatever communion, that Martin Luther was an honest, disinterested, and undaunted man; magnanimous in prosperous as well as adverse fortune, without the slightest taint of any disposition which rested on self as its final aim; elevated by the consciousness of this purity in his motives, and by the humble desire to conform his mind to the model of supreme perfection, and to adapt his actions to the laws which flowed from the source of all good, through reason and through revelation. On the other hand, it must be allowed that his virtues were better fitted for revolutions than for quiet; that he often sacrificed peace and charity to trivial differences of opinion, or perhaps unmeaning oppositions of language; and that his scurrilous and merciless writings, as a controversialist, both manifested and excited very odious passions. But the object of his life was religious truth; and, in the pursuit of this single and sublime end, he delivered reason from the yoke of human authority, and contributed to set it free from all subjection, except that which is due to Supreme Wisdom—" whose service is perfect freedom."

'The tales propagated against this great man prove his formidable power. He was said openly to deride all that he taught, to have composed hymns to his favourite vice of drunkenness, to disbelieve the immortality of the soul; nay, even to have been an atheist. He was represented to have been the fruit of the commerce of his mother with a demon,—a fable which, in the end of the seventeenth century, writers of some reputation thought it necessary to disavow. Notes of his table-talk, published many years after his death, and then, perhaps, very inaccurately, continued to furnish the viler sort of antagonists with means of abuse, in the ardent phrases which fell from him amidst the negligence of familiar conversation.' *- p. 244.

But it is upon the character of Sir Thomas More, that the author has dwelt with the most cordial delight. His best feelings seem to have been all invigorated with youthful freshness, while his pen was engaged in relating the career, and painting the misfortunes of that distinguished lawyer. We can only give the closing scene of his life. It will touch the most manly heart.

'On his return from his arraignment at Westminster, Margaret Roper, his first-born child, waited on the Tower wharf, where he landed, to see her father, as she feared, for the last time; and after he had stretched out his arms in token of a blessing, while she knelt at some distance to implore and receive it, "she, hastening towards him, without consideration or care of herself, pressing in amongst the throng, and the arms of the guard, that with halberts and bills went around him, ran to him, and openly, in the presence of them all, embraced him, took him about the neck, and kissed him. He, well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection, gave her again his fatherly blessing. After she was departed, she, like one that had forgotten herself, being all ravished with the entire love of her dear father, having respect neither to herself nor to the multitude, turned back, ran to him as before, took him about the

* 'Bayle, art. Luther.'

neck, and divers times kissed him most lovingly; the beholding of which made many who were present, for very sorrow thereof, to weep and mourn." In his answer to her on the last day of his life, he expressed himself thus touchingly, in characters traced with a coal, the only means of writing which was left within his reach:—"Dear Megg, I never liked your manner better towards me as when you kissed me last. For I like when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy." On the morning of his execution he entreated that his darling daughter might be allowed to attend his funeral. He was noted among his friends for the strength of his natural affection, and for the warmth of all the household and family kindnesses which bless a home. But he prized Margaret above his other progeny, which she merited by resemblance to himself in beauty of form, in power of mind, in variety of accomplishments, and, above all, in a pure and tender nature. His innocent playfulness did not forsake him in his last moments. His harmless pleasantry, in which he habitually indulged, now showed his perfectly natural character, together with a quiet and cheerfulness of mind, which formed the graceful close of a virtuous life.

'The only petition he made on the day of execution was, that his beloved Margaret might be allowed to be present at his burial. His friend, Sir Thomas Pope, who was sent to announce to More his doom, answered, "The king is already content that your wife, children, and other friends, may be present thereat." Pope, on taking his leave, could not refrain from weeping: More comforted him: "I trust that we shall once in heaven see each other full merrily, where we shall be sure to live and love togethef in joyful bliss." When going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it seemed ready to fall, he said to the lieutenant, "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up; and as to coming down, let me shift for myself." Observing some signs of shame in the executioner, he said, "Pluck up thy spirits man, my neck is very short; take heed therefore of a stroke awry, by which you will lose your credit." On kneeling to receive the fatal stroke, he said to the executioner, "My beard has not offended the king, let me put it aside." That the whole of his deportment in his dying moments, thus full of tenderness and pleasantry, of natural affection, of benevolent religion, came without effort from his heart, is apparent from the perfect simplicity with which he conducted his own defence, in every part of which he avoided all approaches to theatrical menace, or ostentatious defiance; and, instead of provoking his judges to violence, seemed by his example willing to teach them the decorum and mildness of the judgment seat. He used all the means of defence which law or fact afforded, as calmly as if he expected justice. Throughout his sufferings he betrayed no need of the base aids from pride and passion, which often bestow counterfeit fortitude on a public death.

'The love of Margaret Roper continued to display itself in those outwardly unavailing tokens of tenderness to his remains, by which affection seems to perpetuate itself; ineffectually, indeed, for the object, but very effectually for softening the heart and exalting the soul. She procured his head to be taken down from London Bridge, where more odious passions had struggled in pursuit of a species of infernal immortality by placing it. She kept it during her life as a sacred relic, and was buried, with that object of fondness in her arms, nine years after she was separated

from her father. Erasmus called her the ornament of her Britain, and the flower of the learned matrons of England, at a time when education consisted only of the revived study of ancient learning. He survived More only a few months, but composed a beautiful account of his martyrdom, though, with his wonted fearfulness, under an imaginary name.—pp. 183—185.

In treating of the dissolution of the monasteries, Sir James Mackintosh enters at large, and with his wonted ability, into the difficult question of church property. After shewing that property, or, in other words, the legal possession of real or personal effects, is of so sacred a nature, that the government which does not adequately protect it, is guilty of a violation of the first duty of just rulers; and that although property may be created by the law, it by no means follows that it can justly be taken away by the law,—the learned author thus winds up his unanswerable arguments against the spoliations of Henry.

'The clergy, though for brevity sometimes called a corporation, were rather an order in the state composed of many corporations. Their share of the national wealth was immense, consisting of land devised by pious men, and of a tenth part of the produce of the soil, set apart by the customary law of Europe for the support of the parochial clergy. Each clergyman had only in this case an estate for life, to which, during its continuance, the essential attribute of inviolable possession was as firmly annexed by law as if it had been perpetual. The corporate body was supposed to endure till it was abolished in some of the forms previously and specially provided for by law.

'For one case, however, of considerable perplexity, there was neither law nor precedent to light the way. Whenever the supreme power deemed itself bound to change the established church, or even materially to alter the distribution of its revenues, a question necessarily arose concerning the moral boundaries of legislative authority in such cases. It was not, indeed, about a legal boundary; for no specific limit can be assigned to its right of exacting obedience within the national territory. The question was, what governments could do morally and righteously,—what is right for them to do, and what they would be enjoined by a just superior, if such a personage could be found among their fellow-men? At first it may seem that the lands should be restored to the heirs of the original grantor. But no provision for such a reversion was made in the grant. No expectation of its occurrence was entertained by their descendants. No habit or plan of life had been formed on the probability of it. The grantors or founders had left their property to certain bodies, under the guardian power of the commonwealth, without the reserve of any remainder to those who, after the lapse of centuries, might prove themselves to be their representatives. It is a case not very dissimilar to that of an individual who died without discoverable heirs, and whose property for that reason, falls to the state. It appeared, therefore, meet and righteous, that in this new case, after the expiration of the estates for life, the property, granted for a purpose no longer deemed good or the best, should be applied by the legislature to other purposes which they considered as better. But the sacredness of life estates is an essential condition of the justice of such measures. No man

thinks an annuity for life less inviolable during his life, than a portion of land granted to him and to his heirs for ever. That estate might, indeed, be forfeited by a misperformance of duty; but perfect good faith is in such a case more indispensable than in most others. Fraud can convey no title; false pretences justify no acts. There were gross abuses in the monasteries; but it was not for their offences that the monastic communities fell. The most commendable application of their revenues would have been to purposes as like those for which they were granted, as the changes in religious opinion would allow. These were religious instruction and learned education. Some faint efforts were made to apply part to the foundation of new bishoprics; but this was only to cover the profusion with which the produce of rapine was lavished on courtiers and noblemen, to purchase their support of the confiscations, and to ensure their zeal and that of their descendants against the restoration of popery.

'It is a melancholy truth, and may be considered by some as a considerable objection to the principles which have been thus shortly expounded, that if in "the seizure of abbey lands" the life estates had been spared, the monks, who were the main stay of papal despotism, and the most deadly foes of all reform, would have had arms in their hands which might have rendered them irresistible. It must, perhaps, be acknowledged, that it was more necessary to the security of Henry's partial reformation, to strip the monasteries at that moment, than to dissolve communities, which a better regulation might in future reconcile to the new system.

'We are assured by Sir Thomas More, "that in all the time while he was conversant with the court, of all the nobility of this land he found no more than seven that thought it right or reasonable to take away their possessions from the clergy." So inconsiderable was the original number of those who, not many years after, accomplished an immense revolution in property.*

'To which it must be answered, that the observance of justice is more necessary than security for any institution; that many regulations might have stood instead of one deed of rapine; that the milder expedients would have provoked fewer and more reconcileable enemies; that if, on the whole, they afford less security, the legislature were at least bound to try all means before they, who were appointed to be the guardians of right, set the example of so great a wrong. Rulers can never render so lasting a service to a people as by the example, in a time of danger, of justice to formidable enemies, and of mercy to obnoxious delinquents. These are glorious examples for which much is to be hazarded.'—pp. 220—222.

It is a striking and indisputable proof of the fallacy upon which the "Reformation" was and continues to be founded, that it left, and still leaves undecided, the very question upon which Luther and Calvin separated from the church of Rome. That great question, as our readers know, was simply this:—*Who is the competent judge in cases of a disputed interpretation of Holy Writ?* And now, after a lapse of three hundred years, we ask *who?* The question will be echoed to the last days of the reformed establishments, without the slightest chance of its being answered, unless in the warning sar-

* 'Apology of Sir T. More, 1533.'

casm of Sir James Mackintosh. 'In order to escape the visible necessity of granting that liberty of private judgment to all mankind, which could alone justify their own assaults on popes and councils, they (the reformed churches) in effect, vested a despotic power over the utterance of religious doctrines in lay sovereigns, *who had not even the recommendation of professing to know the subject in dispute.*'!

Sir James touches rather too slightly upon the important question of divorce, in summing up the ecclesiastical laws which were enacted in the reign of Edward VI. It is a subject well worth his attention in a separate treatise, for unless some material alteration be made in the practice of the law, the marriage bond will, in the course of a generation or two, be looked upon in this country as a mere matter of mutual convenience, binding the parties so long as they like each other, and dissolvable upon the first disagreement.

The religious persecutions which took place in the reigns both of Edward and Mary, are weighed by Sir James in the scales of even-handed justice. We fully subscribe to the indignant language, in which the intolerance of both these sovereigns is condemned. The narratives of their reigns are, however, inferior, doubtless from the monotony of the matter, to that of the period of their predecessor, Henry VIII., which we look upon as the author's masterpiece.

We perceive that he had not the advantage of perusing the "state papers" of that reign, published under the authority of the royal commission, until after his volume was printed. The publication reflects credit upon the government which ordered it, as well as upon the gentlemen who have had the care of preparing the documents for the press—a task of infinite labour, and, in many instances, of no ordinary difficulty. The most interesting of these papers are those that relate to the question of Henry's divorce from Catherine, consisting chiefly of letters from Wolsey to the king. In one of these we have an ample account of the interview which the Cardinal had with Bishop Fisher, in order to sound him, he being the Queen's adviser, upon the then projected measure. The volume contains also several letters, in which Wolsey, after he lost the favour of the king, and was subjected to severe persecution, implored his royal master's mercy and forgiveness. They afford a painful picture of inordinate pride levelled to the dust, and stripping misfortune of all its native dignity by unmanly lamentations and tears. From amidst these degrading transactions the faithful attachment of Thomas Cromwell to his patron, Wolsey, even in the darkest hour of adversity, stands out as a redeeming feature, upon which the wearied mind reposes with unqualified delight. The interrogatories administered to Fisher, also find a place in this volume, as well as a variety of other documents, which are, upon the whole, however, rather curious, than interesting in a historical point of view. The commissioners have arranged

the contents of the volume under the following heads:—I. The correspondence between the king and Cardinal Wolsey:—II. That between the king and his other ministers at home:—III. That between the governments of England and Ireland:—IV. That between the government and the king's representatives on the Scottish border:—V. That between the government and the king's representatives at Calais and its dependencies:—VI. That between the court of England, and foreign courts:—VII. Miscellaneous. Under these heads not only papers of an historical character are given, but also such as are supposed capable of illustrating "the religion, the morals, the manners, the habits, the naval or military history, the commerce, or the literature of the day."

A single extract from the account which Wolsey gives to Henry of his reception in France, whither he had been dispatched on a special embassy, will perhaps sufficiently gratify the curiosity of the reader.

"'Whereunto after myn answer made, we merched forwarde; and, within a little distance, eftsones mete with me the bailif, minstres, and justices of the saide cite, who, with a semblable oracion, of like purporte and contynue, saluted and welcomed me; wherunto after convenient answer made, we proceeded further, and within a myle and a halfe of the cite, the Frenche king, riding upon a grey jenet, apparelled in a cote of blak velvet, cut in diverse places for shewing of the lynyng therof, whiche was white satyn, accompanyed with the King of Navarre, the Cardinal of Burbon, the Duke of Vandome, the Counte Saintpole, Mons. de Gize, Mons. Vaudamount, the grete mastre, the Seneshall of Normandy, with diverse archbishops, bishops, and other noble men, avaunced him self towardes me, to whose person (assone as I had the sight therof), deviding my company on bothe handes, in most reverent maner, sole and alone, I did accelerate my repaire and accesse; and his grace doing the semblable for his parte, being discovered, with his bonnet in his hande, encountred, and with most herty, kinde, loving countenaunce and maner, embraced me, presenting unto me the King of Navarre, with the Cardinall of Burbon, the Duke of Vandome, and the forsaide noble personages, by whom also I was likewise welcommed; in the tyme of doing wherof, the Frenche king saluted my lord of London, my lord chamberlain, master comptroller, the chaunceler of the duchy, and such other your servauntes and gentlemen as accompanyed me. After whiche salutacions fynished and made, on bothe sydes, the saide Frenche king retourned with loving and joyewes countenaunce, most hertely demaunding of your highnesses good welfare and prosperite, wherof to here was most to his consolacion and comforte, for your highnes was the prince whom he most loved, honored, and estemed, and was most indebted unto, forasmoche as by your only meanes his realme was preserved from all parell and daungiers, and he hym self, deteyned in captivite, was also restoured to his said realme and libertie; for the whiche your noblenes and gratitude, he, duerine his lif, shal not only be to your highnes as most humble servaunt, but as a slave; accumylating as many good and well set wordes to that purpose, as coude be devised, in suche a constant, assured, and loving maner, that the same appered not to be fayned, but to procede of an entier mynde, affection, and hert. Wherunto, after I had gyven suche answer as

apperteyned, with making of your graces most cordiall recommendacions, declaracion, and rehersall of the herty good mynde and will, that your highnes beireth unto hym, I shewed that hering of his and my ladies, his moders, diseases, was verey hevy, and sory that he and she had taken so grete payne, in making so grete jorneys and travaile to mete with me; for the aleviacion whereof I was not only desirous, yf I might have been suffred so to have don, but also I had in commaundement from your grace to have repaired unto Parys. To the whiche he sayde and answered, the innumerable benefites of your highnes considered, and that I was sent from the same as your lieutenaunt, being alwaies propice and redy to entercorre, as a loving mynister, for thestablishing, contynuance, norishing, and encreace of god amyte bitwene your highnes and hym, your realmes and subjectes, hit had ben his duete to have met me in the confynes of his realme. And so, passing to gedre by the waye, placing me (albeit I refused the same) on his lift hande, he was glad to fynde and take occasion to talke and speke of your highnes vertuous noble personage, excellent qualities, and pastyme; remembring oftentymes, and alwaies repeting, the grete humanite, kindnes, and gratitude, that he hathe founde in the same. And to thintent, as me semed, I shulde thinke that he gretely estemed all suche thinges as were sent from your highnes unto hym, he caused the Counte Saint Pole, Mons. de Gize, and Mons. de Vadamount, to ryde next affore hym, upon three of the horsses, that your highnes had sent unto hym; wherof the one, being a beye, he sayd was the best, the lightest, and most mete for the warre, of any that ever he sawe, or coulde be founde in Christendom, and most resembled, as he had apparelled hym, to the horsses of Turkey, farr surmounting any that might be founde or recovered in the same. And thus entring and passing thorugh oute the cite, whiche was mervelously replenished with people, crying 'Vive le roy!' he forgate not, farre above my dessertes, to recognise howe moche he, his moder, and realme, were bounden unto me, and howe hertely I was welcome unto them. And bicause he did knowe (so it pleased hym to say) that your highnes used me in al your affaires, as your chiefe and principall counsaillour, so he from hensforthe wolde do the same; praying me, therfore, to be contented with so les affection to embrace his affaires, than I dailly do, and have done, your graces oun; assuring me, that whatsoever I shulde thinke to be don therin, he wold folowe, and put the same in execucion accordingly; taking and reputing me, from this tyme forwarde, as a common chaunceler and minister; trusting therby, that all his causes, whiche hitherto, for lak of good handling, have not had the best and most fortunate successe, shulde revive, and be of a better sorte, than they have ben heretofore. Declaring, furthermore, howe that Mons. Moret had distrussed, taken, and brent 2 grete carrikes of Jeane, laden with ordenaunce, munitions, and vitall for defence therof; and that themperours chaunceler, nowe arrived ther, (for the apprehencion of whose person ther be practises set forthe not unlikely to take effecte), skaped narowly the handes of the said Mouret. And so still riding thorugh the stretes, in the principall places wherof were diverse pagentes wel divised, expressing the grete desire that they have to peax, the reparacion of Christes churche and see apostolique to the pristyne dignite, with perfite hope and trust that the same shall succeede by your graces high polycy, wisedome, auctorite, and mediacion, intermyxting me, in the abett of a cardinall, as your graces minister and servaunt, for thac-

complishement and attayning therof. And albeit I often demaunded what his graces intent was, seing we were past his palaice, wherin he was lodged, to go and procede any further thorugh the cite, conjecting therby that his intent was to accompany me to my lodging, whiche to do I refused, with as many humble persuasions and exhortacions as I could divise; yet it was not in my power to disuade hym, but in any wise he wolde accompany me to the same, without suffring me to retorne with hym to his palaice. And so, after demaunde whider I wolde see my lady that night (wherof I shewed my self to be veray glad and desyrous), I departed from hym, and, by the cardinall of Loreyn, was brought and accompanyed into my lodging, whiche I founde richely and pomposely apparelled with the Frenche kinges oun stuff; as the utter chamber, with riche clothe of tyssue and sylver, paned, embroderd with freres knottes, wherin was a grete and large clothe of astate of the same stuff and sorte. The seconde chamber was apparelled with crymyson velvet, embroderd, and replenished with large letters of gold, of F and A, crowned, with an other veray large clothe of astate, of fyne aras. And the thrid chamber, being my bedd chamber, was apparelled with riche clothe of tyssue, raised, and a grete sparver and counterpointe to the same. And the 4th, being as a closet, was hanged with clothe of bawdikyn, wherunto was annexed a litle gallary, hanged with crymyson velvet. And after a litle pawse, and shifting of my self, ther was sent unto my lodging the cardinall of Burbon, the Duke of Vandome, with many other prelates and noble men, to conduce me to my ladies presence, who was lodged in the bishops palaies; in the hall wherof, being large and spacious, richely hanged and apparelled with aras, was placed and set in right good order, on bothe sydes, the Frenche kinges garde, my lady his moder, the Quene of Navarre, Madam Reynet, the Duches of Vandom, the King of Naverres suster, with a greate nomber of other ladies and gentlewomen, stonding in the myddes: to whose presence I sumwhat approching, and drawing nigh, my said lady also avauncing her self forwardes, in most loving and pleasant maner, encountred, welcomed, and embraced me, and likewise saluted my lord of London, my lord chamberlain, master comptroller, the chaunceler of the duchy, and most parte of suche gentlemen as came with me, and most specially therle of Derbye, whom it liked her grace to kisse, and right lovingly to welcome. In the tyme of doing wherof I, for my parte, semblably saluted the Quene of Navarre, Madame Reynet, the Duches of Vandome, the King of Navarres suster, and a grete parte of thother ladies; whiche done on both sides, my lady retorned, and taking me by the arme, ledd and conveyed me into her inner chamber, wher, under a riche clothe of astate, were sett twoo cheyres garnished, oon of blake velvet, and thother with clothe of tissue; wher, after delyvery and reding of your graces letters, whiche semed to be veray pleasant unto her, and making of your highnes most cordiall recommendacions, she demanded right hertely of your graces welfare and prosperite. Wherunto after I had made answer, her pleasour was, that we shuld sitt down, to entre into further communication; in the begynnyng and commencing wherof, she, with well sett and cowched wordes, declared and accumylated the grete benefites and gratuities, whiche your highnes, in her perplexite, hevenes, and adversite had exhibite and shewed to her, and the king, her sonne, whose deliverance and restytucion to liberte, she only referred and ascribed unto your highnes; for the whiche bothe she, her said sonne, and all those

whiche were, or shuld hereafter, descende of hym and his, were bounden to do service unto your highnes, and dailly to pray for the contynuaunce and prosperous astate of the same. And after a right pleasant and elequent discourse made to this purpose, she diverted her communicacion to the rehersall of suche travaile, as I have taken for the conducing and setting forthe of good amite and peax bitwene your highnes and her son, whiche she trusted, by my repaire into thise parties, shulde not only be corroborate, but also, by som good aliance, made perpetuall. In the advauncement and setting forward wherof, she wolde, with all her power, auctorite, and industrye, with no les desire and affeccion, concurre with me, than she had hitherto done in making of the peax temporel, and all other treaties concluded bitwene your highnes and her said sonne; offring and declaring, furthermore, that if in the communicacion or debating therof, either with her sonne, or his counsail, ther shulde insurge any doubte or difficulte, whiche might be to the impechement or hindrance of the said peax and aliance, she wolde so interpone her auctorite, and helping hande, that all thinges shulde be brought to honorable ende and effecte. For the whiche her offres after I had geven convenient thankes, shewing that your highnes had chefely sent me hidre for that purpose, without descending to any other particler pointe of my charge, forasmoche as it was 8 of the cloke, and my lady had not supped, I toke my leve, and retorned home to my lodging, accompanyed with the forsaid Cardinal of Burbon, and Duke of Vandome."'

A highly interesting account of the manner in which the state papers have been preserved, is given by the commissioners, from which it appears, that although the correspondence of the government had accumulated rapidly in the office of the secretary of state, after the revival of letters in the sixteenth century, yet no provision was for some time made for its being arranged in a safe depository. It was entrusted entirely to the custody of the secretary for the time being, who paid so little attention to it, that the preservation of many letters has been entirely accidental. It was not until the year 1578, that a state paper office was first established; to which considerable care was given in the reign of James I. The papers, which had been hitherto kept in chests, were classified, and arranged in the form of a library. Many interesting documents are recorded to have been destroyed during the civil wars, in the time of Charles I. Attempts were also made to destroy some of the papers connected with the affairs of the commonwealth; but we are informed that a large portion of those documents was secured, and now remains in the office which occupies the middle treasury gallery, and a ruinous old house in Great George Street, Westminster. It is remarkable that a very great part of the national archives has been injured by various casualties, by fire, by wet, and vermin. These, however, are not likely to occur again, as a fire-proof building is now in progress for the reception of the state papers, under the sanction of parliament, at the north end of Duke Street, near St. James's Park, which is likely soon to be completed, and to answer, in every respect, the purpose for which it is designed.

The work of Mr. Palgrave, to which we have slightly alluded, is comprised in a recent volume of Mr. Murray's "Family Library." It is written in a remarkably clear and agreeable style; but as it embraces only the Anglo-Saxon period, we must wait for the remaining volumes, before we can give any lengthened notice of a production, which will doubtless deserve our best attention.

ART. IV.—*Social Life in England and France, from the French Revolution in* 1789, *to that of July*, 1830. By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. 8vo. pp. 214. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

IN this light, sketchy, and well written work, the author has displayed a correct and polished taste, and a good deal of that gossiping acquaintance with "men and manners" which it is always delightful to encounter. He is evidently a gentleman of considerable experience in life, since he professes to treat, from personal knowledge, of a period including the last forty years, and intimates that Horace Walpole was amongst his earliest friends. His principal apparent employment in the world has been the pursuit of pleasure, and we have here the fruit of the observations which he has made in the course of his career, upon the constitution and changes of *society* in the two most civilized nations of the globe.

With respect to England, his remarks are much more scanty than we could have desired. Having lived a great part of his life in France, he has devoted by far the larger portion of his volume to that country, considering, perhaps, that the other branch of his subject had been already sufficiently treated, in a lively work which was published here about three years ago, entitled "A comparative view of the social life of England and France, from the restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution,"—a work, indeed, to which the present is an avowed sequel. The difficulties of dissecting and lecturing upon the forms of society amongst us, may possibly have deterred him from entering upon such a task at much length. It is no very easy matter to say what "society" is in this country, and where it is to be seen in its greatest activity and perfection. If we approach the higher classes, during that period of the year when the west end of the town is most populous, and observe the manner in which they occupy their time, we shall find them generally congregating in large masses at the opera, the French plays, the subscription concerts, Almacks, routes in private houses, and, when the weather grows warm, at fêtes champêtres. Now that we have a brilliant and hospitable court, we may add that the drawing-rooms, the balls and the dinners given at St. James's, also frequently attract together large assemblages of the best informed, best educated, best dressed, the wisest, the bravest, and the handsomest persons in the land. But can we find amongst

them, upon any of these occasions, the realization of those ideas which are generally excited in the mind by the term Society?

If we cast our eyes a little lower in the scale of existence, and contemplate the professions, the families of the lawyer, the physician, the sailor, the soldier, and the merchant, we shall possibly perceive amongst them more of the true character of English society, than we can discover elsewhere. Their lives are, however, generally speaking, so retired, that there seems to be no common standard of society established amongst them, beyond the ordinary custom of giving, in the course of the season, a certain number of dinner and evening parties, in which choice viands and old wine, music and quadrilles, fill up the intervals which they devote to social relaxation. There are public institutions, such as the Royal Society, the Society of Arts, the Royal Institution, and latterly the College of Surgeons, at which a common love of science and art unites, occasionally, individuals of different grades, from the prince to the architect. But they have not as yet (though the attempt has been made more than once) succeeded in establishing, at such meetings, that free and familiar conversation, which is essentially requisite to constitute what we understand by social intercourse. The clubs also, of which we have a great number, have altogether failed as promoters of that object. They enable single men, and married men when separated from their families, to dine comfortably, and to read the newspapers and other popular productions at an economical rate. But every approximation to general intercourse amongst the members of those establishments has been constantly checked, by that latent, but ever active indisposition, which Englishmen have to form acquaintance with each other, without the regular preparatory steps of proper introduction and frequent meeting in respectable places.

Society, in fact, in the true meaning of that term, is much more limited in this country than in France, or perhaps, than in any other nation calling itself civilized. We all live upon a scale of expenditure, which has no example upon the continent; we lay out fortunes in the mere decoration and furniture of our houses; we must have equipages; our costume, both for males and females, is enormously costly; the meats and vegetables served at our tables, are purchased at a price three or four-fold greater than they would amount to upon the continent; and hence, though an opulent people, we live, even in private, to the utmost extent of our means, and therefore it is that we are not, and cannot generally be, a social community.

If by society be meant the frequent and unrestrained meeting of many families, who are in equal, or nearly equal classes of life, and who communicate freely with each other upon all matters in which they feel a common interest, thus developing individual character, and influencing, by their example, the manners of the country to which they belong, it is manifest that we have no such

institution in England. It has sometimes happened, as the author of this work remarks, that a distinguished person, such as a late celebrated duchess, whom he characterises under the fictitious name of Lucia, is raised to the throne of fashionable life, and is enabled to impart to it for a while a determined tone; she is surrounded with the elite of all parties, and under her commanding influence all the inferior restraints upon intercourse are broken down. Men of different ranks in life meet together in her presence, conversation is unfettered, wit gives out all its brilliancy, talent all its energy, knowledge all its treasures, wisdom all its instruction, and cheerfulness exhausts its power of entertainment. When the late king first entered life as the Prince of Wales, he also had his court, at which society, varied, it is true, and sometimes not the most virtuous, might have been found. But for a long period, there has been no predominant influence of this kind exhibited in the fashionable world, and consequently no society.

Nevertheless, it would seem to a reflecting mind, that we are possessed of many of the elements, of which society of the best description is composed; and when they are brought together in any considerable force, as they sometimes are, by accidental circumstances, we may perceive that we want only a repeal of the old non-intercourse system, a free trade, as it were, in the exchange of ideas, to rival, if not to surpass, our more fortunate neighbours in this respect. The education of our young men, whether destined for the senate, the learned professions, the field, or the ocean, is now much more generally attended to, and infinitely better directed, than it was before the peace. Confined by the war for a lengthened period to their own country, they had no opportunity of correcting their prejudices, or of polishing their manners. They indulged to satiety in every gratification. They were exceedingly selfish, uncourteous to women, homely in their dress and appearance and in all their ideas. The young men of the present day are the reverse of all this. They are well read in all the necessary, as well as the elegant branches of literature; foreign travel has given simplicity and ease to their manners; their taste is sound upon most points; they are courteous towards the amiable sex, and they no longer drink to intoxication. A party of men will not now consume half a dozen bottles of wine, who, twenty years ago, would have taken to their share half a dozen bottles each.

The change that has taken place among the naval and military men is particularly obvious. Schooled in the trying scenes of the late war, dispersed in all parts of the world, and, we may say, commanding wherever they appeared, their minds have been prodigiously elevated above the rank which their predecessors attained. Hence every military man, and almost every naval officer, is now an author. He can write, and write well. Every garrison town has its library; so also, we believe, have most of the ships of war in commission. In the intercourse of the world, the sailor and the

soldier are no longer distinguishable by professional peculiarities of character, from the ordinary mass of gentlemen. The education of our ladies is also conducted, generally speaking, upon an admirable system, such as is adapted to make them attentive to the duties which usually fall to their share, and to render them interesting as intellectual companions. Their schools are well regulated for the accomplishment of these purposes, and of late years they have been enabled, by the vast circulation of such works as "The Family Library" and those which emanate from the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, to partake constantly at home of the springs of information, of which they could only have slightly tasted in a state of disciplined tuition. The great obstacle to the harmonious combination of these fine social elements, arises, and we fear long will arise, out of the system of our domestic expenditure, which is unnecessarily, and, indeed, unnaturally extravagant.

'The operation of the income tax discovered many curious sources of unexpected wealth, and laid open many still more curious traits of national character in the acquirement and in the use of it. Persons trafficking in stalls, or small shops, actuated by that strict sense of honesty, which had probably been the foundation of their success, gave in incomes of £4,000, and £5,000 a year; and paid, with scrupulous exactness of calculation, to Government, yearly sums four times greater than any they had ever expended on themselves. The same inquisitorial process injured many brilliant commercial reputations, and stopped many in a dangerously rapid pursuit of fortune. In general, the whole body of retail dealers, who, contrary to the ideas and habits of other countries, had been accustomed to see every additional tax, and the weight of all public burdens, fall on their customers, and not on themselves, endured, with less patience than any other order of people, the privation of indulgences to which they had accustomed themselves. They, therefore, so increased the price of every article of their commerce, as at once to secure to themselves the same indulgences and the same profits; thus eluding all contribution to the public necessities, at the expense of the consumers. The immense influx of paper money, from the year 1797, having raised the nominal price of every thing, and the spirit of our government being adverse to all interference with internal policy, allowed this manœuvre of the retail dealers to pass unnoticed. It is to these times that must be referred the great demoralization, on the score of fair-dealing with their employers, which has taken place in this whole order of people. The large fortunes acquired in the public funds, the improvident expenditure necessarily entailed by war, and the carelessness of those who profited by it, allowed of a sort of reciprocity in the imposition of exorbitant charges, which has been since established into a regular system, instead of having ceased with the disastrous times which gave it birth.'—pp. 19—21.

Equal in political rights, it has been too much the fashion to assume, that we should at least appear to be equal to our neighbours in point of fortune. We sacrifice comfort to ostentation. The author is much mistaken in supposing that the pressure of

the income tax reduced the stately system of the great families to the extent which he mentions. For a time it may have had a partial effect of that kind, but after the tax was repealed, the old usage of numerous servants, horses, carriages, and, above all, of committing the affairs of the household to the superintendence of domestics, was resumed, and continues unabated to this hour. Rents may fall, estates in the West Indies may be for years unproductive, the interest of money in the funds may be lowered, but the same show is still kept up in families, who, having too much pride to break up their establishments, go on borrowing money from year to year in order to support them, until at length, bankruptcy compels them to fly the country.

In a healthy condition of society, there are few public entertainments which exercise a greater share of influence than the drama. It never was so prosperous in this country as in the days of Garrick, John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons: since the departure of the latter from the stage, it has been constantly declining in its character, and, for some years, theatrical property has been a serious burthen to its possessor. Nor are we surprized at this, when we consider the wretched stuff of which all new tragedies and comedies have been recently composed, and the mediocrity which has marked the actors in general, especially the females. In addition to these tokens of degeneracy, we must mention the nuisance of the saloons, which has grown intolerable. Who would expose his family to the risk of being seated side by side with the prostitutes, who abound in every part of our theatres? These places of public amusement seem almost, as if they were destined exclusively for the exhibition of the attractions of these unhappy victims of crime,—nothing better than bazaars for the sale of these Circassian slaves. And if, for a moment, we glance behind the curtain into the Green-room, what examples of vice do we not behold there; it is indeed as bad as any other of the saloons. The Footes, the Loves, the Patons, the Vestris', are these to be considered as proof of the position which the author has rashly laid down, that 'the stage has ceased to be either the school or the refuge of female profligacy'? The vices of the individual actors or actresses would, however, be overlooked, if their genius were capable of commanding universal attention. That is very far from being the case. Never was the theatre less popular with all classes of society than it is at this moment; never was its influence more circumscribed.

The features of society in France are more distinct, and stand out in much higher relief, from the ardent character of the nation, than they do with us. The author thus paints them in the early part of the revolution.

'The exaggerated and impossible equality of the democratical republic of 1793—the profligate and degrading manners of the Directory—the newly acquired power and efforts of Bonaparte to establish a better order of social life—the remnant of the old nobility, who, intrenched in the recesses

of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, had carefully preserved every prejudice, and (as has been justly observed) had neither forgotten nor learnt any thing;—all these discordant elements, at the peace of Amiens, formed strange and irreconcileable discrepancies in society; while every party still believed its force so nearly poised, that all had hopes of re-assuming the dominion they had successively lost. The republican forms of language, and its calendar, were still in use—were still those of the government, and of those employed by it. You were invited on a *Quintidi* of such a *Décade* of *Ventose*, or of *Prairial*, to a dinner or an evening meeting; and you were received in an apartment which bore no mark of change from former monarchical days, excepting the company it contained;—the women in the half-naked costume of Directorial fashion, or the Grecian tuniques and Grecian coiffures of more recent days;—the men in civil uniforms of all sorts, and all colours of embroidery, with which the Directory (to separate themselves from the *bonnet rouge* and the *carmagnole* of the Republicans) had thought proper to decorate themselves, and all those put in authority under them. Among these figured the brilliant military costumes of the conquering generals, who had many of them risen from the ranks by merit which fitted them more for distinction on a field of battle, than in a drawing-room: the manners of their previous life forsook them not in their peaceful capacity, and the habits of a guard-room followed them into the salons of Paris.

'The popular literature of the day,—that which was meant as descriptive of manners, and consequently must receive its colour from them, proved the general moral degradation which had taken place. A traveller passing through Paris in the year 1802, at the beginning of a long journey, applied to a great and respectable bookseller for some trifling works to read on the road. Nearly a hundred volumes were immediately sent to choose out of; they were part of the novels, romances, and anecdotes of the last ten years. There was no time for selection, and the purchaser took at haphazard thirty or forty volumes of the most inviting titles. On examination they were found, with hardly an exception, to be such disgusting repetitions of the vilest profligacy, such unvaried pictures of the same disgraceful state of society and manners, without even the apology of wit or the veil of decency, that the traveller successively threw the volumes half read out of the carriage window, to avoid being supposed the patient reader of such revolting trash.

'The theatres partook of the bad taste, the exaggeration, and the licence of the times. More numerous and more crowded than ever, their altered audiences,—altered not less in manners than in appearance,—no longer the arbiters of taste, impressed (as is ever the case) their own colour on what they allowed to contribute to their amusement. Exaggerated sentiments, and strange unnatural situations in patriotism and in passion, were alone admired; and every allusion to their former prejudices or their former government, was marked with an execration, certainly due to the situations in which the author placed his characters, and the language they were made to hold. Their comic muse, so long and so justly admired for her good taste, deigned often to envelope herself in a veil of continued puns. Whole pieces were written in this amphibological language, where all story, all character, all interest, was sacrificed to combinations of similar sounds, on which a meaning was forced, the farther fetched the better.'—pp. 62—66.

It was the policy of Bonaparte, after he took possession of the Tuileries, to revive, as far as it was possible, the etiquette of the old

court. He had chiefly to contend with the changes which had already taken place in the middle and lower classes, and which had raised them to a degree of importance in their own estimation, that was not easily to be conquered. He, nevertheless, carried his project into execution with great adroitness, and succeeded in re-establishing the ancient religion, as well as the ancient urbanity, of the country, though, in both respects, the change reached only to the surface, and did not penetrate the bosom of society. The influence of the restored monarchy, and of the peace by which it was followed, is summed up by the author in these terms.

'In resuming the circumstances relative to the social life of England and France, which have passed in review in the foregoing pages—in adverting particularly to the situation in which fifteen years of peace have now placed the two countries—we shall, it is believed, be led to a conclusion, that France has gained most in a moral and political point of view, and England in the details of social life.

'The ordeal through which France passed during her Revolution, so necessary to the entire regeneration of the upper classes of her society, has produced effects on her moral habits, which no one, but those ignorant of what they were before that period, can either mistake or deny. Children are no longer separated from their parents immediately after their birth, and sent into the country to be nursed by strangers: they are no longer deprived of those first impressions of tenderness, so powerful in influencing future character, when proceeding from the persons by whom they ought to be excited. They no longer return to the paternal house, almost strangers to their parents, while those parents, who had shared none of the anxiety as well as none of the pleasure of rearing their infancy, could hardly have been aware of the social duties imposed on them.

'The necessary consequence of the former habits had been, that, from a home where the father and mother often lived almost as much separated from each other as from their children, the girls were better placed in a convent; and the boys had a better chance of leading a regular life in a garrison, than at home, with an abbé for a tutor, who winked at their faults and at their idleness, to allow of his own; and with a father who troubled his head neither with tutor nor pupil. The lively account given by Madame de Genlis of the family of the Vicomte de Limours, in her "Adèle et Theodore," contains a true and accurate picture of the common education of the higher ranks before the Revolution, and of its effects in after life. Such an education duly prepared for such marriages as were then contracted, exclusively by the will of parents, and were considered by the children, exclusively, as the means of liberty and emancipation from their control.

'From this unengaging picture of domestic life, if we look around us at the present day, we shall find infancy reared in the bosom of parents, with such rational and well-understood care of early education, both physical and moral, that the children of France are now remarkable for their beauty, activity, and intelligence. The girls remain at home, under the eye of their mother, and generally (with the assistance of an English servant or governess) are acquiring two languages almost as soon as they can articulate either; grammar and history are often taught them by fre-

quenting classes of their own age, where the utmost industry and attention are necessary to satisfy the extreme emulation that is excited. The accomplishments generally considered as most essential to females are given in no superficial manner; while they are, at the same time, taught to consider them in the secondary light they deserve, more for social purposes, or for solitary resource, than for show, or to exhibit the talents of an artist, where an artist will always surpass them.

'Their marriages are no longer arranged at an age when they cannot have a choice, and ought not to have a will of their own. But, accustomed to rely on their parent for the initiative on this important subject, they enjoy, without any degrading considerations of interest, or any humiliating advances, the pleasures of their age, free from an anticipation of the cares of future life. It must be added, that the now equal division of property between all the children of the same marriage (whatever may be its political tendency or consequences) certainly conduces to domestic peace, and the union and good-will of families. The children have nothing to envy, and nothing to expect from each other; no sisters are condemned to convents to increase the family succession, no brother sees, with envious eyes, the indulgences and the expenses of his elder.

'An improvement hardly less remarkable, has taken place in the education and pursuits of the young men. When the first rudiments of learning instilled into them, as children, are over, they almost universally follow courses of instruction under tutors in public colleges. These are followed up by a series of lectures on all the great subjects most interesting to society and to science, given in various national institutions, by the most eminent intellects of the country—persons whose researches have neither abstracted them from its society, nor from its political interests; an advantage, perhaps, yet greater to the pupils than to the professors. How much such advantages are afterwards improved, must depend on the ability and industry with which they are followed up: but idleness, so far from being a fashion, is become a ridicule, and ignorance a slur, which every young man, whatever his pretensions, would wish to avoid. With the altered times and the improved state of domestic morality, the current both of the follies and of the expenses of youth has altered. From a home where their parents are living in good intelligence with each other, and no longer strangers to their children, they are no longer driven into early debauchery, as a resource from idleness—are no longer taught to consider the reputation of a libertine as either graceful or distinguishing. The whole race of courtezans no longer affront public propriety by the ostentatious display of their ill-gotten gains: and those who frequent their society, or fall into connections with them, throw a veil over what they would formerly have professed and boasted of. A still greater change has taken place in the habits of the young men in respect of general gallantry, and that constant occupation in the society of women, which formerly belonged to Frenchmen of every age: these habits, together with the profession of a man *à bonnes fortunes*, are now equally out of date: the first would be despised as a trifler, and the second avoided as worse. The improvement in domestic habits and happiness has quite altered the terms on which the influence of women yet exists and flourishes in France: they aim rather at being the centre of a society, than at individual conquests; and at influencing by the general charm of their manners, or by an imposing respectability of character, rather

than seeking by petty intrigues to compass some intended purpose—something to be attained, or to be concealed, by equally despicable means.

'The marriages of young men, so far from being considered, as with us, a step in life which none but the rich can prudently take, is here, by the equal distribution of property, counted on as certain means of increase of fortune, generally bringing more into the common stock than the expenses arising from it. Such marriages are, for the most part, contracted while the parents are yet of an age to partake of, and enjoy society. The establishment, therefore, of the new-married couple in the paternal house for the first year of their union, which sometimes forms an article of the marriage contract, is often without confinement or regret to the young people, and generally a comfort and amusement to their seniors.

'This younger generation, which has been born to ideas of liberty, and nursed in political discussions—which has received a better education than their fathers, and lived in more enlightened times—view former discords and prejudices in the light of history, and without the irritation either of self-suffering or self-mortification. They may well, therefore, be allowed to suppose that their admission into the councils of their country, in the Chamber of Deputies, at an earlier age, would be a measure likely to render that assembly less factious, more united in opinion, less extravagant in projects, and more capable of establishing, on its true principles, a representative government, than the two Chambers constituted as at present. At the same time, the possibility of young men entering sooner into an active political life, would encourage that turn for serious occupation, and the acquirement of solid instruction, which marks the present æra.

'A residence at their country seats being no longer prescribed to them, under the name of exile, as a punishment in consequence of what was called disgrace at Court, a country life has become fashionable. All those possessing country houses pass many months at them, wisely taking that part of the year which is most favourable to the real enjoyment of the country; while much expense and attention are bestowed both in the ornament and the improvement of their residences. No dismissed minister will ever again be sent, as a punishment, to *his* Chantaloup, no leave be ever again required from Court to visit him there.

'Whatever may yet be the insecurity or insufficiency of the political institutions of the French, personal liberty is as completely enjoyed and established, as if *lettres de cachet* and arbitrary imprisonments had not existed in the memory of many yet living, and of some yet regretting their loss.

'By an odd anomaly, while the manners of society have become much purer, the theatre, which is supposed to reflect those manners, has become more licentious, both in its language and in the intrigue of its pieces. All the sentimental difficulties, the delicate dilemmas, the nice distinctions of the Marquises and the Countesses of *la haute comédie*, have been obliged to give way to the popularity of pieces, whose plot, as well as whose dialogue, would not have been suffered on the *public* theatre by the chaste ears of the intimate society of Louis XV.'—pp. 151—160.

It has been often remarked, that the more pure the manners of the age are, the more gross are the entertainments which are exhibited upon the stage. The reason lies on the surface. When we are conscious of the propriety of our conduct, we never apply to

ourselves the pictures of an opposite mode of life, which comedy presents to us. We do not discover in it any thing of a satirical nature applicable to ourselves, and therefore we tolerate it, and are even amused by scenes so different from any thing that we are accustomed to witness. We forget what play it was, which the London tailors once combined effectually to put down, because it touched too nearly upon the impositions which they were wont to practise. So it is with society in general. They do not like to behold themselves exposed as in a mirror, especially if the reflection be not gratifying to their pride. When generally vicious, they laugh at the representation of virtue—when virtuous, they can bear with the mimic deeds of vice which are enacted upon the stage, and which they attribute to the manners of a former and an inferior generation.

In their drama, the French have, within these last few years, reformed the notions which they had long entertained. They have given up the formalities of the Greek unities and Racine, for the freer muse of Shakspeare, to whom they now generally look up with unbounded admiration. In many other respects, too, their improvement has been conspicuous.

'France, indeed, may be said to be now reaping the only advantages she could ever receive from emigration, and from her long warfare in all parts of Europe,—the removal of many local prejudices, and a great change in the domestic habits of the least corrigible part of her population. This change is manifest in the more frugal and regular habits of the upper orders of society, the more equal distribution of their whole expenditure, and in a preference to the habitual comforts of life, rather than occasional show and magnificence. Instead of a train of unnecessary servants, those only are retained for whom they have employment; they are better paid than formerly, and are treated with less familiarity, though with more consideration. But as every condition of society has its disadvantages, little remains of the patriarchal attachment of generations of servants to generations of masters,—of persons having lived and died in the service of those whose birth they had witnessed, and whose fortunes they had followed; and France may, probably, soon experience the same inconvenience as England, from the perfect independence and political equality of an order of people, brought too nearly into contact with their superiors not to catch their faults, without the power of acquiring, likewise, their redeeming merits.

'The same improved taste for convenience, instead of show, has led to the general adoption of the fashions of their English neighbours in their carriages and equipage. Light, easy, plain carriages, equally suited for town or country, have universally succeeded to the vehicles, all gilding without and all velvet within, which formerly filled the streets of Paris; while calashes, britchkas, and every borrowed form of open carriage, have superseded the awkward *chaise de poste Française* on their public roads. The stable expenses of the opulent comprise every thing that is necessary for use and comfort, without running into those lavish, and often disgraceful, sums squandered on coach-makers and horse dealers in England: nor does a fashionable and distinguished existence in the first society of Paris, at all depend on the carriage which conveys any individual to that society, or the

appointments of the servants that accompany it. However conducted to the salon, the most perfect equality of rights to please, and to be pleased, takes place when there: there, neither the old nobility reclaim any exclusive rights, nor the new expect any.

'It has been said, and truly, that architecture witnesses to the political and social state of a country more than any other contemporary evidence. The buildings of all the principal towns in Italy might be cited as furnishing proofs of this assertion. The enormous structures of ancient Rome, which still puzzle all modern conceptions of magnificence either to occupy or to people, prove a population of slaves, working at the will of despotic power for their daily subsistence. The hardly less vast remains of the papal grandeur of Rome, equally prove unwieldy and unwholesome wealth, collected among a few, and devoting to sordid poverty the many. The severe prison-like palaces of Florence, with their high and small windows, and their square tower, at once for defence, and for the power of breathing a freer air than in the dull chambers below, betray the want of security, and the turbulent manners of a republic, whose chiefs could never agree among themselves, nor ever succeed in subduing the spirit of an industrious people, blessed with a favoured soil and climate.

'The more modern architecture of France will equally tell its own story. The immense and magnificent houses which existed in every quarter of Paris, date from times, when partial taxes, partial immunities, and the uncontrolled will and favour of weak sovereigns, had raised up a nobility too powerful for the crown, and no less oppressive to the people. When the strong arm of arbitrary power at last succeeded in reducing these nobles to political insignificance, their ambition was confined to court favour, and their means of distinction to a luxury and magnificence, which, being securely guarded by exclusive privileges, neither industry nor merit could ever possibly attain, or even hope to rival. Hence we see a whole quarter of the metropolis, in which the habitations of the *tiers etat* occupy as small a share, and are kept as much out of sight, as their rights, their convenience, and their comforts were in the government of their country—whole streets of high walls surrounding large enclosures, which defended their inhabitants from the necessity of ever coming in contact with their inferiors, and too surely gave token of the line of demarcation existing in society, between a nobility assuming rights sustained only by possession, and a people deprived of rights which no possession can forfeit.

'Already, before the end of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, many of these enormous mansions, however well suited for great fêtes and entertainments, had been found very inconvenient for the domestic purposes of their owners: selfish indulgence found its account in smaller habitations, which could only hold those who were to minister to its gratifications; hence sprung up a number of pavilions, ornamented with porticoes and pediments and columns without, but within, untenable for the occupation of a family;—sufficiently demonstrative of the careless prodigality and selfish luxury of the day.

'What it has been agreed to call Grecian taste, was then quite new in France, and every thing was to be *à la Grecque*. It was not till a more intimate acquaintance with Italy and with Greece, taught them that a heathen chapel large enough to contain the priest and the statue of his god, was incompatible with the lodging of a Christian family, and that in all

attempts at enlarging the size, or altering the position of such ancient buildings, that beauty is lost, which at best can ill compensate for the want of internal conveniences in habitual life.

'During the disorders and confiscations of the Revolution, most of the great hotels of Paris, becoming national property, changed both inhabitants and owners. On the return to peaceable times, those which had not been converted into public offices, or appropriated to the abodes of the ministers of the crown, or irrevocably alienated by the sale of national property, were restored to their original proprietors. But to the altered habits of the time, and the altered succession of property, they have been found so ill suited, that in many instances they have been converted into two or three separate habitations; these, from their internal arrangements, being more compact, allow of their rooms being better lighted, more thoroughly warmed, and more capable of constant occupation, than could ever have been the vast *salons dorés* of the former edifices, of which these houses form sometimes little more than a wing, or even an apartment.'—pp. 162—169.

The author devotes a chapter to the events of July, 1830, which he had the good fortune to witness. Though not necessarily connected with his subject, he introduces some details concerning the conduct of the present King, which are not without interest.

'That the most enlightened among the patriots of France had begun to consider what measures were to be kept with a ministry who abjured all concessions, and a king who boasted that he would never recede, we cannot doubt; and that in their meditations on this subject, and on its possible consequences, they must often have recurred to the lucky circumstance of the existence of a prince, possessing the advantages of hereditary rights, but differing in education, in character, in endowments, in every thing that can distinguish an individual in a race of princes. This prince, deservedly esteemed by all those sufficiently independent of the court to be free from its influence, having passed honourably through the severest trials of the school of adversity, whence he had drawn a great knowledge of human nature, and an intimate acquaintance with his native country, both generally and individually,—it must have been obvious that such a prince, surrounded by a numerous and well-educated family, perfectly independent of the court, and of its favours, by his large hereditary possessions, and by their well-regulated administration, gave every security the nation could require for assisting her in the revision of her charter, and for its establishment on the true principles of a contract between the governor, and the governed: that the Duke of Orleans, on his part, aware of the wants and wishes of his country, partaking of its ideas of civil liberty, an observing witness of the vacillating measures and crooked policy of the restored government,—that he should not have considered the part he might be called upon to act, by the incorrigible blindness of the court,—it is impossible not to believe. His cautious, prudent, penetrating character, must often have presented to him the possible results of his situation in the country, and probably may have anticipated to him his present elevation: but that any combination was formed between him and the liberal members of the two chambers, before the late Revolution, either to push matters to extremity, or in any foreseen and previously arranged case, to place him

on the throne—history, when the marvellous events of these days are submitted to her calm observation, and severe scrutiny, will entirely absolve both him and his adherents. That he had been long an object of suspicion to the court—that, although exact in the performance of all ceremonial duties towards it, no cordiality existed in their familiar intercourse, was well known. Louis the Eighteenth had remonstrated against the Duke of Orleans sending his son to participate in the education given in a public college at Paris; and Charles the Tenth saw, with a jealous eye, persons of distinguished merit in every order of the state well received at Neuilly, and at the Palais Royal, and the public profiting of every occasion to mark their respect both for him and his family. Under these circumstances, we cannot wonder that, when the ordinances of the 25th of July were determined on, and conscience suggested to their authors a possibility of some resistance, that it likewise suggested the necessity of securing the person of the Duke of Orleans. This intention was communicated (for we cannot call it betrayed) by the wife of a deputy to the Duchess of Orleans. The means the Duke took to preserve his personal liberty, was by mounting his horse in the morning, and riding about the country the whole day. When a deputation from the praiseworthy citizens, who, during the week of revolution, had constituted themselves into a provisional government at the Hôtel de Ville, came to desire his presence and assistance, he was on one of these expeditions, and his family absolutely ignorant where to find him; a fact which the deputation seemed so little to believe, that his sister, with a readiness doubly graceful in so quiet and unassuming a character, offered to accompany the messengers to the Hôtel de Ville, and remain there till her brother made his appearance. Late in the evening of that day, the 30th of July, he walked, unaccompanied, from Neuilly into Paris, and slept at the Palais Royal. On the next morning he went, surrounded by multitudes, to the Hôtel de Ville, where he was received at the door with open arms by La Fayette; and from that moment, and not before, the crown of France was assured to him. Had La Fayette received him coolly, instead of earnestly seconding his nomination to the Lieutenant-Generalcy of the kingdom,—had he himself hesitated a moment in unqualified obedience to the wishes of the people,—France would have been a republic, with La Fayette, in the first instance, at its head; and honour is due to the veteran, who, conscious of his power, sacrificed both his republican prejudices and his own elevation, in that decisive moment.'—pp. 189—193.

It may well be doubted whether the 'moment' was altogether so decisive as the author imagines. We strongly apprehend that the revolution of July has not yet approached its termination. The silly dispute that has been raised about the emblems of the order destined to reward the heroes of that period, shews how very little the real nature of a constitutional government is yet understood in France. In such a government, the king is necessarily the fountain of honour, and Louis Philip was rightly advised in considering himself as the author of the decoration, which was to be distributed on this occasion, even although it had been voted by the Chamber of Deputies. The matter was not properly within their jurisdiction; it strictly appertained to the regal office. Nothing could be more

absurd than the conduct of the "heroes," in insisting that the Chamber should be allowed to usurp the King's prerogative upon so essential a point. It demonstrates their want of constitutional instinct, if we may use the phrase. In this country, such a piece of folly would never have been committed by the people; in France, it is evidently to be imputed to the absence of just ideas, as to the distinctions to be observed between the different branches of the government, and we much fear that this obstinate ignorance will lead to further mistakes. We are not surprised to find that La Fayette is with the "heroes" upon this occasion. His vanity, increasing with his age, will not allow him to court the shade of retirement, now much more suitable to his years than the part of a Tribune of the people. Whether he laments the 'sacrifice of his republican prejudices,' to which the author has alluded, or is still disposed to uphold the government of the House of Orleans, a few months will probably determine.

ART. V.—*Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems.* By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 8vo. pp. 388. London: Moxon. 1831.

IT is impossible to treat with entire contempt any thing that comes from the pen of Mr. Landor. We recognize an original genius and a powerful mind in almost every page of his writings. His "Imaginary Conversations," published some years ago, left an impression behind them, which is not yet effaced from our recollection:—a decided proof of the pre-eminence of that work over the thousand novelties by which it has been since succeeded. We are not quite satisfied, however, that it will long preserve its present place in the literature of the country. Distinguished by a certain sparkle of thought, and still more remarkable for the eccentric observations on mankind, in which it abounds, it was calculated to attract attention for a season, rather from its odd peculiarities, than from any sterling intrinsic worth which could be discovered in it. His poems exhibit, in every respect, a similar character. It would seem from them as if he had been cloistered all his life amid the poets, the historians, and orators of antiquity. His whole ambition is to think and to write, as he most probably would have thought and written, had he lived in ancient Rome or Athens. As a proof of this singular turn of mind, and of the length of time which it has haunted him, we learn that Gebir, the first poem in this collection, consisting of nearly two thousand lines in blank verse, was written by the author, chiefly in Latin, when he was no more than twenty years of age, which we suppose to have been some thirty years ago. It is full of imitations of Virgil, and reminds us, not unpleasantly, of the translations which, in college days, we were wont to make from Lucretius, and Ovid, and Claudian, and

Juvenal, wherein we often exulted over thoughts and expressions which we deemed to be our own, although they were too often, no more than bad imitations of the original.

We admire the nervous, concise, and finely polished style of the classic writers, perhaps, as fondly as Mr. Landor; but we do not agree with him in thinking that it is possible to ingraft it upon the English language. The inversions of which, for the sake of euphony or strength of expression, it so frequently makes use, are perfectly consonant with the genius of the Latin; whereas in our tongue, they would only create obscurity, and even increase its natural roughness. Neither is that comprehensive brevity of diction, of which the ancients were such unrivalled masters, capable of being adopted, to any considerable extent, in our mixed and diffusive dialect. He, who neglecting the idiomatic forms of speech, which have been sanctioned by the best usage and the highest authority amongst us—who, abandoning the "wells of English undefiled," attempts to draw from foreign sources, and to make up what he supposes to be a more perfect compound of his own, will be sure to terminate his labours in disappointment. A composition written after this fashion, is a mere exotic, which may, perhaps, be praised by a few, who are aware of the difficulties of the undertaking; but even these will soon neglect it, while the many will pass it altogether by, as a novelty which they cannot understand.

Besides this affectation of the classic style, Mr. Landor has also taken it upon himself to alter, in many respects, the established orthography of our language. He generally leaves out, without the slightest explanation or apology, every letter which appears to him a superfluity, and substitutes others which bring the word to a more speedy conclusion. As for instance, distinguished, he writes distingui*sht*; crouched, crou*cht*; wherefore, where*for*; therefore, there*for*; proceed, pro*cede*; and so on. We are rather surprised that from two of these words he did not lop off the second *e*, and write them wherfor, therfor, as such a change would be perfectly conformable to his system. Again, in order to mark the possessive case, he does not use the inverted comma, but the letter *i*; as for example, the beech's leaves, he writes the 'beech*is* leaves.' His other peculiarities of spelling are endless, Theatre he puts down thea*ter*; withheld, wi*theld*; explained, exp*laned*; swearest, sw*arest*; foreign, fore*in*. These are but silly means of gaining notoriety. They cause us to stare for a moment, at the person who has the hardihood to adopt them. Upon reflection, we can only think lightly of the judgment of the writer who has the vanity to believe that he can, by his solitary example, subvert the system of orthography, which has long since been settled by the acknowledged legislators of our literature.

Gebir is an Egyptian tale, and is involved in much mystery.

The author appears to have thought that if it were everywhere clear and intelligible, it would not be classical. The hero, meditating on some unexplained wrongs which he had suffered, carries fire and sword to the dominions of a princess, named Charoba, who, not knowing what to do upon such an emergency, consults with her nurse, Dalica. She, relying on magic arts, advises the maid to surrender to him the ruined city of Gadir, supposed to have been built by one of his ancestors, and at the same time to persuade him to restore the walls. With this advice Charoba complies, and hies her to the presence of the conqueror.

> 'But Gebir when he heard of her approach
> Laid by his orbed shield, his vizor-helm,
> His buckler and his corslet he laid by,
> And bade that none attend him; at his side
> Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,
> Shaggy, deep-chested, *croucht;* the crocodile,
> Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears
> And push their heads within their master's hand.
> There was a brightening paleness in his face,
> Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
> Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
> Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.
> But when the royal damsel first he saw,
> Faint, hanging on her handmaids, and her knees
> Tottering, as from the motion of the car,
> His eyes look'd earnest on her, and those eyes
> Shew'd, if they had not, that they might have lov'd,
> For there was pity in them at that hour.
> With gentle speech, and more with gentle looks,
> He sooth'd her, but lest Pity go beyond
> And crost Ambition lose her lofty aim,
> Bending, he kist her garment, and retired.'—pp. 3—4.

This want of gallantry upon the part of the hero, is to be imputed, we suppose, to his ambition; being already smitten by her charms, if he allowed himself to be melted by her tears, he must have abandoned his projects of conquest. He must have his adviser too, and straight he proceeds to his brother, Tamar, who happens to be a shepherd, entrusted with the care of the royal flocks. Him he finds in a most doleful mood on the banks of the Nile, wholly regardless of his pastoral charge, for he was already 'lost in love' with a fair nymph of the river, with whom he first became acquainted in a wrestling match, to which she defied him. He tells the story of his passion, which sufficiently convinces Gebir of his own folly, and forthwith resolving to make the best of his new acquisitions, and to execute the request of Charoba, he orders the city of Gadir to be rebuilt. But all the labours of the week are destroyed on the seventh day by some invisible power. This astonishes and perplexes Gebir; he and his people fast and pray, to avert the anger of the Gods, but in vain. Under the hope that the

nymph, who held Tamar's heart in chains, could disclose the cause of this phenomenon, he persuades his brother to allow him to meet her in his shepherd's garb.

> 'They parted here:
> And Gebir bending through the woodlands cull'd
> The creeping vine and viscous rasberry,
> Less green and less compliant than they were;
> And twisted in those mossy tufts that grow
> On brakes of roses when the roses fade:
> And as he passes on, the little hinds
> That shake for bristly herds the foodful bough,
> Wonder, stand still, gaze, and trip satisfied;
> Pleas'd more if chesnut, out of prickly husk
> Shot from the sandal, roll along the glade.'—p. 15.

The moment for the assignation being arrived, the nymph suddenly springs upon her supposed lover, and another wrestling match ensues, in which, however, she is vanquished by the superior strength of the king. Her horror is great when she discovers that he is not Tamar, and upon his pledge that her lover would be restored to her, she reveals to him a sacrificial ceremony, described after the manner of Homer, by the strict observance of which he might turn away the wrath of the demons, who, by their incantations, had marred the labours of his people. Having complied with the injunctions of the nymph, he finds himself suddenly transported to the regions of Erebus and night, through which he is led, after the Virgilian fashion, by a spirit named *Aroar!* He is shown the Purgatory of those who were still not sufficiently worthy of higher bliss; thence he passes to the Elysian fields, and, being a little curious about his ancestors, he is introduced to them by Aroar, and finds them in the midst of all sorts of dreadful punishments. They confess to him the crimes which they had perpetrated in life, to which they had been urged by ambition, and Gebir returns to earth a reformed man. Meantime Charoba's heart feels not indifferent towards him. She had been captivated at first sight by his manly charms, and hearing of his proceedings from Dalica, who knows every thing, she becomes jealous of the nymph. Dalica recommends her to give a feast to the strangers, a hint which she receives with delight, as she might thus have an opportunity of once more beholding Gebir. The poet has prodigally displayed his imagination in the description of the festival which follows.

> 'Then went the victims forward crown'd with flowers,
> Crown'd were tame crocodiles, and boys white-robed
> Guided their creaking crests across the stream.
> In gilded barges went the female train,
> And, bearing others ripple near, undrew
> The veil of sea-green awning: if they found
> Whom they desired, how pleasant was the breeze!
> If not, the frightful water forced a sigh.

Sweet airs of music ruled the rowing palms,
Now rose they glistening and aslant reclined,
Now they descended and with one consent
Plunging, seem'd swift each other to pursue,
And now to tremble wearied o'er the wave.
Beyond and in the suburbs might be seen
Crowds of all ages: here in triumph passed
Not without pomp, tho' raised with rude device,
The monarch and Charoba; there a throng
Shone out in sunny whiteness o'er the reeds.
Nor could luxuriant youth, or lapsing age
Propt by the corner of the nearest street,
With aching eyes and tottering knees intent,
Loose leathery neck, and wormlike lip outstretcht,
Fix long the ken upon one form, so swift
Thro' the gay vestures fluttering on the bank,
And thro' the bright-eyed waters dancing round,
Wove they their wanton wiles and disappear'd.

'Meantime, with pomp august and solemn, borne
On four white camels tinkling plates of gold,
Heralds before and Ethiop slaves behind,
Each with the signs of office in his hand,
Each on his brow the sacred stamp of years,
The four ambassadors of peace procede.
Rich carpets bear they, corn and generous wine,
The Syrian olive's cheerful gift they bear,
With stubborn goats that eye the mountain tops
Askance and riot with reluctant horn,
And steeds and stately camels in their train.
The king, who sat before his tent, descried
The dust rise redden'd from the setting sun:
Thro' all the plains below the Gadite men
Were resting from their labour: some surveyed
The spacious site ere yet obstructed -- walls
Already, soon will roofs have interposed;
Some ate their frugal viands on the steps
Contented; some, remembering home, prefer
The cot's bare rafters o'er the gilded dome,
And sing, for often sighs too end in song:
"In smiling meads how sweet the brook's repose,
To the rough ocean and red restless sands!
Where are the woodland voices that increast
Along the unseen path on festal days,
When lay the dry and outcast arbutus
On the fane-step, and the first privet-flowers
Threw their white light upon the vernal shrine?"
Some heedless trip along with hasty step
Whistling, and fix too soon on their abodes:
Haply and one among them with his spear
Measures the lintel, if so great its highth,
As will receive him with his helm unlower'd.

'But silence went throughout, e'en thoughts were husht,
When to full view of navy and of camp
Now first expanded the bare-headed train.
Majestic, unpresuming, unappall'd,
Onward they marched, and neither to the right
Nor to the left, tho' there the city stood,
Turn'd they their sober eyes; and now they reacht
Within a few steep paces of ascent
The lone pavilion of the Iberian king:
He saw them, he awaited them, he rose,
He hail'd them, "*Peace be with you:*" they replied
"King of the western world, be with you peace."'—pp. 39—42.

Dalica, mistaking the stately reserve of Charoba, upon the subject of her passion, for hatred of the stranger, resolves on his destruction. For this purpose she takes a journey to a sorceress at some distance, from whom she obtains a deadly robe, and here the poet treats us with an elaborate description of the incantations that were used on the occasion. Meantime, the day arrives that was appointed for the marriage of Tamar and his beloved nymph.

'The brave Iberians far the beach o'erspread
Ere dawn, with distant awe; none hear the mew,
None mark the curlew flapping o'er the field;
Silence held all, and fond expectancy.
Now suddenly the conch above the sea
Sounds, and goes sounding thro' the woods profound.
They, where they hear the echo, turn their eyes,
But nothing see they, save a purple mist
Roll from the distant mountain down the shore:
It rolls, it sails, it settles, it dissolves..
Now shines the Nymph to human eye reveal'd,
And leads her Tamar timorous o'er the waves.
Immortals crowding round congratulate
The shepherd; he shrinks back, of breath bereft:
His vesture clinging closely round his limbs
Unfelt, while they the whole fair form admire,
He fears that he has lost it, then he fears
The wave has mov'd it, most to look he fears.
Scarce the sweet-flowing music he imbibes,
Or sees the peopled ocean; scarce he sees
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beroe
Demure, and young Ione, less renown'd,
Not less divine, mild-natur'd, Beauty form'd
Her face, her heart Fidelity; for Gods
Design'd, a mortal too Ione loved.
These were the Nymphs elected for the hour
Of Hesperus and Hymen; these had strewn
The bridal bed, these tuned afresh the shells,
Wiping the green that hoarsen'd them within:
These wove the chaplets, and at night resolv'd
To drive the dolphins from the wreathed door.

Gebir surveyed the concourse from the tents,
The Egyptian men around him; 'twas observ'd
By those below how wistfully he lookt,
From what attention with what earnestness
Now to his city, now to theirs, he waved
His hand, and held it, while they spake, outspred.
They tarried with him and they shared the feast.
They stoopt with trembling hand from heavy jars
The wines of Gades gurgling in the bowl;
Nor bent they homeward til the moon appear'd
To hang midway betwixt the earth and skies.'—pp. 54—55.

It would be unjust to deny that the whole of this description is fraught with the finest spirit of antiquity. The imagination, while we read it, luxuriates in the scene which passes, as if by enchantment, before us. The mystic sound of the conch over the sea, the purple mist, the group of attendant nymphs tuning their shells, and weaving chaplets, and guarding the wreathed door of the nuptial bower from the dolphins, are all in the true character of poetry. In a similar strain, the nymph, beguiling Tamar from apprehension of the dangers that are impending over his brother Gebir, details to him the pleasant occupations which she has in store for him.

'"Thus we may sport at leisure when we go
Where, loved by Neptune and the Naid, loved
By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread
The spritely Nymph whom constant Zephyr woos,
Rhine rolls his beryl-coloured wave; than Rhine
What river from the mountains ever came
More stately! most the simple crown adorns
Of rushes and of willows interwined
With here and there a flower: his lofty brow
Shaded with vines and mistleto and oak
He rears, and mystic bards his fame resound.
Or gliding opposite, the Illyrian gulf
Will harbour us from ill." While thus she spake,
She toucht his eyelashes with libant lip,
And breath'd ambrosial odours, o'er his cheek
Celestial warmth suffusing: grief dispersed,
And strength and pleasure beam'd upon his brow.
Then pointed she before him: first arose
To his astonisht and delighted view
The sacred ile that shrines the queen of love.
It stood so near him, so acute each sense,
That not the symphony of lutes alone
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very sighs
Which he himself had utter'd once, he heard.
Next, but long after and far off, appear
The cloudlike cliffs and thousand towers of Crete,
And further to the right, the Cyclades:

Phœbus had rais'd and fixt them, to surround
His native Delos and aerial fane.
He saw the land of Pelops, host of Gods,
Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after stood
Beckoning the serious with the smiling Arts
Into the sunbright bay; unborn the maid
That to assure the bent-up hand unskill'd
Lookt oft, but oftener fearing who might wake.
He heard the voice of rivers; he descried
Pindan Peneus and the slender Nymphs
That tread his banks but fear the thundering tide;
These, and Amphrysos and Apidanus
And poplar-crown'd Spercheus, and reclined
On restless rocks Enipeus, where the winds
Scatter'd above the weeds his hoary hair.
Then, with Pirene and with Panope,
Evenus, troubled from paternal tears,
And last was Achelous, king of iles.
Zacynthus here, above rose Ithaca,
Like a blue bubble floating in the bay.
Far onward to the left a glimm'ring light
Glanced out oblique, nor vanisht; he inquired
Whence that arose, his consort thus replied:—
"Behold the vast Eridanus! ere long
We may again behold him and rejoice.
Of noble rivers none with mightier force
Rolls his unwearied torrent to the main."
And now Sicanian Etna rose to view:
Darknesss with light more horrid she confounds,
Baffles the breath and dims the sight of day.
Tamar grew giddy with astonishment
And, looking up, held fast the bridal vest;
He heard the roar above him, heard the roar
Beneath, and felt it too, as he beheld,
Hurl, from Earth's base, rocks, mountains, to the skies.
'Meanwhile the Nymph had fixt her eyes beyond,
As seeing somewhat, not intent on aught.
He, more amazed than ever, then exclamed
'"Is there another flaming ile? or this
Illusion, thus past over unobserved?"
'"Look yonder," cried the Nymph, without reply,
"Look yonder!" Tamar lookt, and saw afar
Where the waves whiten'd on the desert shore.
When from amid grey ocean first he caught
The hights of Calpe, sadden'd, he exclamed,
"Rock of Iberia! fixt by Jove and hung
With all his thunder-bearing clouds, I hail
Thy ridges rough and cheerless! what tho' Spring
Nor kiss thy brow, nor cool it with a flower,
Yet will I hail thee, hail thy flinty couch

Where Valour and where Virtue have reposed."
' The Nymph said, sweetly smiling " Fickle Man
Would not be happy could he not regret!
And I confess how, looking back, a thought
Has touch't and tun'd or rather thrill'd my heart,
Too soft for sorrow and too strong for joy :
Fond foolish maid, 'twas with mine own accord
It sooth'd me, shook me, melted, drown'd, in tears.
But weep not thou; what cause hast thou to weep?
Would'st thou thy country? would'st those caves abborr'd,
Dungeons and portals that exclude the day?
Gebir, tho' generous, just, humane, inhaled
Rank venom from these mansions. Rest O King,
In Egypt thou! nor, Tamar! pant for sway.
With horrid chorus, Pain, Diseases, Death,
Stamp on the slippery pavement of the proud,
And ring their sounding emptiness thro' earth.
Possess the ocean, me, thyself, and peace."
' And now the chariot of the Sun descends,
The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,
Which when they enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpe close across the sea.'—pp. 57—61.

If the story of the poem be in itself devoid of connexion and interest, we must admit that such passages as these, which are not equalled every day, go far towards redeeming its imperfections. We need only add that the arts of Dalica are successful. On the day appointed for the visit of Charoba to the camp of Gebir, he is invested by Dalica with the fatal robe, by the operation of which he soon expires. The moral of the tale shews the miserable end at which ambition arrives, while the humble life of the shepherd is crowned with happiness. The moral is common enough; but the fable out of which it is spun, is singularly wild.

The tragedy of Count Julian is a much less meritorious performance. It is a series of mere dialogues, without a particle of dramatic interest. The plot is taken from a passage in the Moorish history of Spain. The Count Julian, having been deprived of his daughter, by Roderigo the King of Spain, turns traitor and joins the Infidel invader, by whose side he carries on the unnatural war with success. In a long interview which takes place between Roderigo and the Count, the former offers to divorce his wife, Egilona, and to marry Covilla, the Count's daughter, whom he had already seduced, if he would quit the Moorish host and return to his allegiance. The pride of the father repels this and other similar overtures, and the tragedy ends, as it began, in his obstinate resistance to his sovereign. We suppose that the following extract from a dialogue, which takes place between the Count and his daughter, will sufficiently gratify the curiosity of the reader, as to the character of this composition.

'Not remember!
What have the wretched else for consolation!
What else have they who pining feed their woe?
Can I, or should I, drive from memory
All that was dear and sacred, all the joys
Of innocence and peace? when no debate
Was in the convent, but what hymn, whose voice,
To whom among the blessed it arose,
Swelling so sweet; when rang the vesper-bell,
And every finger ceast from the guitar,
And every tongue was silent through our land;
When, from remotest earth, friends met again,
Hung on each other's neck, and but embraced,
So sacred, still, and peaceful was the hour.
Now, in what climate of the wasted world,
Not unmolested long by the profane,
Can I pour forth in secrecy to God
My prayers and my repentance? where besides
Is the last solace of the parting soul?
Friends, brethren, parents . . dear indeed, too dear
Are they, but somewhat still the heart requires,
That it may leave them lighter, and more blest.

'JULIAN.
'Wide are the regions of our far-famed land:
Thou shalt arrive at her remotest bounds,
See her best people, choose some holiest house;
Whether where Castro from surrounding vines
Hears the hoarse ocean roar among his caves,
And, thro' the fissure in the green churchyard,
The wind wail loud the calmest summer day;
Or where Santona leans against the hill,
Hidden from sea and land by groves and bowers.

'COVILLA.
'O! for one moment in those pleasant scenes
Thou placest me, and lighter air I breathe:
Why could I not have rested, and heard on!
My voice dissolves the vision quite away,
Outcast from virtue, and from nature too!'—pp. 108, 109.

The tragedy is followed by two dramatic sketches: the first upon the exhausted subject of Ines de Castro; the second is taken from the story of Ippolito di Este. In neither of these compositions, no more than in the tragedy, do we recognize the genius of Mr. Landor. The small poems which fill up the volume, he says, he publishes merely to please himself. It is well if they accomplish that object; but if they do, we can only say that Mr. Landor is much more easy to be pleased than we had thought him.

ART. VI.—*Sketches in Spain and Morocco.* By Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., &c. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

THE author of these volumes is a well experienced traveller. The reader may possibly have a favourable recollection of his tour to the North Cape of Europe, and his Winter in Lapland, which have been before the public for some years. If not particularly distinguished for simplicity of style, those works, as well as that which now lies before us, must always hold a respectable rank in our literature. As far as Sir Arthur describes what he sees with his own eyes, his reports of the different countries which he has visited may be considered as literally correct. He is evidently a man without prejudices; seems to have been everywhere well treated; and, consequently, he generally dwells with more delight upon the agreeable features of the picture of mankind, than upon those of a repulsive character. But while we do justice to this amiable trait in his disposition, we must not pass over an egregious fault which he possesses, in common, we regret to say, with too many of our voyagers by sea and land. He seems to have fixed it as a principle in his mind, that a day or two after he sets his foot upon a foreign shore, and forms an acquaintance with one or two of its inhabitants, he is authorized, from such data as he can thus collect, to write a general essay upon the virtues and vices, the public and domestic habits, of the whole nation. Hence, for example, within a few hours after his arrival in Cadiz, the baronet, never having been in Spain before, enters into a regular disquisition upon the manners of the fair sex in that city, informs us of the mode in which they spend their days and nights; compares their beauty with that of the ladies of Northern Spain, and with those of Mauritania; assures us that the marriage vow is with them a mere trifle, to which they attach no sort of importance; that they are ever on the look out for intrigues; that their husbands are a degenerate race; and then he gives us the most minute information, as to the way in which the husbands and wives, not merely of Cadiz, but of the whole Peninsula, consult their mutual convenience, in lightening the pressure of the matrimonial yoke!

It is obvious that a report of this kind has been drawn up hastily, to say the least of it; that it is founded, not upon the personal knowledge of the author, for he could not have had time or opportunity to acquire it;—but upon the loose answers which were given to his questions, perhaps by the English consul, or some of his clerks, or other British residents at Cadiz; who, if they were acquainted with the character of the respectable classes in that place, could hardly be considered as authorities with respect to every other part of Spain. That vice prevails in that country to a great extent, we do not mean to deny; but we, who sojourned perhaps a

longer period in different parts of the Peninsula than Sir Arthur Brooke, will take it upon ourselves to say, that vice is neither so common as he represents it, nor in any degree so extensive in proportion to the population, as it is in England, and the northern countries of Europe. If our information be correct, and we feel that it is, what becomes of the general picture which he has here given of eleven millions of people? It is the more to be wondered at that he should have fallen into this indiscretion, as from his own representation he was manifestly ignorant of the Spanish language, and had not an opportunity of visiting a single Spanish family at Cadiz, during the short time of his stay there. He had but one letter of introduction, certainly to a family of considerable respectability and wealth, that of Senor Gargollo, who was so much indisposed during the whole time, that he could not even once have the honour of receiving the baronet!

If travellers persisted much in this plan of generalizing upon the character of nations, we should be without any thing like accurate information concerning them. The libel of the first is transmitted to the second, who takes it all for granted as true and incontrovertible. Parts of it are, perhaps, confirmed by the representations of some of those disappointed adventurers, who are to be found in every sea-port, and who are always disposed to tell the worst that they know of the people amongst whom they are tolerated, carefully suppressing the redeeming points, if with any of these they chance to be conversant. Thus the falsehood gathers strength from what may seem to be accidental circumstances; the traveller sets it down in his note-book as authentic, and circulates it through the world, without previously thinking himself bound, as in honour and conscience he must be, to test it by his own further enquiries, or by the experience of more competent testimony.

Guarding the reader against this fault of precipitate judgment, which is conspicuous in many parts of the present work, and refers equally to Morocco as to Spain, we still may recommend Sir Arthur to his attention as a pleasant and gentlemanly traveller. He usually seizes those points of view which are most likely to attract our curiosity, and if he could have exchanged his love of pompous phraseology for more familiar terms, and communicated his observations in a less ceremonious and author-like form, we should have hoped that his work might stand a chance of popularity.

One of the vices of the age is amplification in the art of book-making. From this Sir Arthur is by no means free. Assuredly he must have known that the public had very lately received from a very entertaining writer, the "Young American," a very full and most entertaining account of Spain, in which nothing was omitted that tended to display the leading peculiarities of that country or of its people. Knowing this, Sir Arthur might very well have reduced his two volumes within the compass of one; he might have avoided his elaborate descriptions of Cadiz and Seville, and,

above all, of the bull-fights at Port St. Mary's! For the hundredth time, we suppose, this national exhibition has been presented in full detail to English readers in this production, the author offering the same excuse, which almost every one of his predecessors has made, viz., that "although this cruel spectacle has so often been described, nevertheless, I cannot pass it over altogether in silence," conceiving, no doubt, that he could give a more perfect account of it than any person who had ever before treated the subject. His passage up the Guadalquivir to Seville, the religious pageants so common in that city, its houses, patios, and water-carriers, its famed cathedral, with the Giralda, its Alcazar, Corral and Alameda, are all brought before us with a minuteness, which shews that Sir Arthur supposed, or chose to suppose, that they were all so many novelties to the British public. Had he glanced over all these subjects in three lines, he would have consulted his own ease, as well as the convenience and patience of his readers. His excursion to the land of Sherry, that still favourite wine with Englishmen, is a very different affair. Here he has some title to be copious, inasmuch as the country of Xeres, where it is produced, lies out of the common route of travellers, and it is not always safe for them, the roads being infested, or reported to be infested, with robbers, to attempt the expedition merely for the sake of gratifying their curiosity. The city of Xeres, which is by no means destitute of beauty, lies about two leagues from Port St. Mary's. Its population is estimated at 20,000, and it is particularly remarkable for its number of public coffee-rooms, where persons of all ranks and classes, nobles, peasants, and tradesmen, as well as the labourers employed in the neighbouring vineyards, assemble without any distinction upon terms of apparent familiarity, and play at cards and dominoes, smoke cigars, and drink wine, bottled beer, orgeat and agraz. The latter, with which the reader may possibly not be acquainted, is a delightful beverage made from the sweetened juice of the unripe grape. The author mentions as a characteristic incident, not at all uncommon in Xeres, that while he was engaged in observing the assembled groups, 'an old-fashioned coach, drawn by mules, stopped at the door of a coffee-house; and an old marquesa, attended by two other ladies, entered: and without appearing in any way disconcerted at the large male assemblage, or the number of low persons by whom they were surrounded, formed a party at cards with some of their friends they met with.' The Cartuja, or Carthusian convent, near this place, is one of the most celebrated monastic establishments in the south of Spain.

'The approach to the Cartuja is imposing, from the magnitude of the building, its elevation, and extent of the walls. At a short distance it gives almost the idea of a town, and you might suppose from its architectural decorations, you were rather entering the palace of a sovereign, than the abode of anchorets.

'We were received with much kindness by one of the monks, a little

old man of seventy, with a mild benevolent countenance, and a cheerful suavity of manners, very uncommon in the recluse of the Cartuja. He was a person, who, from the superiority of his manners, had evidently filled a very different station, and who, from the good sense and moderation of his remarks, evinced none of those feelings of bigoted austerity so generally displayed by the inmates of a convent. We accompanied him to his cell, which was small but neat, containing a small selection of works on divinity. The good father produced a bottle of light wine, accompanied with a plate of cakes; and having invited us to refresh ourselves, after our broiling ride, we did not fail to comply with his hospitable suggestions.

'The Carthusian order of monks is remarkable for its severity and strictness of discipline. When once within the walls of the convent, the recluses never leave it, or hold any communication with even their nearest relations; the world and its closest and dearest ties close upon them; and the consolation and happiness of millions are snapt asunder by these mistaken enthusiasts. No intercourse is held by the monks with each other, nor do they even speak when they occasionally meet in their solitary cloister walks. Their time is occupied by night and by day in prayer and meditation, either in the chapel or their own cells. Animal food is prohibited; their daily repast, which is of the simplest nature, being brought at stated hours, and delivered by the attendant without entering the cell, through a small aperture in the door: and in this way they are provided with every thing they have need of, without a word being exchanged. Their cells are tolerably comfortable, though scantily furnished, and consist generally of one or two small rooms, containing a few books. To some of them a garden is also attached.

'Their bed is as simple as their lives, consisting merely of a straw mattress; and they are likewise debarred the comfort of wearing linen, their dress consisting entirely of loose robes of a kind of coarse flannel, which in this hot climate must be exceedingly irritative to the skin, and be in itself no small mortification to the flesh. The number of monks at the Cartuja has declined very much of late years, as it has done generally throughout Spain. A new spirit has been awakened, which, being hostile in the extreme to the present religious establishments, and even to religion itself, will in time probably accomplish the downfall of both.

'The worthy father who attended us as our guide was extremely communicative, and inveighed in strong terms against Napoleon and the French. The convent had suffered greatly during the Peninsular war, and had lost several of its most valuable pictures, which had been carried off, as well as a considerable number of horses of the old Andalusian breed, for which the Cartuja had long been celebrated. Not a single horse is, I believe, now remaining, and the breed is nearly extinct.

'The severest blow the community received was at the establishment of the late constitution, when the whole of the convents throughout Spain were suppressed, and their property sold. On the destruction of the constitution, however, the convent of La Cartuja was re-established, and its possessions restored. The good fathers have now no reason to complain of poverty; their landed estates being extensive, and possessing vineyards, wine-vaults, and property in the surrounding towns to a very considerable extent.

'Notwithstanding their wealth, it is with great difficulty that they find any one willing to renounce the world so devotedly by becoming an inmate of the Cartuja. Few minds are strong enough to withstand the solitary and gloomy austerities of a life like this, strongly excited as it is at the same time by religious feelings. Several young men, who have at different times been induced to become brethren, have, after a short residence at the convent, sunk under it, and lost their reason. The few friars, and the prior himself, whom we met in the cloister, with downcast eyes, and dejected spirits, were convincing proofs how strangely these infatuated men had misinterpreted the benevolent purposes of religion.

'Hearing that an Englishman was one of the community, I felt a curiosity to converse with him; and at length, after considerable reluctance on his part, he consented to receive us into his cell. Father ———, for I do not remember his name, was a fine, venerable, and handsome-looking old man, tall in stature, and of portly appearance. He was an Irishman by birth; and had been an inmate of the Cartuja, I was told, for forty years. He was now broken down by the infirmities of age, and the severity of monastic discipline; and instead of presenting the appearance of a person, who at the close of a well-spent life was looking forward with calm and cheerful views to futurity, he seemed completely overwhelmed in mind and broken in spirit. Indeed, it was most painful to behold him; and, as it was nearly the time for prayers, we bade him adieu.

'With regard to the interior of this magnificent building, there is much to be seen. One of the quadrangles, in particular, is remarkable for its architecture; the chapel is, also, light and beautiful, and richly decorated: in it are to be seen some of Zurbaran's best works, and which are highly worthy of admiration for the extraordinary force and colouring displayed in them. The convent garden, which is also the burial-place of the community, is appropriately planted with cypress. Each monk occupies himself with the melancholy labour of digging his own grave; into which, when his hour approaches, he quietly drops off into eternity.'—vol. 1. pp. 74—79.

Upon his excursion to this convent, the author paid a passing visit to a country villa, the charms of which he represents as peculiarly grateful, in contrast with the noise and dust of Xeres. Unhappily, like most of the rural mansions in Spain, it was rendered uninhabitable by the dangerous state of the roads in its neighbourhood, which are supposed never to be free from robbers, although our traveller, in the whole course of his journey in Spain, never once encountered any of these redoubtable depredators. He gravely assures us, nevertheless, that it is no uncommon thing for them to station themselves close to the town at nightfall, and stopping those who are returning from the country, not only to strip them of their money, if any they have about them, but also to ride off with their horses! If we are to credit his report, we must also look upon the people of Xeres as the most depraved in Spain. 'They are exceedingly quarrelsome, revengeful, and addicted to drinking; possessing, at the same time, the usual idleness and inactivity of the Andalusians. Such frequent use is made of their knives, that

scarcely a week passes without some one being poniarded: and only two days before my arrival, three persons had been murdered, in a drunken quarrel, by a single man, with his knife alone'! If Sir Arthur stated that he had seen the men so murdered, or even the person who had murdered them, we should have relied upon his testimony. But with all possible respect for his character, we will say that such a story as this may well be doubted, murder being really much more rare in Spain than is generally imagined. The Spaniards, in talking of quarrels that take place, are extremely apt to use exaggerated expressions; if one of the party be but knocked down, a by-stander runs away immediately and cries out murder! From such subjects we gladly turn to that, which had indeed principally attracted us to Xeres.

'The vintage at Xeres is said to commence with the feast of the Virgin, though I believe it very rarely begins so early. In the middle of September it is partial, according to the soil and situation of the different vineyards; at the end of the month, and beginning of October, it may be said to be at its height; and is usually finished by the beginning of November. Sometimes, indeed, it has been known to be so late as the middle of that month; but this is a rare instance. The vintages of St. Lucar, Puerto, Reale, and St. Mary's, begin earlier than that of Xeres, and are sometimes finished before the latter commences, the object of the wine-growers of the former being quantity more than quality; the grapes are therefore gathered and pressed before they are quite ripe, and a greater portion of juice is in consequence afforded. The nature of the soil being, however, generally poorer than at Xeres, the wines produced are of a paler colour, have less body than the fuller and more generous vino de Xeres, and constitute the low-priced and inferior kinds of sherry wine, known by the name of Manzanilla and St. Lucar, of which the consumption, both in England and the country itself, is very great.

'The soil of the vineyards around Xeres is of a richer nature; and the grapes being left to hang until quite ripe, the produce of the juice, though deficient in quantity, is very superior with respect to its strength, flavour, and general quality. This is the real sherry wine, and is the produce of the vineyards immediately around Xeres, of which those in the direction of St. Lucar are, as I was informed, the best.

'The vine cultivator chooses fine dry weather for getting in his grapes. Should the rainy season, however, commence early, and should there be no prospect of its clearing up, he proceeds with the gathering. In this case, particularly when the vines are less than from ten to fifteen years old, he assists the quality of the juice, or mosto, as it is called, with wine boiled down and mixed with it previous to the fermentation taking place; and in this way the deficiency of saccharine, arising from the wet weather and want of sun, is made up; about two jars of this boiled wine being added to each butt of the mosto.

'There being always, in every vineyard, an inequality in the ripening of the grapes, arising from a variety of causes, the gathering takes place at different times; the ripe bunches being first selected, and the rest left to hang longer. Should the quantity of ripe grapes collected, be insufficient to yield a butt or two of the mosto, the fruit is left exposed on mats

to the sun by day, and to the air at night, until the remaining produce of the vineyard is collected. Less wine is produced from the grapes thus exposed, but the quality is better. The grapes should not be put to the press warm from the sun, but after they have been cooled by exposure to the air for a night.

'The wine proprietors of Xeres make usually two pressings of grapes, or rather two qualities of wine are obtained from two or three pressings. The pressing-tub, which resembles a cooler used in brewing, contains a sufficiency of grapes to yield a butt of juice. The first pressing, or the mosto proceeding from it, is thus performed :—The grapes being spread equally at the bottom of the press, three or four men, provided with large shoes, full of nails made purposely, continue treading until all the juice possible is obtained. The grapes are then raked together, piled up round the screw of the press; and being fastened round from top to bottom with strips of matting into a conical heap, the screw is turned round by the force of two men until no more juice can be expressed. The juice, as it issues from the press, is received into a tub, and emptied into a cask. The mosto, or juice, the produce of these two different pressings, is called Yemas, or first fruits.

'The second pressing is called Agua Pies. The husks or skins, little more now remaining, are spread about the press, and a few jars of water thrown on them. They are again trodden, but are not so long as previously, and then piled up and pressed as before by the screw.

'When brandy is not intended to be made, there is sometimes a third pressing, called Esperigo, or Speriague.

'In very dry seasons, the Yemas, or first pressing, is inferior in quantity and quality, and the Ague Pies, the contrary; and in such seasons it has been found in some vineyards that the Agua Pies, or the produce of the second pressing, is sometimes little inferior to the Yemas. This is doubtless occasioned by the thickness of skin which the grapes acquire by heat and draught, which, being composed of saccharine, is opened and softened by the water poured in during the second pressing.

'When the season has been wet, Yesso, or quick lime, is used for the purpose of absorbing the superabundant moisture which remains in the grapes after the rain.

'The saccharine, on which the quality of the wine mainly depends, is influenced not only by the season, but by an attentive and luxuriant cultivation both of the plant and soil.

'The best wine is produced when the heat of summer has been progressive, and when a short rain happens a few days before the commencement of the vintage, and is followed by temperate heat, and dry cloudy weather: in such a season the sweet wines improve both in quality and quantity, and the dry wines show generally more strength in the mosto, or juice. Immediately after the pressing is finished, the mosto is put into butts well cleaned, leaving a vacuum of about a fifteenth part, in order that fermentation may proceed. The mosto is kept on the lees till March, the bung always open; and when the first sensible fermentation is over, and the wine appears pretty clear, it is racked off into other casks well cleaned and smoked with sulphur.

'About April, or May, when the second, or, as it is called, insensible fermentation, has taken place, it is again racked off into other casks, but

which are not sulphur-smoked; and in September or October, when the heat of summer is somewhat diminished, and the wine becomes more settled and cool, the same operation is repeated for the third time.

'The following spring the wine is again removed into fresh casks, when, if it be found weak or sickly, a jar of brandy is added, the wine being now eighteen months old.

'The produce of the vineyards at Xeres may be divided into two kinds of wine: the dry, which is the sherry so well known in England, and the sweet, the muscatel and Pedro Ximenes; the latter of which is more usually known by the name of Paxareti, and is a most delicious wine of a fine deep-ruby colour, luscious, and of a considerable body.

'The real Paxareti is the produce of a place of that name, eight or ten leagues from Xeres, and comes from a vineyard belonging to the friars of the convent of St. Hieronomo, the grape that yields it being dark and sweet. The Paxareti of Xeres, however, from the superior care and cultivation, not only equals, but often surpasses it in quality. Much variety is given to the Pedro Ximenes by mixing it with dry wines, and reducing it to a moderate sweetness. A very successful imitation is also made both in flavour and colour of the fine old Malaga or mountain, so rare when of a considerable age, and which sells at Malaga itself at enormous prices.' —vol. i. pp. 80—85.

The author speaks very highly of a sherry, called Amontillado, which is very little known in England. It is supposed to be an entirely accidental variety, and is produced in very small quantities from all dry grapes. It is called Amontillado, from its resemblance to montilla, a pale, very delicate, extremely dry and most delicious wine, which is grown in the neighbourhood of Cordova, and which we well remember having met with at Port St. Mary's. It was a beverage fit for the gods! The bodegas, or wine-vaults of Xeres, are well worth a visit. They are not cellars under ground, as the reader might imagine, but immense edifices, as large as a cathedral, with lofty roofs, and divided into different spacious aisles, along which thousands of butts of wine are ranged. The visitor is shown through them by the store-keeper, who feels great pleasure in exemplifying his information about the various wines, by samples drawn on the spot. 'You proceed thus slowly through the whole range of the bodega, occasionally reposing like Bacchus, astride of a huge butt, and sipping bumpers of luscious Paxareti, fragrant muscatel, a dark creamy sherry, half a century old. While on the outside, every thing is blazing with the intenseness of the noontide heat; within, a delightful coolness and a soft mellow light prevail; and you fancy you should like to pass the remainder of your days in this pleasant retreat.' Sir Arthur intimates that on quitting the Bodega, his senses were not quite so cool and collected as when he entered it. We are not at all surprised.

From Xeres Sir Arthur proceeded to Gibraltar, travelling through that mountainous and romantic country, which includes Medina, Sidonia, and the singular town of Vejer.

'Vejer towers perpendicularly, at a great height, directly over the venta,

in the valley below, and is only approachable by a path two yards in width, cut through the rock, and which, after innumerable windings, on account of the extreme steepness of the ascent, at length reaches the town. On entering this, you climb up a narrow steep causeway, with a row of houses on one side, and exposed on the other to a tremendous gully or crevice in the mountain, which opens from the summit, where the town is perched in the form of an amphitheatre, to the venta at the bottom.

'When you reach the top and enter the town, you are still more struck at the singularity of its situation, when having crossed it, which a couple of minutes will enable you to do, you find, in the opposite direction to where you entered, a similar, but deeper gully, falling abruptly from the narrow precipitous ridge of the mountain, on which the town is built, to the distant plains below. These are terminated by the sea, a fine view of which, to your surprise, is now obtained.

'As at Medina, there is a similar commanding peak, with the remains of a Moorish fort, from which the ground extends, in a steep uninterrupted slope, to the valley. From this part there is a striking view of the town and its circular range of buildings, with its narrow streets opening down upon the brow of the precipitous cleft.

'Vejer is a specimen of the inaccessible positions in which the Arabs established themselves at the period of the conquest of Spain, and which they continued to occupy for so many centuries. The form of the Andalusian mountains, the sides of which are naturally scarped, and generally terminate in a peak, is very favourable for strong fortified holds of this nature, and in this respect, and in the deep narrow mountain clefts, there is a striking similarity between Medina, Sidonia, Vejer, Gansin, and other mountain towns on this part of the coast. Vejer probably exists more in its original state than any other place in Andalusia, and cannot fail to be highly interesting to the traveller, particularly to those who would wish to see what a Moorish town is, without being at the trouble of visiting the rude coast of Morocco.

'A custom is prevalent here, which shews, among an infinity of others, how very Moorish the Andalusian Spaniards are even at the present day. This is the habit which is observable among the females of covering themselves at the approach of one of the male sex, and which is, I believe, peculiar to Vejer and Tarifa. I had previously heard of the existence of this custom, and I was glad to have an opportunity of witnessing it, when, after having walked for a short time about the town, whilst turning a corner, I came unexpectedly upon three young females, genteelly dressed, and who, the instant they perceived me, immediately covered themselves, after the Moorish fashion, leaving only one eye exposed. To allow of this, I observed that the mantilla they wore was larger and differently shaped from the common one, reaching from the waist, where it appeared to be gathered in at the back, and attached to the dress over the head, and being folded over the face similar to the Moorish hayk. This custom, which appears so singular to a European, particularly among his own countrywomen, I only observed among the females of the better class. As for those of the lower order, I never saw a freer set of young ladies in my life, and, at the sight of a man, less ashamed of their faces or afraid.

'Both sexes were remarkably good-looking, particularly the young men, who were exceedingly active, and well made, with black sparkling eyes, and

dark clear complexions. Their Sunday costume was far more varied and picturesque than any I had before observed. Their smart dapper jackets were worked in different colours, with white waistcoats, ornamented with gold filigree buttons; while their smallclothes were of all hues, blue, green, and lilac, most richly trimmed at the knees and along the seams, with gold buttons, with black or brown worked leather garters. Their animated looks and appearance pourtrayed that ardent spirit and natural energy which so strongly characterize the Spanish mountaineers, and which not even the withering hand of a wretched government can damp.

'The town itself is larger than would be supposed, consisting of several narrow irregular streets, three or four churches and convents, and a steep sloping plaza or opening at the entrance of the town. The remains of the old walls are visible in some parts, and also a Moorish tower, which is perfect.'—vol. i. pp. 108—111.

The wonders of Gibraltar have been too often celebrated to detain us from Barbary, where Sir Arthur introduces us without much ceremony into the town of Tangier.

'Tangier is a good specimen of a Moorish town. While you view it from the bay, it looks fair and inviting, and, it may be said, almost magnificent: when you enter the walls, however, the illusion ceases, and you can hardly believe your own eyes at the woful falling off in the aspect of things. The principal, and indeed the only one that can be called a street, and which intersects the town in an irregular manner from east to west, consists of a miserable collection of houses, the meanness of which is made more conspicuous by the almost splendid appearance of one or two of the consular houses. Near these the street opens into an oblong space, forming a kind of market-place, one side of which is occupied by a low range of shops, or rather stalls, where fruits and different articles of grocery are sold.

'One would have expected in a street inhabited by the representatives of the European powers, to have found the pavement at least passable, whatever might be the case in other parts of the town. This is, however, hardly the case; and the Christians in this instance seem to be as regardless of their own comfort and safety as the Mahometans, for a more villainous piece of paved or unpaved road is or was not, when I was there, to be found in any part of the dominions of the sovereigns either of Morocco or Spain. From this principal street, as I have described it, numerous others branch off, winding round the town in all directions. Whilst slowly picking your way through these, you are almost inclined to fancy yourself in some of the barbarous towns in the very heart of Africa. In order to touch the houses on both sides of you, there is no occasion to extend your arms very wide; or to raise them to any great height, to reach the flat roofs as you walk along. As for the doors, many of which are scarcely three feet in height, you wonder how any human being can get in, much less the gigantic body of a Moor.

'The houses—which, with few exceptions, have but one story—form a small square, one side of which consists of the entrance door and a wall, and the rest of three small narrow apartments destitute of windows, and merely receiving their light through an open arch which forms the doorway. From the court-yard, a flight of steps reaches to the roof, which constitutes a flat terrace of considerable thickness to keep out the rain.

It is thus prepared:—Over the boards which form the ceiling, a layer of clay, about a foot in thickness, is well beaten down. This is covered by a coating of lime: another layer of clay then succeeds, and a thicker one of lime to form the outer surface, the whole being well beaten down and white-washed several times.'—vol. i. pp. 139—141.

The period of the author's visit to Morocco was favourable, being that of the festival of the anniversary of the birth of Mahomet, which is observed by the Moors with great rejoicings. At this season, also, the circumcision of the Moorish children is performed in the sanctuary of Sidi Mohammed, whither they are conducted at various ages, from a week to four years, in processional order, attended by their friends and relations, who are provided with guns, which they fire off frequently in celebration of the event. This festival was closely followed by one that is confined to the Jews, in which they commemorate the sojourn of their ancestors in tents in the wilderness. In strictness they ought on this occasion to dwell for a space of eight days in huts constructed of canes or reeds; but they generally deem it sufficient to ornament their houses with shrubs, evergreens, and flowers, and to visit each other dressed out in their finest garments. Tangier is famous for the beauty of its Jewesses, who, though the daughters of slaves, are treated with great consideration.

'The unmarried Jewesses live in a state of perfect seclusion; they by no means enjoy the same degree of liberty as the young Moorish women: on the contrary, they are not allowed to stir out; and a young Jewess will attain the age of eighteen or twenty, without having been seen in the streets, or without having crossed the threshold of her house, except, perhaps, by stealth in the evening, to pay a visit to her nearest neighbours. Notwithstanding this kind of imprisonment, which must be rendered more severe by the very confined size of the house, and their being destitute of gardens, these poor things seem always happy and cheerful, and never idle; which, after all, is the great secret of content. It must be observed, at the same time, that the communication which the Moorish houses have with each other by means of the flat roof or terrace, and which is appropriated exclusively to the sex, renders this restraint somewhat more bearable. After marriage the Jewesses enjoy a considerably greater degree of liberty, though even then they appear less frequently out of doors than the Moorish women; whom the better classes imitate in some measure, by affecting a partial concealment of their face with the scarf which is thrown over the head.

'The beauty of the Jewish females renders them not unfrequently objects of attraction to the Moors, who are debarred from seeing or having any intercourse at all with their own women previous to marriage; and instances on this account, are not uncommon, of the former abjuring their religion, and becoming the wives of the Moors.'—vol. 1. pp. 147—148.

The Bashaw paid the baronet the compliment of sending him, by one of his officers, a present of an old ram, worth about a dollar, for which he had not only to return his thanks, but also to pay a fee to the said officer, amounting to twice the value of the

animal! The charms of sleep he knew little of at Tangier. There was first the military patrol, who are stationed in different parts of the town, and who call out in stentorian sounds the watch-word every five minutes. Next comes the sepulchral voice of the Muedden, or crier, who calls from the top of the minaret to the inhabitants, summoning them to prayer long before the morning breaks. And, lastly, the stranger is tormented by the bellowing of one or more of the *saints*,—a peculiarly disagreeable race of devotees, and one of the greatest curiosities of Tangier.

'This holy man, who is easily recognized by his uncovered head, his filthy raiment, and a long staff, with the aid of which he slowly perambulates the streets, is distinguishable from other saints by a loud peculiar bellowing, which is so strange and incessant, as to induce some to suppose that it is the howling of an evil spirit, which by some means or other has got possession of the good old man's inside. At cock-crow his daily roarings commence, usually stationing himself at the door of the fondâk or caravansery, which is a short distance above the English house. The utmost respect and obedience are paid by the Moors to this old madman, who acts in some respects with considerable method and forethought. Every market day he makes his appearance in the sôk, provided with a capacious basket, which he fills at the different stalls with whatever pleases his fancy best, and for which payment is never demanded. It is amusing enough to see how well the holy man forages for himself: from one he takes a piece of meat, from another bread, from a third vegetables, until at last, having got sufficient to stop the throat of his noisy companion within him, he makes a quiet and orderly retreat.'—vol. i. pp. 157, 158.

Law is administered in Tangier in the most summary manner; suits are frequently heard in the open street before the judge, who sits at the door of some shop, and decides the point at issue without much delay. If any difficulty arise, it is left to arbitration. The usual punishment is the bastinado. Society in Tangier, as well as elsewhere in the empire of Morocco, has been usually and correctly divided into three classes—the Sultan, those who beat, and those who are beaten. Those found guilty of serious crimes are speedily beheaded. In point of comfort, Sir Arthur says that he was much better off than when in Spain. The travelling, indeed, was somewhat different. In the Peninsula, he was sure to meet with a venta or a posada at the end of his day's journey, whereas in Barbary, he was obliged to tent it, or bivouac under the canopy of the sky. It was in this way that he reached Tetuan, which is seated in a pleasant valley, enclosed by the chain of the Lower Atlas, at a distance of something more than a league from the Mediterranean. In size, population, and general appearance, Tetuan is greatly superior to Tangier.

'The streets of Tetuan, as in all Moorish towns, are narrow and winding, and in some of the quarters are covered at the top as at Fez, forming a succession of long dark galleries. These are used as a bazaar for the sale of different goods, or occupied by shoe-makers, there being a considerable

manufactory of Morocco slippers, which are superior in quality to those made at Tangier.

'It is a curious sight in these covered streets to observe the Moorish shopkeepers, perched up cross-legged in their Lilliputian shops, or rather cupboards, opening into the street by an outward shutter, which, when let down, presents an aperture wherein the owner crawls. Here, during the hours of business, which are few, the latter seats himself on a shopboard in the centre of his little magazine: without moving from his seat, he is enabled with ease to supply his customers, who stand at the door or window, for it is both, with whatever they may be in want of, from drawers, which are ranged around him within arms' length. When no customer appears, the shopkeeper is generally to be seen occupied in reading aloud the Koran, with studied dignity and formality, accompanied by a swinging motion of the body, similar to the manner in which the Jews perform their devotions. The Moorish rosary consists of a long string of polished black beads, ninety-nine in number, in all those that I have observed; and, as the devotee repeats each sentence, he passes one of the beads through his fingers. The Mahometan sabbath is Friday, and the Moorish shopkeeper merely ceases business during the time of service at the mosque, when he closes his shop, which, however, is more than can be said in general of Spaniards. In other respects the sabbath is observed with greater decorum and propriety than in Christian countries, which may be attributed to the gravity of conduct and demeanour, and the serious and orderly manners which characterise the Mahometan race.'—vol. i. pp. 211, 212.

The manufacturers of Tetuan are but little inferior to those of Fez, the great emporium of commerce with the interior of Africa. Its silks, slippers, gunpowder, fire arms, and earthern vessels, are of an excellent quality, particularly the latter, whose shapes indicate a classical and elegant taste. Its glazed tiles, matting and snuff, are celebrated throughout Morocco. The author is very eloquent upon the tyrannical system of government, which prevails in this and other parts of that empire. He becomes quite poetical in his praises of the Tetuan ladies, whose costume he describes with a minuteness, that must excite the envy of those *litterateurs* who cater for our milliners. Retracing his steps from Tetuan to Tangier, Sir Arthur shaped his course, in a south-westerly direction, for Arzilla, permission having been refused him, through the usual Moorish jealousy of foreigners, to visit Fez, whither he had wished to be allowed to proceed. Passing through Larache, which he found in a ruinous state, he kept his way along the coast; the general appearance of the scenery here is not uninteresting.

'We were now close to the coast, and the first streaks of light had just appeared in the east when we reached the sea-shore, and proceeded along the fine sands, from which the waves were fast retreating. The morning was chill and lowering, and, as we pursued our silent way, the murmuring of the surge, and the mournful cry of the sea fowl, added to the melancholy wildness of the scene. While the Spanish muleteer beguiles his lengthened march with his irregular melodies, the Moor journeys on with the charac-

teristic gravity of the Mahometan, and utters scarcely a single word for miles. Our lonely journey was now somewhat cheered by the welcome rays of the sun, which appeared above the horizon and lighted up the dark waste of the ocean. As the tide was far out, I dismounted, and, with my gun in hand, proceeded on foot in quest of wild fowl and sea birds. The western coast of Morocco is generally a fine smooth sand, with so gentle a descent that a trifling depth is only attained at a considerable distance from the shore, and on this account it is most dangerous to navigators. No sight can be more beautiful or striking than, while this immense body of water is hushed, and is a perfect calm, to see its swelling lines advancing from a great distance in uniform succession towards the shore, impelled forward by an invisible power, until, rearing itself into a lofty and magnificent curl of several miles in length, it suddenly breaks into a tremendous and irresistible surf.

'As we proceeded, I found the features of the coast flat and dreary, altogether destitute of boldness, and presenting a contrast to the magnificent mountain cliffs I had been accustomed to on the coast of Lapland. Here the sea barrier consisted of low rounded hills, partly covered with the sand that had been blown up from the shore, or of cliffs of fine clay-slate, of inconsiderable height. After having proceeded a few miles, we came to a sanctuary, which stood on rising ground close to the shore; there was a small garden and habitation adjoining it, but no appearance of inhabitants. The Moors alighted to offer up their prayers, and, after halting for a few minutes, we continued our way. The coast here assumed an appearance somewhat bolder; and a projecting headland prevented our further progress along the shore. We were obliged, in consequence, to make our way up the sloping cliffs, by a steep and dangerous track, which the mules found such difficulty in scrambling up with their heavy loads, that the greatest care was necessary to prevent their losing their balance, and going over the sides. We proceeded for a short distance along a level bush country, when we followed a sheltered valley covered with luxuriant shrubs, and again reached the sea-shore.

'I had been in hopes, according to the report I had heard at Tangier, of finding the nautilus in abundance. In this, however, I was disappointed, and I did not meet with a trace of it; indeed scarcely a shell of any description was visible. The beautiful argo, or paper nautilus, is a species of the argonauta, and is found chiefly between Cape Spartel, and Cape Malabat, on the Barbary coast, during the winter season, and mostly after northerly and easterly gales. They are very rarely found on the European side of the Straits, though, on my return to Gibraltar, I heard of one that had been recently picked up on a part of the rock. It may be supposed that so delicate a shell as that of the argo, and which is like silver paper in appearance, and almost as fine in its texture, is peculiarly liable to fracture, from the boisterous nature of the element of which it is a native. When an accident of this kind happens, the little animal shows his skill as a shipwright, in ingeniously strengthening and repairing his shattered bark by a peculiar process, of which I have seen more than one example among the specimens I have met with. The animal is very wary, and it is not an easy thing to intercept it on the surface, as, on the least alarm, it tilts its shell aside, and both vessel and crew go to the bottom, and are so quickly embedded in the sand as to elude search or pursuit When our little sailor

wishes to appear again at the top, he expels the water from his shell, so as to render it lighter than the surrounding fluid, and then rises to the surface, where he makes use of a thin membrane, with which he is furnished, for a sail, employing at the same time his feelers as oars. The nautilus appears only in very calm weather on the surface; and it is then that this little fairy navigator, mounting from the bottom of the deep to the world above, is occasionally seen hoisting the sail of its frail silvery bark, and catching the warm African zephyr, scuds like a snow-white feather along the bosom of the main.

'Little occurred to vary the scene along these lonely coasts; and while the country seemed quite uninhabited and without a vestige of man, the wide waste of ocean before us was equally desert, without even the white gleam of a distant sail to carry the mind to some happier shores. The eastern sky became now overcast, and we urged on our beasts in expectation of bad weather. The shores became more rocky; and the projecting cliffs again impeding our passage, we once more ascended by a narrow winding track, and pursued our way as fast as we could over wild tracks of moor, where no signs of animal life appeared, except an occasional flight of the whistling plover across the waste. In spite of the haste we made, the pelting storm overtook us, and continued until we again got sight of the coast, and, to my great satisfaction, the lofty palm trees and towers of Arzilla appeared. The date, or palm-tree, although it is not very common in the northern parts of Morocco, adds much to the peculiar character of African scenery, when its solitary tufted head is seen at a distance, towering above the crumbling walls of a Moorish town. As we approached the gardens at a short distance from the walls, we entered a long sandy lane, bordered by hedges, which were covered by the common bramble in such luxuriance, that I might have almost fancied myself in an English lane, if the occasional sight of an olive-tree and the prickly cactus, had not reminded me that I was in a southern land.'—vol. ii. pp. 99—104.

By limiting, whether from necessity or otherwise, his journey to Arzilla, on one side of Tangier, and to Tetuan on the other, Sir Arthur Brooke has been unable to add much, in the way of novelty, to the works which have been already published upon Barbary. He merely, as it appears, skirted the coast, and yet, upon his usual generalizing system, he has undertaken to present a kind of summary of the Moorish character.

'If the character of the Moor be examined, it will be found to consist of a compound of every thing that is worthless and contemptible, and the few good qualities he possesses are quite lost in the dark shade thrown around them. Utterly destitute of faith, his vows and promises are made at the same time, with such a resemblance of sincerity, as rarely to fail of deceiving his victim: truth is an utter stanger to his lips, and falsehood so familiar with him, that dependence can rarely be placed on any thing that he says. Like the catholics, who are accused * of upholding the doctrine that no faith should be observed towards heretics, the Moor glories in keeping none with Christians: these tenets are to be attributed to the influence which the bigoted character of his religion has upon him from his

* *Most falsely.*

earliest years. In his disposition he is cruel, merciless, overbearing, and tyrannical; and benevolence and humanity are strangers to his breast. Proud, arrogant, and haughty as his general demeanour is, particularly to his inferiors, he is fawning and cringing to those above him, and the veriest slave imaginable, when in contact with those whose power he has reason to be afraid of. Suspicious perhaps as much from the general uncertainty of life and property in Morocco, as from his own natural disposition, there is no tie of faith or friendship which is not capable of being dissolved when any thing is likely to be obtained; to accomplish which he will descend to the lowest flattery, and the most servile acts of cunning wheedling. Liberality and generosity are unknown to him, or if he display those qualities, it is done from a certainty that he shall be well repaid for the exercise of them. It would have filled many of these pages had I related the numerous and almost incredible acts of meanness, even in the most paltry matters, which characterize all classes, but more particularly the higher, without even excepting the Sultan himself.

'The Moor is avaricious to a degree; and in proportion as the danger is great, of being opulent, so does his desire seem to increase of amassing wealth. The great risk that every one who has the reputation of being rich incurs from the griping claws of the Sultan, obliges all to affect an appearance of poverty for their own security. On this account no Moor ever boasts or talks about his own possessions; and if you have a mind to frighten him effectually, you need only tax him with being wealthy. In his religion he is cruel and bigoted in the greatest extreme, persecuting Christians of all denominations, but more particularly holding in abhorrence the members of the Roman Catholic church, whom he considers as idolaters. The feelings of the Moor on this head are remarkably strong and universal; and no figure or resemblance of the human form is ever to be seen, whether in manuscript, drawings, ornaments, ornamental designs, or in any shape whatsoever, it being considered a sin; and when any portrait of a man, or print of the human figure, is shewn to them, it is easy to perceive demonstrations of uneasiness and aversion. From ignorance of the strong feelings entertained on this head, instances have occurred of costly presents having been made by the European powers to the Sultan, of plate magnificently chased and embossed with figures, but which has been instantly melted down; and one of the sovereigns of Spain having sent his own portrait, a compliment not unusual among European princes, it was immediately sent back.

'The above are sufficient to show the opinions they entertain in this respect. As to the other parts of the Moor's character, they may be summed up by observing, that he is naturally indolent, both from climate and general habits, grossly ignorant, hypocritical, zealous, vindictive, and a coarse and abandoned sensualist. On the other hand, he is patient under suffering, perfectly resigned to whatever infliction Providence may choose to visit him with, a scrupulous and rigid observer of the forms of his religion, and a firm and conscientious believer in its faith and his holy prophet. His predestinarian principles teach him to bear misfortunes with the patience and firmness of a philosopher, and on this account instances of suicides rarely occur.

'If the Moor possess few of the virtues of civilized nations, despicable and worthless as his general character unquestionably is, still he is

at least free from many vices which luxury and refinement entail as curses upon the former; and it must be confessed that the horrible enormities and outrages, the singular pitch of refinement to which vice is carried, and the monstrous shapes it appears in, in our own country, the details of which are so studiously daily blazed abroad, to the destruction of morals, the increase of crime, the utter subversion of female delicacy and purity, are as rare in Morocco as in other parts where civilization has made equally slow advances.'—vol. ii. pp. 135—139.

After the completion of his short tour in Barbary, Sir Arthur returned to Spain, which he introduces again into his journal, with a copious and elaborate, and most unnecessary, history of Gibraltar, from the period when it was first invaded by the Arabs, until that of its memorable capture by our forces, in the year 1779. Perhaps we should not have used the epithet "unnecessary," as, in point of fact, these superfluous details would seem to have been requisite—for making up a decent proportion of matter to fill the second volume. We have also a full account of the Sierra de Ronda, which, however, the reader will not deem superfluous, as that part of Spain has been seldom visited by English travellers, and it is a mountainous country, pregnant with romantic interest, and diversified by picturesque scenery. Numerous small towns and villages hang sometimes midway up the precipitous slopes of the Sierra, sometimes they are perched, as if dropped from the sky, upon a lofty crag, forming a striking contrast, as they glisten in the sun, with the dark evergreens intermixed with palm-trees, amid which they are seated. These signs of cultivation are succeeded by barren and desolate tracts, upon which not a habitation or human being is to be seen for many miles. The town of Ronda is itself a great curiosity. It is 'built along the edge of a tremendous cliff, perpendicular as a wall, at the base of which, several hundred feet below, the Guadiaro dashes wildly along, after intersecting it in its course. The cliff has been cleft by some strange convulsion into two parts, forming the divisions known by the name of the old and new town, and which are connected by a modern bridge, no less remarkable for its architecture, than for the extraordinary chasm across which the bold ingenuity of man has thrown it. From this the eye looks down with sudden astonishment, and even horror, on a dark, narrow, winding gulf, at a most fearful depth beneath, at the bottom of which it just distinguishes the foaming water of the Guadiaro, forcing itself between black gigantic masses of rock. On the opposite side of the bridge the rocky chasm widens, and the Guadiaro, far below the spectator, forms a succession of falls, and turns several small mills in its headlong course.' The inhabitants are a jovial, light-hearted, manly race, partaking in some degree of the spirit of Alpine independence.

Proceeding by Malaga, Sir Arthur Brooke paid a visit to Granada, and explored the far-famed Alhambra. He also went to see the Duke of Wellington's estate in the neighbourhood. It is called the Soto de Roma, a royal demesne, which, in the time of

the Moors, was a favourite retreat of the sovereigns of Granada. The author speaks in terms of high praise of its extensive and finely-wooded grounds, which are watered by several beautiful streams. The mansion is a very plain building, full of cracks, from the earthquakes by which this district has been frequently afflicted. The farms attached to the estate are said to be as well cultivated as any in England.

The wonders of Cordova, and of the other towns upon the road to Madrid, subsequently of the capital itself, the Escurial, Vittoria, and the Pyrennees, are all as succinctly related by Sir Arthur, as if he had been the earliest of English travellers in all that region of the Peninsula. And finding out that these common-place topics had not been sufficient for his purpose, he has added to each of his volumes, a most copious appendix of notes, which few readers, we fear, will take the trouble of consulting.

ART. VII.—*The Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knight. President of the Royal Academy, &c.* By D. E. Williams, Esq. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

OUR readers may recollect that, at the time of Sir Thomas Lawrence's decease, we protested, in strong terms, against the indecent haste with which it was publicly and actively announced, that Mr. Thomas Campbell was already engaged in preparing memoirs of the life of that eminent artist. To the enterprize in itself, if conducted with a proper regard to feeling, we, of course, had no thought of objecting; but we did think it most disgraceful to the character of our literature, that, before the remains of a distinguished person should have grown cold, the events of his past career should have already been openly made the subject matter of a trading speculation. It was, to say the least of it, a most heartless proceeding, and not a little aggravated by the earnestness, with which the seizure and pre-occupation of the subject was proclaimed in all the usual channels of advertisement. We deeply regretted to see the name of Mr. Campbell, connected with such an extraordinary insult to the memory of the dead.

It would now appear, however, that the name of the poet was put forward on the occasion, merely for the purpose of deterring from the destined prey, the minor vagrants of the forest. It might serve, moreover, to attract communications from relatives and friends, who would have no difficulty in confiding to the discretion of so respectable a man, papers of a confidential nature, from which useful information might be extracted, without wounding the delicacies of family privacy, or exposing more than the world had a justifiable interest in knowing. But the merits of a painter's career Mr. Campbell was certainly unfit to discuss. He has never shewn the slightest critical knowledge of the art, and of all men

he would have been, from habitual indolence, the least inclined to wade through the pile of materials, from which the Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence were to be elicited, and licked into a popular form. Accordingly, from the very beginning, a coadjutor was appointed, whose business it was to collect and digest the various documents that were to be used in the fabrication of this work; and when he had accomplished his labours,—when, to use the language adopted by himself, he had performed the part of the "humble pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish, and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their labours,"—it was found that the said "learning and genius" would not "press forward;" that it sought not the "conquest" and disclaimed the "glory;" and that, in truth, it was incapable, either from indolence, or from incompetency, or from the nature of the subject, to make any thing out of the materials, better than that which the "pioneer" had already arranged ready for the printer's hand.

This we believe to be the true state of the case. Mr. Campbell's name was first put forward as at once a beacon and a lure; when the materials were collected, he found his task too troublesome; he discovered that there were in it no points which he could work up into a grand literary monument of his own genius; that if he edited the 'Life,' it would be compared unfavourably with the similar labours of Moore; and, in the mean time, disputes arising between him and his publishers upon other matters, he threw up the project, partly in despair, partly in a pet, ashamed, most probably, as well he might be, that he had at all connected himself with it in the manner which we have already mentioned.

Hence, we have now to deal, not with a complete and well digested memoir of Sir Thomas Lawrence, but with a great mass of anecdotes, letters, criticisms, lists of paintings, and other documents, from which it was intended that such a memoir should have been composed. If Mr. Williams had entitled his work, after the modest and appropriate manner of the French, "A collection of documents intended to illustrate the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence," we should have had but little to censure in the execution of his undertaking. Taking it even as it is, we are disposed to treat it with every indulgence. If he had been originally apprized that the work was to receive no other polish, than that which he should give to it, we think that he would have passed through the ordeal with more success. The obvious faults in the production, which must strike every reader, may be easily enumerated; characteristic traits of Sir Thomas Lawrence are placed in juxta-position, without any regard whatever to the order of time; those of the man are mingled with those of the child; we are told of his size and appearance when advanced in life, before we learn any thing of his personal figure when a youth. Events are constantly anticipated;

and when we arrive at the period at which they should most properly be introduced, we are referred back to the pages in which they have been, without any sort of reason, disposed of out of place. In the early part of the work, we have a great many puerile dissertations upon common subjects, which would belong as much to the life of a soldier or a mechanic, as they do to that of a painter. We have also very many unnecessary references to the lives of other artists, which shed no light whatever upon the topic in hand, and are altogether unconnected with it. On one or two occasions the compiler introduces documents wholly foreign, not only to Sir Thomas Lawrence's memory, but to that of any other artist, and merely with a view to gratify some associations of his own. We allude particularly to the insertion of the letter of Henry Sheares, one of the two brothers who suffered death in Ireland, in 1798, which has no more in common with the subject of this memoir, than it would have with an account of Loo Choo. The style of the author's dedication to Sir R. Peel is too pedantic. In general, his composition is far from being correct; for instance, he concludes the dedication just mentioned, neither in good taste, nor good language, by saying to Sir Robert—'Like yourself, I can claim one of the most exalted and inestimable of distinctions—an inflexibility to aught but conviction, and an indifference to any thing that I do not deem *integral* and right.' The word 'integral' has only one meaning, "a whole made up of parts;" consequently, the dedicator tells his patron that he 'has an indifference to any thing that he does not deem *a whole made up of parts*,' which is a truly ridiculous boast. He speaks of Sir Thomas Lawrence as an artist 'whose *similar* you seldom meet with,' and of Fuseli, as 'launching the torrent of his indignation' against some French picture cleaners. Fuseli was certainly an extraordinary man, but we never knew that he, or any other human being, could *launch* a torrent. Many improprieties of phrase, worse even than these, we might cite, if we did not think that the whole merit of this work consists in its matter, and very little indeed in the manner of its execution.

The leading facts connected with the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, may be comprised within a narrow compass. He was a native of Bristol, where he first saw the light in the month of May, 1769. Some foolish friends have attempted to trace his lineage to a Sir Robert Lawrence, who attended Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land. The destined President of the Academy had no claim whatever to any such distinction. His father was an innkeeper, and, in some respects, an ecccentric character, who had a smattering of classical learning, wrote verses occasionally, and was fond of spouting Shakspeare and Milton; his mother was the daughter of a clergyman. They first kept the White Lion at Bristol, but not being fortunate in that situation, they removed to the Black Bear at Devizes, where they lived for many years. It was the fortune

of their son Thomas, the youngest of a large family, to become a prodigy of genius even in childhood. Before he was six years old, he was so great a proficient in that art, in which he was afterwards to shine so pre-eminently, that he could take likenesses with wonderful rapidity and truth. It is related as a fact well authenticated, that the late Lord Kenyon and his lady, having stopped one evening, in the year 1775, at the Black Bear, on their way to Bath, had an opportunity of putting to proof the precocious talents of the juvenile artist. The bill of fare was scarcely discussed, when the fond Boniface, according to his usual fashion, held forth in praise of his son. "The boy," said he, "is only five years old, but he can take your likenesses, or repeat to you any speech in Milton's Pandæmonium." The guests, rather fatigued by their journey, were much disinclined to endure what they expected to be an insufferable annoyance, and were about to forbid his appearance, when the little urchin, uninvited, galloped into the room riding on a stick. His beauty and sprightliness did away at once with all objections. As soon as he could be prevailed upon to give up his amusement, the lady asked him if he could take her husband's likeness. Young Lawrence immediately assented. A chair, table, pencils and paper were quickly arranged, and, in a few minutes, an astonishing likeness of the great lawyer's face was produced. The artist was next asked if he could perform a similar act of kindness for the lady. "Yes" he replied, "that I can, if she will turn her side to me, for her face is not straight," an observation that was strictly true, and shewed the lively perception which the boy even then had acquired of the elements of beauty. The latter portrait was in existence in 1799. It was about five inches broad, and delicately shaded; the indecision and feebleness of the contour alone betrayed the "'prentice hand."

Young Lawrence's education seems to have been extremely limited, doubtless in consequence of the inability of his parents to extend it, and also, perhaps, from the early display of those natural talents, which his father deemed all sufficient for the security of his future fortune. He was altogether at school no more than two years. His love for his pencil seems to have given him, from the beginning, an indifference for all other pursuits; though under the tuition of his odd father, he made considerable progress as a reciter of verses. So much was this the case, that some of his biographers have stated that he was regularly prepared for the stage, and that for some time he figured upon the provincial boards. It is, however, denied in the present work, that he ever acted in any other than a private theatre, and that even in this sphere, his exertions have been limited to the Priory at Stanmore. It would seem that in painting he received no instruction whatever. Generally, when reading the lives of distinguished artists, we have to trace their career first under a proper master, and next, after having established a character for superior abilities, we follow them over the Alps to

Florence and Rome, where they complete their studies, in the presence of all the great models which genius has bestowed upon the world. But nothing of this kind is recorded of Lawrence. He had not the advantage of visiting Italy for his education; self-taught and self-inspired, he was not only obliged to draw all his knowledge from his own resources, but to apply those resources, at an unusually early period of life, to the support of his family. His father was a restless, thriftless, speculative tradesman, who, as soon as he found that his son's talents could be turned to account, instead of making, as he ought to have made, every personal sacrifice, in order to have those talents rightly directed, and improved by suitable discipline, merely considered them as a "God-send," to relieve himself from the difficulties in which he was involved by his mismanagement. There is a story related here of a bond, which the youth was requested, when about to enter the world, to execute in favour of his father; if this be true, as we have no reason to doubt, the memory of a parent, who could insist upon obtaining such an instrument from a son, to whom he had given not even the common consideration of a good education, must always be thought of in a most unfavourable manner. The selfishness of such a proceeding is unnatural, and, we hope, without example.

Indeed, notwithstanding Mr. Campbell's weak-minded injunction contained in a sort of a letter of advice, to his "pioneer," not to lay bare to the eye of the world the sacrifices which Lawrence was obliged to make in early life, and from habit, and perhaps partly from pride, continued to make almost to the last hour of his existence, for the support of members of his family who ought to have earned their own bread; we cannot but think that Mr. Williams would have omitted a very essential part of his duty, if he had not exposed and denounced this *Harpeyan* system, in the terms which it deserved. We do not speak here of that natural and honourable desire, which a son who is capable of erecting his own fortune in the world, must ever feel, of rendering assistance to his parents if they should require it. This is too sacred, too pious an impulse to be tampered with, and deserves the utmost encouragement and applause. But when this impulse, which has its limits in nature and in reason, is trespassed upon too far by those who are still competent to acquire by industry their own subsistence, we must suppose that there is much of incessant importunity upon one side, and too much of weakness on the other.

No doubt need now be entertained, and we shall not suppress or palliate the fact, that Lawrence, from being preyed upon by his family, was under the necessity of anticipating his earnings, large as these were, from the commencement to the latest hour of his professional existence. When it was known that he died poor, and even in embarrassed circumstances,—he, whose career had been so uncommonly prosperous,—the scandalous world, always eager for a base and malignant whisper, gave out that he had gambled

away all his money, or spent it upon good living and women. Nothing could have been more false. A confession which he made late in life, when asking a pecuniary accommodation from a friend, betrays the secret channel through which his splendid earnings had been drained. "You, no doubt," he writes, "wonder why I should ask for this, and former favours of the same nature, when I am in the receipt of so large an income; but the truth is, I began life wrongly. I spent (he might have said dissipated among my family) more money than I earned, and accumulated debts for which I have been paying heavy interest."

It certainly was not for his benefit, though well intended, that Mr. Angerstein, who, at a very early period of his professional course, paid marked attention to young Lawrence, accommodated him with a considerable sum of money, and also with the sum of £20 weekly, for domestic expences, upon the condition of the artist paying into his house all his professional earnings, until the whole debt should be liquidated. The habit of borrowing money, at all times injurious to professional men, is particularly destructive to them at the outset of their career. The debts thus accumulated threw a shade of unhappiness over the whole life of Sir Thomas Lawrence; brilliant as his condition seemed to be in the eye of the world, it was always, in truth, a state of splendid misery.

Far from allowing his son to be instructed in the art of painting, the father, on the contrary, held it as a principle, that it was best to leave his genius to its own guidance, believing that reading or tuition would only cramp its native powers. Young Lawrence was, however, allowed to learn all he could from the works of eminent artists, and hence we find him, at a very early age, well received at many houses in the country, in which paintings of considerable value were collected. Going through the gallery at Corsham House, Wilts, the seat of Mr. Methuen, his attention was particularly attracted by a Rubens. "Ah!" he murmured, "I shall never be able to paint like that,"—not a very different exclamation from that of the more confident aspirant, who said—"And I too am a painter"! We are told that 'many of the drawings of this extraordinary child, taken at the age of eight, are now extant, and that they exhibit a freedom, a grace, and a poetical or amiable reading of the subject, without departing from likeness, characteristics which distinguish his mature productions.' At the age of ten, he attempted original historical compositions, and not without a certain degree of success, though it was not a favourite line of the art with him in after-life. At this period he came under the observation of the well known amateur of art, Daines Barrington, who thus compliments him in his "Miscellanies."

'"As I have mentioned so many other proofs of early genius in children, I here cannot pass unnoticed a Master Lawrence, son of an innkeeper at Devizes, in Wiltshire. This boy is now (Feb. 1780), nearly ten years

and a half old; but at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes, he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted. He is likewise an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton and Shakspeare."'

The fame of the young artist now spread so widely in the western counties, that his family removed with him to Bath, then the Baiæ of England, and the resort of every body distinguished by rank and wit. It became the rage of the place to sit to him for his oval crayon likenesses, for each of which he first received a guinea, his price was afterwards raised to a guinea and a half. At Lansdowne Hill, the gallery of Mr. Hamilton was open to him at all times, which tended greatly to polish and exalt his taste. He had here also the good fortune to attract the notice of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, then the leading star of the fashionable world. In his twelfth year his *atelier* was the resort of every body at Bath, who had any real or pretended love of the arts. He still confined himself to crayons, of which he would finish three or four in a week; for half lengths he received the sum of three guineas, a high price at that period, for a country town. He was thus intensely employed, from the age of thirteen to seventeen, and such was the character for genius which he had acquired, that a Derbyshire baronet, struck with his personal beauty, and distinguished merit, offered to send him to Rome at an expense of £1,000. But the, shall we say selfish, answer of the father was, that "his son's talents required no cultivation."

One of Lawrence's earliest paintings in oil was his own portrait, of which we have in the first volume an excellent engraving. He is represented about the age of seventeen, with a full, oval, and expressive countenance, remarkably fine eyes, his hair flowing in rich clusters upon his shoulders. Even without reference to his genius, he must, if we are to judge from this portrait, have been a youth of singularly engaging presence. He found a very steady and most useful patron in the celebrated Prince Hoare. His name may be said to have first reached London, through the medium of his crayon copy of the Transfiguration of Raphael, for which he received the medal, and a reward of five guineas from the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi. The copy was made on glass, and is said to have been an extraordinary production for a boy of that age. Animated by his success on this occasion, which was attended by circumstances peculiarly flattering to his talents, he hastened to transfer his residence to the metropolis. His pecuniary resources must have been by no means contemptible, for we find him occupying lodgings in Leicester-square, for which he paid at the rate of

four guineas a week. He soon after removed to Jermyn-street, taking his meals with his father and mother, who lodged in Duke-street, St. James's, he having, of course, to supply the expenses of both establishments. He easily obtained an introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who received him with the utmost kindness, and always paid him great attention. In 1787, young Lawrence was admitted a student of the Royal Academy. Even then his proficiency in art left at a great distance behind him all his competitors. 'His personal attractions,' it is recorded, 'were as remarkable as his talent; altogether he excited a great sensation, and seemed to the admiring students as nothing less than a young Raphael suddenly dropped among them. He was very handsome; and his chestnut locks flowing on his shoulders, gave him a romantic appearance.'

From this period to that of his death, the professional career of Lawrence was constantly progressive in fame and prosperity. His *entrée* to Sir Joshua's house gave him great advantages. He was received into the first literary and fashionable circles; he was patronized by the King, and had the good fortune to form an intimacy with Mr. W. Hamilton, R. A., then an eminent artist, residing in Dean-street, Soho, whose attachment to Lawrence had a considerable influence upon his destinies. Hamilton was affluent and devoted to his profession. His manner was light, airy, and pleasant, like that of the modern Italians, and he frequently had Lawrence to draw with him at night from the antique statues, a practice that must have tended materially to form the graceful style, for which Lawrence's portraits are so conspicuous. It was through Hamilton also that he became acquainted with the Kemble family, with which he remained connected to the last by the strongest ties of friendship.

In November, 1791, Lawrence was elected an Associate, and in 1794, a Member of the Royal Academy, before he was of competent age, and in contravention of one of its rules, through the direct influence of the King—a circumstance which Peter Pindar did not fail to make use of in one of his biting satires. He had already (1792) been appointed Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty, as successor to Sir Joshua Reynolds—certainly a most extraordinary honour for so young a man; at a period, too, when West, Fuseli, Barry, Opie, and Northcote were all in the zenith of their fame. Business now flowed in upon him rapidly, and long lists are given of the portraits which he painted in succession for several years, and of the prices which he received for them. At first they gradually rose from five to a hundred guineas. He removed his residence from Jermyn-street, (where, by a singular coincidence, he was followed by Mr., now Sir Martin Shee, who many years after was to succeed him as President of the Academy,) to Bond-street, and thence to Piccadilly. His house was opposite the Green Park, and furnished in good style. His habits were 'far from social and hos-

pitable: his application precluded this; for sometimes he would begin a head at ten in the morning, and finish it by four in the afternoon. Such exertions exhausted him, and he sought repose, not in conviviality, but in a change to milder occupations under his own roof, or sometimes in *délassement* of an evening with a few private friends, who were selected with a taste that reflected credit on his discernment.'

It is not necessary for us to follow the biographer through his enumeration of the various paintings, which Lawrence exhibited from year to year in the Academy, or to discuss with him the truth or errors of the various criticisms to which they gave birth. We should observe, however, that frequently, after copying the opinions of the day, Mr. Williams gives expression to his own, upon the most distinguished of Lawrence's works, in a style that proves at once the independence of his mind in the performance of his task, and the soundness of his judgment and good taste in matters of art. He is no flatterer either of the personal or professional character of Lawrence, and while he does justice to the merits of that eminent artist, he is by no means blind to his imperfections. To all this part of his subject Mr. Williams has paid the most minute attention—more, perhaps, than the general reader would approve of, though not so much as the finished artist and the advancing student would desire. The principal fault we would here complain of, is that want of order, and confusion of topics, to which we have already alluded. Traits of personal history are for a while pursued, then comes a 'But we must now refer to the exhibition of the year'—then some more personal anecdotes, then another 'But we must go back to the exhibition,' then a letter or two and another *but*; and another and another still succeeds, giving a rather unfavourable impression of the author's knowledge of method, or rather, indeed, convincing us of the intractabity of his materials, which appear occasionally to have disturbed the natural composure of his intellect.

Lawrence lost both his father and mother about the year 1797, so that it could not have been wholly owing to the pecuniary assistance which he gave to his parents, that his means were so seriously encumbered, particularly, as not many years after their death his prices were considerably raised. In 1802, he charged for the smallest size portraits thirty-five guineas, and for a whole length a hundred and forty. In 1806, the former was raised to fifty guineas, and the latter to two hundred; in 1808, his portraits were charged, relatively, at eighty guineas and three hundred and twenty; in 1810, at one hundred guineas and four hundred; and in 1820, his terms ascended from one hundred and twenty guineas, the price of the smallest head-size, to six hundred for full-lengths.

The memory of Sir Thomas Lawrence is unfortunately, and, from the evidence before us, we cannot say unjustly, in some degree stained, by an imputed connexion with the late Princess of Wales.

While that ill-fated lady was residing at Blackheath, in 1801, he was employed to paint her portrait, and that of the Princess Charlotte; this led to an intimacy, the extent of which we cannot venture to state, nor, indeed, is it worth while now to revive the subject. Mr. Williams has done perfectly right, however, in mentioning it, though we think that Lawrence's exculpatory affidavit might have well been spared, particularly as it is by no means a satisfactory defence against the charges that were made. We cannot but apprehend that there was much in the remark made by Lord Eldon, in a conversation which he had with the artist, after his servant had been examined by the Commissioners who were appointed to conduct the "Delicate Investigation." "Sir, you are a very fortunate man, indeed." "Why so, my Lord." "Because you have the most faithful, *clever*, and *prudent* servant, who has served you *cunningly*,—at the hour of need."

The election of Lawrence as President of the Royal Academy, his elevation to the Knighthood, his mission to the continent for the purpose of painting the portraits of the most celebrated characters who had figured among the Allies, need not here be dwelt upon. The events connected with all these stages in the artist's career, are detailed at abundant length in the correspondence which fills the second volume, upon which we may remark in general, that it is frequently distinguished by an affectionate simplicity of style when addressed to friends, on familiar topics, and by a dignified elegance and just taste, when commenting on works of art. The late Marquis of Abercorn is reported to have said of Sir Thomas, "He knows only one language (the English), but *that* he knows better than any other man." In this opinion the well-educated reader will not, perhaps, altogether agree. In some of the epistles of Sir Thomas, which Mr. Williams has given, we perceive an effort to be fine, and to write something, which he might hope the persons to whom it was addressed should think it worth their while to preserve, as the composition of a distinguished artist. We should instance the short note in which he speaks to his friend, Miss Lee, (the Canterbury Lee,) of the death of his mother, as a most unnatural and conceited effusion.

'"I have mentioned," he writes, "other griefs in order to turn my thoughts from that *pale virtue*, whose *fading image* I can now contemplate with firmness. I kiss it and not a tear falls on the *cold cheek*. You can have no notion of the *grand serenity* it has assumed. I think I cannot but persuade myself, since the fatal stroke, it seems as if the *soul, at the moment of departure, darted its purest emanations into the features, as traces of its happier state*. Have you seen death often? It cannot be a common effect. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

But half an hour since I had the dear hand in mine, and the *fingers seemed unwilling to part with me*."'

This is not the genuine language of filial grief, but an elaborate endeavour to say something which Miss Lee might think fine,

fine, and show to her friends as such. Her taste must, we hope, have recoiled from it. We do not know that she could have been much better pleased with the composition of another letter, which we find addressed to her upon money concerns. The autobiography which it contains may render it interesting, but it must be introduced by Mr. Williams's observations.

'The character of Sir Thomas has been impugned privately by insidious whispers, and in the public press by incautious and unmitigated accusations of errors, from which no man could have been more free, and of vices of which no individual was ever more strongly imbued with the directly opposite virtues.

'He kept not open house, like his great predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds—he indulged not in orgies like Morland, nor in ostentation like Hogarth, or one of his early competitors—nor did he sacrifice the business of his profession to moody inflation like Barry, nor to bilious peculiarities like Gainsborough, and even Wilson: hence was he accused of being inhospitable—of degrading his art to the profit of "mere portrait-painting;" and, lastly, that he lacked of generosity. When it was found that with an immense income, he was always verging on embarrassment, even his mild temper, his gentle manners, and many virtues, elicited not the true elucidation—it was imputed to the vice of gambling. Charity, if not justice, might have traced it to its real source—an extensive, incessant, and munificent, though secret relief, of the wants of others. His family, in all its branches, must do homage to his liberality; and next to the pleasures of active generosity, must be the gratification of the spirit which does open justice to the beneficent heart of so excellent a relative. Though his liberality to his parents, at his outset in life, entailed upon him difficulties which he never surmounted, and which occasioned him many hours of melancholy, and scenes of bitter mortification, never did he regret the sacrifice, never did he speak of them but in terms of esteem and affection; and I have already shown the state of his feelings at the period of their death. The charge of gambling has already been refuted.

'The character of Sir Thomas cannot be more fairly or justly drawn, than in a moment of despondency, arising from pecuniary embarrassment, he has sketched it, in a letter to his old and constant friend, Miss Lee.

. . . . '"I wish for habitual kindness—yes, because I feel it—and money concerns have no change in my feelings. This is sensibility.—(To the 'comfort-working effects of money,' it is.)—But reflect how little I have been accustomed to consider them for myself. I have neither been extravagant nor profligate in the use of it; neither gaming, horses, curricle, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin from vulgar licentiousness, have swept it from me. I am in every thing, but the effects of *utter carelessness* about money, the same being I was at Bath. The same delight in pure and simple pleasures, the same disdain of low enjoyments, the same relish for whatever is grand, however above me,—the same admiration of what is beautiful in character, the same enthusiasm for what is exquisite in the productions, or generous in the passions, of the mind. I have met with duplicity which I never practised, (for this is far removed from inconstancy of purpose,) and it has not changed my confidence in human nature, or my firm belief that the good of it infinitely overbalances the bad.

In moments of irritation I may have held other language, but it has been the errata of my heart, and this is the perfect book which I could offer, were my being now to end.'—vol. ii. pp. 39—41.

If we could summon the spirit of the late Marquis of Abercorn before us, we should hope to convince him, that Sir Thomas Lawrence was far from being a perfect master of his own language. "Money concerns *have* no change in my feelings." What is the meaning of this? "I have neither been extravagant nor profligate," &c. He should have said, "I have been neither extravagant nor profligate." The sentence beginning "The same delight" has, it will be perceived, no grammatical termination. The phrase—"it *has* been the errata of my heart," shows clearly that he understood the substantive *errata* to be in the singular number, although any schoolboy could have told him that it was in the plural. Before we quote any more of the artist's letters, we may as well advert to a topic connected with his life, which has given rise to a good deal of scandal—we mean his connexion with Mrs. Wolff.

'Mrs. Wolff was the wife of a Danish consul, who expired in the spring of 1829. Her husband, Mr. Jens Wolff, was attached to the arts; and at his residence, Sherwood Lodge, Battersea, Mr. Smirke, the architect, had built him a gallery, in which he had a fine collection of casts, chiefly from the antique. The principal artists and eminent men of literature used to visit Mr. Wolff, and among the rest were Lawrence and his friend Fuseli.

'Mrs. Wolff eventually separated from her husband; and her subsequent intimacy with Mr. Lawrence's sister, and their mutual female friends, is agreeably set forth in the family and friendly letters which I shall now insert.

'She was an accomplished and amiable woman. The gratification which he derived from the conversation of one, whose taste was pure and cultivated, rendered it a subject of regret, that circumstances, particularly her living in the country, prevented her forming part of his circle of acquaintances, except at remote intervals. She resided in Kent, about fifty miles from London, and afterwards in the neighbourhood of Monmouth, where she passed the last eight years of her life, known and beloved by the most respectable families in that neighbourhood. But though Sir Thomas Lawrence could enjoy her society only at the infrequent periods of her occasional journeys to London, and during the two short visits of a few days each, which he paid to Herefordshire, he kept up a constant correspondence with this lady and her two sisters. Upon her death, he accompanied her brother into Herefordshire, to attend the funeral.

'A lady of decided talents, the wife of a dignitary of our church, and accustomed to fashionable and highly intellectual society, had the means of accurate information, upon this and analogous subjects, as Sir Thomas Lawrence, for a long period of his life, had been in the habit of imparting his feelings, and communicating his conduct, in confidence of her delicacy and wisdom, and from an experience of the benefits he had invariably derived from her integrity and prudence.

'This lady, writing to Mr. T. Campbell, judiciously observes, that "if this question (of Mrs. Wolff) be wholly omitted, the world in general will believe that his biographer dare not face it; and I have a horror that it may

leave an opening for some literary scavenger to make a book on the subject, and mingle truth with falsehood, in a way which it may be difficult to disprove."

'Mrs. Angerstein, in a letter to the lady above alluded to, as Sir Thomas Lawrence's Minerva and better genius, says, "when the hateful calumny met my eyes in the 'Literary Gazette,' I spurned it with all the indignation it merited; as you will easily believe, when I tell you, our dear departed friend had written me a most affecting letter last summer, on the death of that very person, though without naming her, telling me that he had lost one, whose friendship had constituted one of the first blessings of his life; and, to prove the superiority of her character, he adds, with that partiality which, though undeserving of, I yet so highly prized, 'her purity and exalted piety were such, that you would have found in her a congenial spirit.' In this letter he delayed a proposed sitting of Mr. Angerstein, as not feeling equal to any exertion for some days; but upon my seeing him again, the only intercourse, if such I may call it, that we had on the subject, was, by the prolonged pressure of the hand, and melancholy expression of countenance, with which he met me. Who she was, before marriage with Mr. Wolff, I am totally ignorant, as well as of her history; but I distinctly remember admiring, fifteen or sixteen years ago, a portrait of great beauty, which he placed before us, saying, 'I believe it is a person you do not know, a Mrs. Wolff, wife of the Danish consul, and more beautiful by far than this picture.'"

'Sir Thomas Lawrence introduced Mrs. Wolff to Mrs. Ottley and her daughters, a family for whom he entertained the warmest friendship, and an exalted esteem.'—vol. ii. pp. 45—48.

This narrative, introduced as it is, by a grand flourish about the necessity of being 'full and circumstantial,' and of 'holding the mirror up to facts,' can hardly be considered satisfactory. The subject is one into which we have no wish to enter more fully. The reader must draw his own conclusions from what has been stated. He may not, perhaps, be much assisted in his speculations by the subjoined extract of a letter, from Sir Thomas to Mrs. Wolff, which has no date prefixed to it.

'"Triumphs of conquerors, and even the deeds of heroism that secure them, have a colder spectator in me, as man and artist, than can often be found. I would rather paint Satan, bursting into tears, when collecting his ruined angels, than Achilles, radiant in his heavenly arms, mounting his chariot, defying his destiny when announced by miracle, and rushing on devoted Troy! And fallen Rome, with its declining sun, as it was once sweetly, pathetically painted by Claude, would be more delightful in anticipation, than seen in its full carnival, with its rich tapestries hung round St. Peter's, its illuminated dome, and the magnificent fire-works from the castle of St. Angelo, with all the gorgeous accompaniments of processions, fêtes, &c. &c.

'"My case is very different to yours, and many inquietudes break in upon me. I think more seriously of life than ever I did; and reflect, that I have lived half my days, and done not half of what my morning promised. It is true, that for these last six years, I have been rising in professional estimation; but I find too, that *enemies rise with it*, and some way or

other *reach me.* My faults are very obvious, and known to but too many—the good of my character to very few. Amongst the best part of it, I should say, that liberality towards my competitors, and the opinions and feelings of a gentleman, may be included; with a disdain of selfish policy, and mere trickery of conduct: yet, I have recently had the most striking proof, that this and more are imputed to me;—that I am endeavouring to create an unwarrantable influence in the Academy; that I am 'forming my squad;' that every thing is to be sacrificed to me; and that, whatever injustice is shown to others, I am secretly the cause and mover.

'"The most respectable character in the society, one who has been a benefactor to many, is now the object of their attack, from his supposed partiality to me; and I, who have never in act, or even speech, been illiberal towards a brother artist, am now the object of suspicion and distrust. The difficulty of keeping in the same quiet path I have hitherto walked in, becomes daily more distressing; with a word, I think I could refute the calumnies that are spread against me, and bring these restless enemies to shame. Then, I doubt if it is wise to do so; and instead of being their envy, become their hatred—a feeling, in my mind, dreadful to excite. So little have I yet committed myself, that these men are compelled to smile upon me when we meet, and to forego this quiet triumph, more enjoyment must be offered than their detection offers. Yet, to be untainted in my character with my rivals—I mean, in whatever regards my conduct to them—is one great object with me. In the midst of these vexations, which I think I reveal to you, for the first time, I have the cares of overwhelming business, a thousand dissatisfactions arising from it, and the difficult settlement of those past encumbrances that once so nearly ruined me."'—vol. ii. pp. 49—51.

In another letter to the same lady, there are two or three fine remarks, which it would be unjust to pass over without notice. "How often," he writes, "in the progress of a picture have I said, 'Well, I'll do no more;' and after laying down my palette and pencils, and washing my hands, whilst wiping them dry I have seen the 'little more,' that has made me instantly take them up again. It is pleasant," he adds, "that though all is difficulty, (though governed by whatever general principles,) each picture has its *own laws*, and in that copy of nature, partakes of its infinite variety. Still there is no vague uncertainty about it; the truth exists, and it is our business to find it out. A really fine critic should, on looking at a picture, be able to assign a cause and motive for every form and line that compose it, since nothing in it is matter of accident, but with the ignorant and presumptuous. There is a sort of calculated foreseen accident, that is often happy; I select a brush, a pencil of loose form, whose touch may be irregular, and is, therefore, chosen by me, for the particular quality of the object; but this is intention, not chance, or chance selected by it." Here the artist was writing upon a subject with which long experience had made him perfectly conversant, and his language is accordingly lucid and forcible. We confess that, notwithstanding the Marquis of Lansdowne's compliment, we cannot say as much for Sir Thomas's criticisms on Millman and Lord Byron. With

how much more interest do we peruse his description of the family scene at Claremont.

' " I am now returned from Claremont, my visit to which was agreeable to me in every respect, both in what regarded myself, my reception, and the complete success of my professional labours, and in the satisfaction of seeing the perfect harmony in which this young couple now live, and of observing the good qualities which promise to make it lasting.

' "The princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden, or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her: her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt, nor coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good King, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does every thing kindly.

' " She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education.

' " It is exceedingly gratifying to see that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character, seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think, that, in his behaviour to her, he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful and slily humorous, that it is evident (at least it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than of his displeasure.

' " Their mode of life is very regular; they breakfast together alone, about eleven; at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time; about three, she would leave the painting-room to take her airing round the grounds, in a low phaëton with her ponies, the Prince always walking by her side; at five, she would come in and sit to me till seven; at six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past; soon after which we went to dinner, the Prince and Princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the piano-forte accompanying their voices. At his own time Colonel Addenbrooke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in, always, as I thought, to disturb them.

' " After coffee, the card-table was brought, and they sat down to whist, the young couple being always partners, the others changing. You know *my superiority* at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players; I therefore did not obey the command, and from ignorance of the *delicacy* of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before my second visit, the next week, which indeed must be a very short one.

' " The Prince and Princess retire at eleven o'clock.' "—vol. ii. pp. 74—76.

The following letter was written after the death of that lamented princess.

'"Popular love, and the enthusiasm of sorrow, never towards greatness perhaps so real, saw in her a promised Elizabeth, and while yet she lived it was a character which I should sincerely have assigned to her, as that which she would most nearly have approached: certain I am that she would have been a true monarch, have loved her people,—charity and justice, high integrity, (as I have stated) frankness and humanity, were essentials and fixed in her character: her mind seemed to have nothing of subtlety or littleness in it, and she had all the courage of her station.

'"She once said, 'I am a great coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them till the danger's over.' I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr. Baillie came in, and said, in answer to some inquiries, 'She's doing very well: she'll not die of fear: she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter.' She had a surprisingly quick ear, which I was pleasantly warned of: whilst playing whist, which being played for shillings, was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone, at the end of the room, whilst her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations.

'"I have increased respect for the Bishop of Salisbury, because he appeared to have fully performed his duty in her education. She had, as I have said, great knowledge of the history of this country, and in the business of life, and a readiness in anecdotes of political parties in former reigns.

'"How often I see her now entering the room, (constantly on his arm,) with slow but firm step, always erect,—and the small, but elegant proportion of her head to her figure, of course more striking from her situation. Her features, as you see, were beautifully cut; her clear blue eye, so open, so like the fearless purity of truth, that the most experienced parasite must have turned from it when he dared to *lie*.

'"I was stunned by her death: it was an event in the great drama of life. The return from Elba! Waterloo! St. Helena! Princess Charlotte dead!—I did not grieve, I have not grieved half enough for her: yet I never think of her, speak of her, write of her, without tears, and have often, when alone, addressed her in her bliss, as though she now saw me, heard me; and it is because I respect her for her singleness of worth, and am grateful for her past, and meditated kindness.

'"Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple; 'My love;' and his always, 'Charlotte.' I told you that when we went in from dinner they were generally sitting at the piano-forte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind.

'"I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to give to Prince Leopold upon his birth-day, the 16th of the next month.

'"The etching was given me in a grateful moment, a sad one too, (for he was in tears,) by Colnaghi. He was her printseller, and she had made a large collection—all Sir Joshua's, Vandyke's, &c. He used to attend her when Miss Knight was with her, and saw her execute the thing, the first impression of which she gave to him.

'"I eagerly caught at his saying, 'I was more worthy of it,' and more than half asked him for it.'"—vol. ii. pp. 77—80.

We know not to whom these letters were addressed, as the biographer gives us no information on that subject. They are followed by two more epistles, relating to the death of the princess and the conduct of the prince, which contain some affecting passages. Sir Thomas did not conceal from any of his friends that the death of Mrs. Wolff, which occurred in the summer of 1829, almost overwhelmed his mind in grief. It will hardly be believed that he could have felt so deeply the loss of a female friend, if she had been united to him, as some persons have alleged, by a merely Platonic affection. His conduct towards the sex in general, seems to be accurately described by a lady, who thus speaks of him:— "He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation, without its assuming the tone of a billet doux, the very commonest conversation was held in that soft, low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest, which are so unusual, and so calculated to please. I am myself persuaded, that he never intentionally gave pain. He was not a male coquette; he had no *plan* of conquest. All I know of his attachments was the ill-fated and never-to-be defended —— affair." This blank refers to an affair of a delicate nature. Sir Thomas paid his addresses to a young lady; they were well received; he suddenly transferred his admiration to her sister, and was still sanctioned by the family; the day of his nuptials with his new idol was expected to be named, when he reverted to his former attachment. He was, of course, very properly forbidden further intercourse with the family: the young lady died, and, for a time, he wore mourning, used black sealing-wax, and was liable to fits of melancholy.

We have already slightly alluded to his professional mission to the continent. In connexion with it, we may here quote his description of his singular mode of effecting a change of attitude in the portrait of the late Emperor Alexander.

'"I had to act decidedly against his judgment and wishes, and to make a total alteration in the picture, changing entirely the action of the legs, and consequently of the trunk. You will readily imagine that, circumstanced as I am, I work with the utmost vigilance of eye; I never exerted this with more certain effect than in drawing in that very action. The process was new to the Emperor, and the accuracy with which it was done surprised and pleased him. All seeing in it an unusual action of his Majesty, gave it their unanimous approbation, and I, only on the day after, saw its defect, and at all hazards endeavoured to amend it.

'"He stands always resting one leg (you know what I mean, the other loose on the ground, like the figures of the antique), and he stands either with his hat in his hand or with his hands closely knit before him. The first figure was thus. You perceive that he here seems to be shrinking and retiring from the object of his contemplation, determining at the same time to preserve and hold fast one certain good from the enemy, whatever be the issue of the battle. These were my objections, and the vexatious thing was, that, before an audience of his friends, I was to commence the alter-

ation, by giving him *four* legs; and though gradually obliterating the two first, still their agreeable lines were remaining in most complicated confusion. What I expected took place: during almost the whole of it, the attendant generals complained, and the Emperor, though confiding in my opinion, was still dissatisfied. However, I accomplished the alteration, and the vessel righted."—vol. ii. pp. 115, 116.

His epistles from Vienna and Rome are full of the most interesting details concerning the performance of his mission. They are followed by a great number of less valuable, though not unentertaining letters and notes, connected principally with the arts, and a few upon his pecuniary affairs, which, in the summer of the year 1828, appear to have been in such an embarrassed state, that he was obliged, on some occasions, to request payment for portraits before they had scarcely been begun. It is due to Sir Robert Peel to observe, that he was one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's most munificent patrons, and that to him such requests were never sent in vain. Towards the latter part of the year 1829, Sir Thomas appeared to his biographer to have felt severely the incessant toil in which he had been so long engaged, and to have betrayed symptoms, if not of organic disease, at least of an exhausted temperament. His complexion assumed an unhealthy look. To use the pedantic phrase of Mr. Williams, "he was constantly *comatose*," that is to say, disposed to extreme drowsiness; yet he had no suspicion that he was affected by a fatal disease. His favourite sister, towards whom he felt the most lively affection, was, about this period, labouring under a severe illness, which seriously affected his spirits. Almost overwhelmed by constant exertion, he thus writes to her on the 26th of December. "I meant to have endeavoured to amuse you by sending you to-day a print from a drawing I have made of Miss Fanny Kemble, whose genius has deservedly excited so much interest; but the impression has not been yet sent to me. I am chained to the oar; but painting was never less inviting to me—business never more oppressive than at this moment, when my mind and heart are at Rugby, with my loved suffering sister, to whom, I well know, my society, however sad, would not be unwelcome. I have, unfortunately, made engagements that demand my attention till the 5th or 6th. *On the 6th I have sacredly pledged myself to be with you, and to that all circumstances shall bend.*" This sacred pledge, however, he was not destined to redeem. Dining at the house of a friend on Christmas Eve, he complained that, occasionally in the evening, his eyes and forehead became heated, and he requested cold water to bathe them. From a minute journal of the last week of his existence, kept by his friend, Miss Croft, it would appear that, on the 31st of December, he was, as she thought, as well as usual. She called upon him on the 2nd of January, and found him looking very pallid. He told her that he had been ill most of the preceding night with acute pains of his stomach, which had commenced round his jaws

and throat. On that day he saw Dr. Holland, who, after prescribing for him, gave him leave to go to Sir R. Peel's to dinner, simply on condition of his being careful as to what he should eat and drink. Miss Croft continues:—

'"On his return from Mr. Peel's, about half-past ten at night, he complained only of being rather fatigued. Sunday morning he told me he had slept comfortably, and felt no other remains of his illness, than a general soreness all over his chest and stomach. He then said I must dine with him; I observed it would fatigue him less to be alone. He smiled, and said, with a formal friend that might be the case, but with one in whose presence he had so often leant back in his chair, for his ten minutes' doze, it could produce nothing but comfort."

'That evening, the lady says, she met Mr. Keightley and Mr. Herman Wolff, at his house, and that "she passed one of those delightful, and never-to-be-forgotten evenings, of which it has been my pride and happiness to partake, in common with other intimate friends, as often as three times a week, for the last three months. He complained of feeling weak, and looked extremely pale: he complained of pain in his jaws; and Mr. Keightly suggesting it might arise from teeth, went out and fetched him ether and laudanum, both of which he applied, and the next day he went to Mr. Cartwright's (the dentist,) but no such mischief could be discovered. In the course of this evening, he gave the finishing touches to a proof engraving from the beautiful drawing, which he did for me in 1812, of Mrs. Wolff, with the boy and dog; and expressed great pleasure at the way in which Mr. Bromley had executed it—the eye in particular.

'"I saw him twice on Monday, and the same on Tuesday, when he went out in his carriage, and painted the portrait of his Majesty, very anxiously desiring its completion, as it was, he said, to go to Russia. He was in better spirits on Tuesday, and told us more than one interesting and memorable anecdote, in his usual impressive and elegant language. One of these related to the pride and arrogance he had experienced, some time back, from a reverend prelate, and this led him to an instance of rare humility in Dr. Tracy, Bishop of ——, afterwards Lord Tracy. It was early in his career, while living, I think, in Bond-street, that the bishop had fixed a sitting as early in the day as eleven o'clock. Mr. Lawrence's friend, Mr. Charles Moore, brother to Sir John Moore, called in, and being a man of wit, and of the most delightful conversation, time flew with the young friends; and, at nearly one o'clock, the bishop was only recollected by his want of punctuality. On Mr. Moore's going away, their consternation was great, to find the bishop over a poor fire, in the outer room, where he owned he had been more than an hour, having interdicted the servant from breaking up what he called so joyous a *tete-a-tete*.

'"Wednesday, (6th) Morning.

'"I saw him early, and he complained of a slight return of his pain, not during the night, but when he arose, at his usual early hour, to let his servant in; he returned to his bed and did not rise again till late.'

'"After sending for Dr. Holland," the lady continues, "I remained with him as long as his unceasing avocations would permit; and we had much conversation as to the nature of his complaint, which he seemed to dread should be what is called stomach disease. I enumerated many of

our mutual friends, who had suffered long, and were now restored to perfect health, and capable of arduous professions. He said, 'You and I, dear friend, view this subject in very different lights; you are trying to prove to me how long people may suffer and drag on a miserable existence, while I consider that a sharper and a shorter struggle is more to be desired; yet,' he added, 'I am the last who ought to murmur, blest as I have been with almost uninterrupted health.' He then made an effort to rouse himself to exertion, and painted nearly an hour on his Majesty's portrait.* Are you not tired, I asked him, of painting on those eternal robes of the the Bath (Garter)? He replied, 'No, I always find variety in them.' What then do you mean, that the pictures are not all precisely alike? 'In outline precisely, but not in detail; for if you could compare them, I hope you would find the last was still the best.' I reminded him of having been written to by a friend in Ireland, to apprize him that his picture of the 'king was about to be *improved* by an Irish artist, in consequence of his having neglected to finish the lower part, the left leg in particular.' He smiled at the recollection, and said, 'Yes, I took care to prevent that friendly effort.' I left him for a couple of hours, and returned, after he had seen Dr. Holland, by whose visit he seemed cheered.

'"I ordered his dinner for him, &c. &c. . . . . I went at half-after nine, and, I may say, providentially, for he had the intention of going to the Athenæum; and had his great coat hanging before the fire. He seemed pleased to see us; he complained a great deal of his distressing sensations, and feared his pain was returning. Mr. Keightley assisted him by lifting a portfolio, containing the engravings of Miss Kemble, which he owned he had been looking wistfully at, and felt too listless to remove. He then directed and folded one for Lady Trotter, and gave me another for my friend Mrs. Baillie. These were the last acts of affectionate kindness of this sort that he performed. I asked whether he felt that his dinner had disagreed with him, and what he had drunk with it? He replied, 'only toast and water,' and I then proposed his trying a little weak brandy and water. He seemed pleased at the proposal, saying, 'that the few times of his life he had tried brandy, it had always been with so happy effect, as to make him fear growing fond of it.' Finding he had no good brandy in the house, we came away, taking one of his servants, to fetch a bottle from Mr. Keightly's chambers; this was nearly eleven o'clock, and his valet says, he found him standing before the fire at half-past eleven, when he rang to have his bed warmed.

'"He complained while undressing, but Jean tried to hasten him into bed, but his sufferings became so acute, as to prevent his being able to lie down. Jean gave him his medicine, but he soon expressed anxiety to have some new prescription from Dr. Holland. Jean went off instantly, and brought back a prescription, but, by this time, his illness had so rapidly increased, that he expressed a little impatient anxiety to see Dr. Holland. His faithful attendant set off a second time, after calling up another servant, and by the time he returned it was nearly two o'clock. Dr. Holland found him in a very alarming state, with scarcely any pulse at the wrist, till after he had lost sixteen ounces of blood. Leeches were applied to his right side, with fomentations, and powerful medicines, with good effect;

* 'His efforts were directed to the finishing of the left sleeve.'

but Dr. Holland never left him till between nine and ten on Thursday (7th) morning, purposing to return at eleven with Sir Henry Halford.

'"The servants fetched me as soon as Dr. Holland quitted him; and I found him, for the first time, in a sick chamber. I was appalled by the change of his countenance, and of the still remaining difficulty of breathing, though he assured me that was greatly relieved. Again I left him when the doctors were expected; but my agitation and alarm were such, that I returned to see Dr. Holland, if possible. He very reluctantly gave answer to my inquiries, saying, that Sir Thomas had particularly enjoined him not to give publicity to his illness. On my mentioning that I was commissioned, by Sir Thomas, to write to his only surviving sister, he advised me to say, that he had found him seriously ill in the preceding night, but that the remedies, especially a second bleeding, which had just taken place at the arm, had greatly relieved him.

'"I was, however, so earnestly requested by Sir Thomas not to mention this second bleeding, and still less the second physician, that, fearing he should ask to see the letter, I wrote under the restrictions he enjoined.

'"Sir Henry Halford being engaged at Windsor, came to town by accident, and saw him at four o'clock, when he approved of all that had been done, and merely ordered a more active cathartic.

'"....At half after six o'clock his servant came to me, to say that his master was much better, and wished to see Mr. Keightley and me immediately, and that if I could not go, he begged that Mr. Keightley would.

'"....We found him evidently relieved in breathing and in every other respect. He was pleased at having seen Sir Henry Halford, and spoke in a stronger and more cheerful tone.

'"He seemed to like his tea, and ate some dry toast with it. When Mr. Keightley came up, Sir Thomas said, 'Now I want you to read me something from this book,' directing him to the last number of the New Monthly Magazine, for January, 1830, containing Mr. Thomas Campbell's answer to the critique, in the Edinburgh Review, on Flaxman's Lectures, and sculpture.

'"As he began to read, Sir Thomas put out his hand to me, as I sat close beside him. I did not see it, till he gently touched my knee, and I then pressed his hand between mine, which friendly grasp he ardently returned,—and this was the last mark of his long-tried affection.

'"Just before, he had spoken of the tender care of his servant, Jean Duts, with great gratitude: I observed, that Jean's countenance at the door always told me how I should find him. He was quite affected at this.

'"Mr. Keightley read for about a quarter of an hour, when Sir Thomas begged we would leave the room, and send Jean to him, and no one else. In about ten minutes we heard hurried steps in the passage, and found that, in moving, his arm had bled again. The apothecary was fetched to replace the bandage. The loss of blood was immaterial, but the effect of the medicine brought on faintness, and on being applied to for a fan, I advised the use of *sal-volatile*, which was immediately given.

'"I had only got half up stairs, when I heard the most dreadful cries of distress from poor Jean, in consequence of his master slipping off the chair, on a cushion, which was before him; and rather stretching himself out, he undoubtedly breathed his last at that moment, supported only by his faithful attendant." '—vol ii. pp. 545—551.

Upon a post-mortem examination, his death was reported to have

been traced to an extensive ossification of the heart: but this was not the fact. There was, indeed, a slight organic disease of that kind, but we are told that the real cause was the depletion of the blood vessels, or, in other words, that he bled to death. Thus departed from amongst us Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, as an artist, had reached a higher eminence than any of his contemporaries, and as a man, was warmly loved by his relatives, and sincerely esteemed and respected by a numerous circle of friends. His continued and successful exertions at home, undoubtedly contributed greatly to promote the progress of the arts in this country. His portraits, painted upon the continent, convinced the Germans, the French, and even the Italians, that England, too, had her school, and that, in one branch, at least, they could produce nothing that surpassed it.

ART. VIII.—*The Anatomy of Society.* By J. A. St. John. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Bull. 1831.

HERE are more than six hundred pages of closely printed matter upon all sorts of moral subjects, and yet, strange to say, we have not been able to meet with a single moral idea, or one lesson of practical wisdom, throughout the whole of the thirty-one essays of which they are composed. If we were to judge of Mr. St. John's character by the tenour of his writings, which, by the way, is not always a fair standard with respect to literary men by profession, we should look upon him as one of the least impassioned, but most undeviating, of the disciples of Rousseau. He wants the splendid enthusiasm, the romantic fire, the poetical soul, which gave such transcendant force to the wild philosophy of that extraordinary individual; but he follows him most devotedly in all that was mischievous in his system of ethics, and in all that was false and offensive in his doctrines with respect to religion. Rousseau was a half insane hermit in the world, who gained numerous audiences, however, wherever he appeared, by the eccentricity of his ideas, and the unquestionable charms of his eloquence. Mr. St. John is also a hermit in his way, and preserves in spirit the views of society which Rousseau inculcated; but he reproduces them with a degree of coldness, which, while it necessarily prevents them from doing much harm, shews at the same time that he has adopted them, not from any natural congeniality of disposition, but from a principle of calculated preference, the result, most probably, of a defective education, and a profound ignorance of the truths of Christianity.

He looks upon mankind as if they were congregated in this world by accident, or by some power inherent in themselves; he talks of the 'first institution of society,' as if it had been a matter regularly debated amongst them before it was established; and he supposes that they would not have thought of it, if they

had not been persuaded that 'happiness is a god that cannot be approached singly.' Hence, cities were built, public worship invented, marriage instituted and children desired. Hence, he ventures impiously to say, 'even God, whom *we have fashioned*, as Aristotle observes, after our own image, is believed to have surrounded himself with the society of angels.' If Mr. St. John had lived in the time of Aristotle, he might have been excused for adopting the language of that philosopher, and for contemplating society as formed merely for the purposes of this world, without reference to another. But to write at this day, as a Heathen, without borrowing a single ray of light from the Christian system, argues a mind at once silly and presumptuous, and coldly standing still within its own limited and solitary sphere, while all things are in the agitation of improvement around it.

The author of these volumes, indeed, indirectly avows that he knows very little of mankind, for he holds that in order to be acquainted with them, it is not at all necessary that he should be much in the throng. 'He may sit quietly on the shore of human society, and observe the rise, fall, and current of the tide, much better than those who are tossed about upon its billows, and obliged to use all their efforts to keep themselves from sinking.' He might as truly have said, that in a similar situation of repose he would have become an expert sailor. Mankind can only be known by mixing amongst them, by participating in their feelings and interests, and by consulting with them upon all occasions in which their welfare is concerned. The recluse, who sits upon the shore of life, and merely hears at a distance the tempest which disturbs its waves, would be but a wretched resource, if we were to advise with him, as to the best mode of directing our bark, when launching it upon that unfathomable ocean.

Mr. St. John, unhappily, does not merely exclude Christianity from his philosophy, but, wherever he can do so without appearing to make such sarcasms a part of his general design, he sneers at it in the most heartless manner. 'Men,' he says, 'have always thought and believed in masses, under the standard of intellectual despots, in the same manner as they fight in masses, beneath the banners of political despots.' Thus faith is, according to him, a mere fashion, having no principle of attraction or vitality in itself, but adopted or shaken off according to the caprices of mankind. They are not ruled by the voice of wisdom on this matter, for men, he contends, are not in any degree wiser than they were in the days of Homer and Ulysses, when Paganism prevailed. It is certain that they would have very little cause to rejoice in their progress during the last two thousand years, if they derived their notions exclusively from those sources of wisdom, to which Mr. St. John has been unfortunately confined.

There is, however, as we have already intimated, but little danger in the anti-Christian spirit which Mr. St. John displays.

He is fond of singularity, and this is one of his modes of pursuing it; his sneers have, in general, little point; and his reasonings upon this, as upon most of the other subjects which he discusses, are vague, and lead to no practical conclusion. We have an essay, for instance, upon the 'Science of Fortune and Power,' from the title of which the reader would be apt to expect some information as to the means by which, if he practised them, he might attain either or both of those two great objects, for which men are constantly contending. We find, on perusing it, some scattered ideas upon the knowledge of character, and a hint that mankind are best known by their passions and affections. This is really the sum of the essay upon the *science* of fortune and power.

The author has also favoured us with a long dissertation upon the progress of civilization, in which we should have expected that he would have compared the communities of the modern world with those of the ancient, and have fairly stated the comforts and conveniences, the facilities in carrying on the business of life, and in improving the mind, which we possess, and which the ancients did not possess, at least, to the same extent. We looked for some tangible results upon a subject so capable of affording them; but all that we learn from Mr. St. John is, that our whole system of government is one of imposture, that 'the people are taught *this*, and are taught *that*,' and that, in fine, civilization has made no impression upon mankind; in other words, that the germs sown by the French encyclopædia have not yet produced any shoots, and we are not all Atheists!

Few persons will read his essay upon the character of Dr. Franklin, without just indignation. That was an individual as opposite in all things, as he well could have been, to the person who here seeks to depreciate his fame. He represents that great man as having been so much actuated, throughout his public career, by a sordid love of money, that for his very virtues he required *wages;* that for a given quantity of patriotism, he demanded a certain sum of money; and all this is said to his prejudice, because, after the completion of the Revolution, Franklin complained that his services had not been sufficiently compensated. No credit is given to the man who hazarded life and fortune in a cause, that might have deprived him of both, and hazarded them, too, without any regard to remuneration. When the contest was crowned by success, and rewards were distributed to the conquerors, Franklin had good cause to complain, that he, the moral victor, to whom that success was mainly to be attributed, found himself treated with ingratitude by the nation which he may be said to have created. His industry, frugality, honesty, temperance, patience, and mildness, are looked upon by Mr. St. John, almost as so many crimes, simply because Franklin was not an Epaminondas!

We had thought that all the horrid stories about nuns and monks, and their imputed crimes, had perished with the days of Mrs. Rad-

cliffe. Mr. St. John has the good taste and the modesty to revive a number of calumnies upon this subject, which have long since been exploded. He has the hardihood to assert, that 'the institutions of Monachism, instead of diffusing over the world the spirit of purity and virtue, tended invincibly to corrupt and brutify the human heart; and were more unholy, debasing, and destructive of happiness, than those abominable rites which were introduced by the votaries of Isis into ancient Italy!" This is the most unqualified slander we have recently seen against the monastic institutions, the true character of which is the very reverse. That vices have been practised in monasteries no one will venture to deny; but if we consider them collectively, we shall find that they have been the means through which the Bible has been handed down to us; through which the great principles of Christianity have been preserved; through which the learning of the Greeks and Romans has been transmitted to our times, and that, in truth, they have been the connecting link between the modern world and antiquity. It is well known that in the barbarous ages there were no schools to be found, except in the monasteries; and that it was in those institutions the arts were exclusively cultivated, in proof of which we may call to mind the Gothic cathedrals, and other beautiful buildings, which attest, in this country as well as upon the continent, the presence and enlightened activity of those very monks, whom this shallow essayist attempts to vilify. But we take it for granted, that he cannot understand the occupations to which they were devoted. He seems to have no idea of happiness that is not of a mere worldly nature. He is a mere Sybarite, and may therefore be excused for vituperating a mode of life, with the real nature of which he seems to be wholly unacquainted. Let Germany bear witness against him, where it is universally acknowledged, that the revival of letters in Europe is mainly to be ascribed to the seminary of St. Agnes, near Zwoll, which was founded and directed by a monk, and one of the best of men, the celebrated Thomas a Kempis.

In an essay upon the character of Tacitus, we meet the author upon neutral ground, and shall allow him to make his own way with the reader.

'I cannot tell how others feel in entering upon the perusal of a work of this kind, but for my own part, I experience sensations extremely similar to those which are called up in the mind, by finding oneself at night in the remote and solitary ruins of some palace, or castle, or other vast structure, in which a thousand hearts have been agitated by sublime passions. This historian, however, had few agreeable events to describe. It did not fall to his lot to paint those simple manners and noble actions which usually accompany the rise of empires. The period of youth, of manhood,—nay, of life itself, was over in the republic; and the activity which remained, was the activity of corruption in the prostrate colossal carcass of Liberty. When Tacitus came upon the scene, the first retrogade movements from

civilization to barbarism had been made; and cruelty, cupidity, selfishness, and all the other original stains of the savage, which had been for a while concealed by the arts of politics, were beginning to make themselves awfully visible in the heart. The brutal was in arms against the godlike part of our nature, and hurrying on those atrocious processes, by which reason was at length dashed from its pedestal, and cast into the foul den of superstition and bigotry. Every man hastened to do evil. The waves of the moral deluge, which was soon to overwhelm, if not destroy, the arts and glories of life, were already beating against the outworks of civil society, and operating their ruin. The combining principle had lost its power. The elements of society began to separate themselves from each other, or to run, like a shattered globe of quicksilver, into numerous smaller spheres, each having a centre of its own. There was no community of sentiment, no vast mass of opinion, irresistible from its dimensions; no general soul, no patriotism.

'While reading Tacitus, more especially that portion of his works denominated the 'History,' the soul seems to be shaken by a perpetual earthquake, so violent and unremitting is the excitement. Having followed one current of events to their issue in Europe, we are forthwith thrown off from the busy centre of motion to the East, and here again to pursue the breathless rapidity of fortune towards the capital. Now the eagles glitter in the warm vallies of Syria, or upon the sacred hills of Zion; and anon we behold them gleaming, like golden meteors, amid the interminable fens, and humid forests of Germany. Scenes, splendid and varied as the face of nature, rise before the eye. A few magical words create a landscape; a single epithet characterizes it. A sentence transports us from one extremity of the Roman world to the other. Yet, in all this abrupt movement, sudden shifting, and amazing contrast, no trace of hurry or confusion is visible in the author's manner. Whatever happens, seems to arise spontaneously from the nature of things, and we accustom ourselves to it as we do to the sunshine, the storms, the snows, and other sublime phenomena of physical nature. In many writers we are pained at beholding a feeble genius halting beneath the weight of a subject too ponderous for its powers; but in Tacitus, on the contrary, we have a man equal, perhaps superior, to the majesty of human affairs. Like those mighty spirits in Milton, who could compress or dilate their dimensions at pleasure, he always rises with the grandeur of his subject, but calmly, without effort, and by a mere impulse of nature; and even then, when his theme towers most ambitiously into the regions of the sublime, he still seems to regard it from a superior height, and never, on any occasion, to experience the necessity of putting forth all his strength. Such is the glorious prerogative of genius!

'But sombre indeed is the general picture of human nature which the pages of this historian present to us. Everywhere the same daring, the same proneness towards crime, the same lapsing into sudden remorse, the same series of boasting, panic, terrors, and rapid returns to over-weening confidence. Heaven appeared to have poured the spirit of inconsistency into their souls. Virtue had taken her leave of Rome, perhaps for ever, and no man stretched forth his hand to detain her. On the contrary, her departure was beheld with joy, and accelerated by a thousand artifices.—Shouts of drunken triumph burst forth as she disappeared from their eyes; and turning round, as if relieved from the presence of a hateful spectre,

they rushed with delight into the embrace of the painted harlot, who, when virtue is banished, invariably occupies her vacant throne.

'But it is easy to speak in general terms of the merit of Tacitus. None but a few feeble sophists, tormented by the itch of paradox, deny it. The rest of the world are agreed upon the subject. He is, we are informed, the most statesmanlike of historians, the most philosophical of politicians; he is the most vigorous, the most majestic, the most original of profane prose writers. But let us be just. In pomp, and harmony, and majesty of language, he is inferior to Livy; in rough fiery eloquence, to Thucydides; in easy flowing ingenious narrative, to Herodotus; but in one thing he is superior to them all,—and that is, in the power of diving into the human heart, and of infallibly divining the characters of men from the slightest and least palpable indications. Here he stands alone. In another quality, also, he surpasses all other historians, whether ancient or modern, —in the invincible power of inspiring a love of liberty and virtue. His contempt appears to wind itself, like a boa-constrictor, round the vices of humanity, and to strangle them in its might. His vigilance in the cause of virtue is indefatigable. If at any time, the wicked, by the accidental splendour of their actions, appear likely to gain upon the good-will of the reader, a reflection, brief, bitter, and startling, is thrown in, to awaken the soul, and put it on its guard against the speciousness of iniquity. He never indulges in indiscriminate censure of the times, or lets slip an opportunity of eulogizing a virtuous action. No touch of satire at any time escapes from his pen; he records the actions of men as a being exempt from the frailties of humanity would have recorded them—heaping praises on the good, infamy on the wicked, and alluding to the failings of the weak with compassion. In speaking of the policy of certain courses of conduct, he affects not to be wiser than other men. Standing upon a vantage ground, which to the men of past times had been hidden by the mists of futurity, and looking back upon events, the issues of which were then known, he saw where his predecessors had erred, and how they might have avoided it; but he assumed no airs of superiority upon that account. He knew that to discover his relationship to the mortals whose errors he was surveying, he had but to turn round towards the dread cloud which for ever hovers, like a vision and a mystery, over the onward course of humanity. Looking in that direction, he found that he could not see a single step before him, and that, like all other men, he must be content to be led through that obscure region, by the hand of Destiny. Or if, from the superiority of his intellectual vision, he could pierce a short distance beyond the present moment, into the shadowy land of the future, it was only in such glimpses as we obtain of a strange scene by night, when the stars are unveiled for a moment, and again hidden from our eyes by the passing clouds. Tiberius, we are told, secretly flattered himself that he could look into the seeds of time, and imagined that from the lofty rocks of Capreæ, he was watching the Fates at work in weaving the destinies of the world. Vanity and absurdity! He saw the phantom of a diadem upon the brows of Caius and Claudius, and his vision ripened into reality. But did not the reality proceed from the vision? Hints and whispers rapidly find their way out of palaces, and, like solid bodies falling from on high among the multitude, produce an impression proportioned to the height from which they descend.'—vol. ii. pp. 100—106.

This extract will afford a fair idea of Mr. St. John's general manner. Having evidently read a great variety of books, he is full of ideas, but they are flighty; they want depth, and solidity, and arrangement. Although the essay, from which we have quoted the above passage, is entitled 'The Character of Tacitus,' yet a great part of it is devoted to the leading personages whom that great writer has immortalized; and when we conclude, our imagination is full of a great many things, with which the character of Tacitus had little or nothing to do.

"Beauty" has been a favourite theme with abstract writers. We have here a dissertation of some pages upon its *Theory*, which ends in these words. 'Beauty, *consequently*, (for the author draws a conclusion from his previous reasoning,) is an object of science; and if this be the case, the most perfect idea of beauty is likely to exist among those who philosophize most upon the subject. Nevertheless, not only are we ignorant of what beauty is, but we do not as yet appear to have discovered the proper method of conducting our researches concerning it.' Thus his own example contradicts his theory. He had just been philosophizing about beauty; he was consequently most likely, according to his argument, to form a most perfect idea of it. Nevertheless, not only does he confess himself ignorant of what Beauty is, but he acknowledges, that he cannot even conjecture how he is to set about acquiring accurate information upon the subject! This is theorizing with a vengeance!

ART. IX.—*The Sixty-third Exhibition of the Royal Academy.* 1831. London: Clowes.

THE works of art in the present exhibition are fewer in number, by about forty, than those which were collected at Somerset House last year. It loses, however, no part of its interest on that account, as, in our opinion, a very great proportion of the miniatures, the architectural models and designs, and, indeed, all the objects in the Library, might have been left out with advantage. In the catalogue of the first exhibition, which took place in 1769, the total of the contents did not exceed 136; in 1770, they amounted to 245; in 1771, to 276; in 1772, to 324; in 1773, to 385; in 1774, to 364; in 1775, to 401; in the following year they fell back to 379, since which they have gone on regularly increasing, never having been under 1000 since the year 1817. The number for 1830, was 1278, and for the present year it is 1234, and of these 478 are Portraits.

We do not think that the new exhibition is by any means the best that we have seen. Considering the very crowded state of the walls, there is a remarkable deficiency in the proportion of brilliant paintings; every body misses those female beauties, of whom four or five annually graced the rooms, from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Nevertheless, we do not mean to insinuate that there

has been any real falling off in the progress, which the art has been gradually making for the last half century in this country. On the contrary, several of the paintings now suspended in the Academy, shew that that progress has been steadily sustained, and if it does not quite keep pace with the general march of the sister arts,—especially those connected with the practical purposes of life,—it does not lie at any very dangerous distance behind them.

The President, Sir M. A. Shee, has but four paintings in the collection, all of which are portraits. He has no Lavinia this year, no fancy subject, in which we might trace the free display of his genius. The portrait of Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, is, however, well entitled to be considered as a masterly, and, we might almost say, a general work of art, from the exquisite perfection with which all the details of the dress are finished. The likeness is flattering as to age, as it makes Mr. Grenfell some ten years younger than he is; but with this abatement, which may easily be excused, it must be allowed that the artist has succeeded admirably in fixing upon the canvass, not the features only, but the very peculiar and not unpleasing expression of countenance, for which that once eminent member of Parliament is distinguished. We perceive in the lineaments, those of a mind filled with a manly independence of spirit, habituated to the pursuit of business, and frank, prudent, and honourable in his conduct. The portrait of Miss Eliza Cooper is scarcely inferior in execution to the one, of which we have just spoken. Though not remarkable for nymph-like beauty, the young lady has an air *distingué*, which serves in place of it to recommend her to attention.

Wilkie has but two works in the exhibition. Strange to say, both these are portraits, and one of them is the very best in the exhibition—that of Lady Lyndhurst. We remember the portrait of this beautiful woman which was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and exhibited in 1828, and we must say that, in point of resemblance and expression, it was much less worthy of the original than this now under our consideration. The dress, we believe fancied from the Maltese costume, in which Wilkie has represented her ladyship, is peculiarly suited to the style of her head and complexion, which are those of a most lovely gipsy. The eyes sparkle with animation, and seem to be directed towards the spectator from whatever side he looks upon them. The colouring is superb, and reminds us of the ancient masters. The other portrait by Wilkie, is a whole length of Lord Melville, painted for the University of St. Andrews. It is not by any means a satisfactory picture. There is a heavy gloominess about the figure, which makes us feel as if it were about to tumble from the place it occupies. As a likeness, it is a decided failure. But instead of criticising the latter work too nicely, let us rather admire the varied resources of the artist, who, having shone for many years above all rivals in one departmentof his profession, has lately diverged into another with so much success.

The most attractive picture in the principal room, and which, deservedly, occupies the central spot, devoted in former years to the domestic scenes of Wilkie, is that of "The dinner at Mr. Page's house, supposed to take place in the first act of the Merry Wives of Windsor," painted by Leslie. Though not the best of that celebrated artist's productions, it is, nevertheless, worthy of his reputation in many respects. The party consists of Falstaff, Bardolph, Dr. Caius, Page and Ford, Ann Page, Master Slender, and the Merry Wives. One of the latter is engaged in bantering the old fat knight, and so expressive is her whole attitude, that we can almost imagine the raillery which she is pouring forth, without remorse, upon her victim. Her companion manifests, with as little pity for his sufferings, the delight which she feels in listening to invectives, which she encourages with all her heart, though she seems too good natured to be able to rival them. They are both standing near Falstaff, who is sitting at the table, his face turned backwards towards the Merry Wives, beneath whose double fire of talk and laughter, he is writhing in an agony of impatience and wounded vanity in the presence of his friends. Opposite to him, at the end of the table, sits the demure Ann Page, who beholds, with unmoved and maiden coyness, the scene between the Wives and Falstaff, utterly neglecting Master Slender, whom no politeness seems to have succeeded in attracting from a side table, at which he is seated near her. The nose of Bardolph is there in all its glory, shining with more than usual lustre after his dinner. Ale jugs and glasses are on the table, and a handsome boy is pouring out some of the genial liquor for one of the party. A cup is offered to Master Slender, but he takes no notice of it, or of any thing; there he sits with his long hair combed carefully down upon his forehead, the very model of a gawky. If there be any fault in the disposition of the dramatis personæ who occupy the canvass, we think it is in the too prominent place which is filled by Slender—the very last place he would have chosen for himself, and, therefore, out of keeping with his character. He is stationed there by the artist evidently to be looked at, and, as it were, to be made fun of; this, indeed, is the object for which he is introduced at all; but the spectator would have preferred to find him in a less conspicuous position, in mercy to his own invincible shyness, as well as because he breaks in, not a little, upon the unity of the painting, by dividing the interest which Falstaff and the Merry Wives would seem to claim as principally their own. The accessaries in the picture bestow upon it a rich and characteristic effect. The windows, though trellised with the woodbine and rose, admit a mellowed sun-light, which is diffused over the room with the happiest effect.

Leslie's second work is a representation of that roguish scene in Tristram Shandy, between Uncle Toby and Mrs. Wadman. "'I protest, Madam, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.'" "'It is

not in the white,'" said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil." The lady is justly figured as a remarkably comely woman, whose appearance might well excuse the mistake into which her doctor fell, he being evidently much more taken up with the attractions of her person, than with a chase after the obstruction of which she complained. He does look, indeed, with might and main, into the pupil; but the close contact of his foot with her dress betrays the game of amorousness which the veteran soldier was playing all the time—a game not unsanctioned by the coquettish supplicant for his assistance. "My uncle Toby" is pourtrayed to the life. His sanguine, self-willed, and strongly-marked countenance, his copious crown of thick hair, his dress and manner, fully realize the ideas which the readers of Tristram Shandy usually form in their minds of that most eccentric and amusing personage. The artist would, perhaps, have improved the appearance of his work, if he had given himself a little more range. As it is, the figures fill up the whole space, and seem, if we may so say, to want elbow room. There would have been no harm in making the sentry-box a little larger.

Mr. Westall's eight pictures comprehend almost every variety in the departments of his art. He has given us two fancy subjects from Faust, a Holy Family, a composition of the Death of Mary Magdalene, a Rustic Scene, a Portrait, and two Landscapes. Of these the two first alone may be said to be worthy of his genius. These are "Margaret at Church, tormented by the Evil One;" and "Faust preparing to waltz with the Young Witch, at the festival of the Wizards in the Hartz Mountains." When we first look at Margaret, who is the principal figure in the scene, a most unpleasant sensation takes possession of the soul. She is falling backward from her genuflectory in a fainting fit; her person is in a most distressing position, and the frightful paleness of her face is rendered ghastly, by the cloud of golden hair which floats around it. The sensation becomes still more painful, without being excited to the sublimity of horror, when we look at the Evil One, who is represented like an immense vampire, with a solid bodily configuration, which coincides in no degree with our previous ideas of the condemned angel. Yet the boldness of the poet's fancy, in filling the soul of Margaret with such black despair,—

> "The glorified are turning
> Their foreheads from thee:
> The holy shun
> To join their hands in thine:
> Despair! Despair!"

is strongly conveyed to our minds by the means which the artist has adopted. The distant scene, in which the bishop, priests, and attendants, are represented as engaged in the divine service, undisturbed by the shriek of Margaret, and seemingly unconscious of

her presence, is exceedingly beautiful. The piety and happiness of heaven itself seem to be there, while the terrors of hell are gathered around Margaret, who is separated from the altar by the horrid screen, which is formed by the wings of the demon. The rich vestments of the clergy, the mitre and crosier and robes of the bishop, the splendour of the altar, and the mysteries celebrated there, form fine accessaries, of which the artist has taken every possible advantage. He has committed a ludicrous mistake in representing the bishop as reading the Missal with his mitre on. This never occurs, the mitre being taken off on all such occasions. Mr. Westall should also know, that when the bishop wears his mitre, he, at the same time, has his crosier in his hand. There are some other discrepancies in this part of the picture, which would render it quite laughable in Italy.

The other subject is a wonderfully fine performance. Faust is seen in the foreground, preluding as it were with the young witch, to whom Westall has given the most exquisite shape, which, perhaps, beauty has ever worn. Her figure is so buoyant, that it seems to float in the air; the countenance is lovely beyond expression, and the whole frame, which is slightly and gracefully shaped, might serve as a model for Venus. The manly form and rich dress of Faust himself, serves to set off the sylph-like idol, who, for the moment, engrosses all his soul. Upon the left hand, wrapped in his dark mantle, appears the commanding spirit of the scene; his unearthly eye-balls glittering with fiendish joy in beholding the entire captivation of his victim. But the genius of the artist has especially displayed itself, in the filling up of the back ground, a dark cavernous space, in which numerous parties of wizard-waltzers and unearthly musicians, are seen exercising all their power, to continue the enchanting spell that binds young Faust. The eye wanders, with unwearied delight, over the mystic charms which are found in every part of this scene of unhallowed festivity.

Mr. T. Phillips treads closely upon the heels of the President, outstripping him in the number of his portraits, as well as in the rank of his patrons, among whom he can enumerate Lords Winchilsea and Stowell, Lady Janet Walrond, Sir Alexander Johnson, and Mr. Wilson Patten. The portrait of the latter is one of the most pleasing pictures we have ever seen. That of Lord Winchilsea is also a great ornament to the exhibition. It fully expresses the well-known manliness and frankness which distinguish his lordship's personal appearance. Indeed, we might say of all Mr. Phillips's works, that they are painted in the best style, carefully finished, free from all blemish of fantastic taste, or affected ornament. He is advancing rapidly to the head of the profession, and must make the President bestir himself, unless he choose to be surpassed.

Mr. G. S. Newton does not shine in the present exhibition, with quite so great a lustre as he did on former similar occasions. He

has but two pictures, one from the Merchant of Venice, the other from Lear, neither of which is distinguished by more than ordinary merit. In the former, the solicitude of Portia, in seeking to know the tidings contained in the letter, which is brought to Bassanio, is depicted with considerable effect; but the drapery hangs loose upon all the figures, as if—what happens often enough in stage economy—their dresses had not been made for them.

Callcot has seven landscapes, all of which are deserving of being placed among the best efforts of his pencil. The view of the long, low, Dutch coast, is a triumph of perspective. So also is the "View of Trent in the Tyrol." The character of the scenery is admirably preserved. Two Italian landscape compositions, exhibiting the effect of morning and evening in that land of the sun, are full of the true poetry of painting.

Of eight paintings produced by Mr. Edward Chalon, only one need call for any remark from us,—that which he has been pleased to entitle "Hunt the Slipper." The subject was, in the first place, ill chosen for so large a picture, as, whatever it may be in practice, it is no very pleasing spectacle to behold in a painting, a numerous company of grown-up persons, male and female, engaged in so frivolous an amusement, particularly as it does not seem well calculated to display either their countenances or figures in an interesting point of view. We must candidly say, that we never saw so ugly an assemblage of ill-dressed persons before, as those which Mr. Chalon has here brought together. Not one of them excites the smallest interest in our feelings. The women are as brawny as fishwomen, and the men remind us of the party who occasionally play high life below stairs. We cannot conjecture, from their costume, to what country they belong. We suppose that they are in fancy dresses, and, if so, we must observe that they had but a very limited quantity of taste diffused amongst them, for a less graceful style of apparel we never beheld. It would seem as if some of the ladies had indulged too freely in champagne, or some less elegant beverage, not to mention brown stout.

Mr. R. R. Reinagle will not, perhaps, be flattered by our praise, when we say that we are more disposed to bestow it upon his landscapes than his portraits. His principal picture, consisting of the portraits of a lady and her two daughters, which is placed in the great room, is not at all to our taste. The whole three are painted as if they had just come out of a band-box, so carefully is every curl of hair arranged, so methodical the tie of every string, so well-regulated are all their attitudes. The mother must be a handsome woman, though Reinagle has spoilt her beauty, by giving her a forward smirking face. The picture has considerable merit in the details, but the design is too studied. In his landscape style, the "Village of Clappersgate on the river Brathy, above Windermere," is a very delightful work. So also in the "View of Loughrigg mountain," on the same river.

Although Mr. Collins has but three pictures in the exhibition, and only one of these is particularly deserving of our attention, yet it will be admitted, we apprehend, by judicious critics, that he stands, as an artist, in a very enviable position. His "Venturesome Robin" is, both in the story which it tells, and the manner in which it is told, one of the happiest sketches from rural life, which have been produced for some years. The back ground is enriched by the tints of the advancing autumn. In the front, the little simple bird is seen confidently approaching to some provender, expressly placed to attract him by two wicked urchins who are bent on making him a prisoner. For this purpose they have already provided themselves with a cage, the door of which is open ready to receive him. The younger of the two is particularly intent on his object. He has stolen the salt-box from the kitchen, and his elder associate is seen ready to petrify the poor red-breast, by throwing some grains upon his tail, the moment his vigilance becomes absorbed in his appetite. The boys are both heart and soul in the conspiracy, but the younger evidently enters into it as an enterprize of cunning. The expression of every feature of his countenance is in harmony with his purpose. Even his jacket has an air of cunning about it. These depredators have their contrasts in a group of children hard by, who, with more innocent looks, are anxiously waiting for the successful application of the salt. The colouring of this painting is distinguished for the rich and blended variety of its tints, the scenery is beautiful, and the story has those characters of unity and clearness, which always indicate the mind of a master. We should much like to purchase this picture, for we should never be wearied with looking at those urchins, who seem so ardently engaged in treacherously compassing the captivity of their feathered guest.

Three portraits and one historical painting, vindicate the title of Mr. Briggs to the honours of an associate of the Academy. The former we shall at once discard, as unworthy of our notice, especially the portrait of Mr. Justice Alderson, which, whether it be considered as a likeness, or as a composition, is one of the most unfortunate pictures in the exhibition. The learned judge is represented in his wig and robes, with his leg and thigh thrust out from beneath his gown in the most undignified manner. In fact, he looks much more like one of the London Aldermen in Richard III., than a judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the present day. The historical painting, however, not only saves the reputation of Mr. Briggs, but raises it to a higher point than it had ever reached before. The subject is the progress of civilization in our own country, exemplified by the Romans instructing the Ancient Britons in the mechanical arts. A man of skill, or what the French would call a savant, arrayed in the Roman costume, protected by a military officer, and attended by a fine patrician-looking youth, who holds his charts and designs, is seen explaining to a mixed group of British men

and women the art of architecture. The Roman youth is kneeling down, bearing an unrolled scroll, upon which an architectural sketch is traced; his limbs and sandalled feet are full of the promise of manly beauty, as is also the upper part of his face, which appears above the top of the scroll, and evinces a playful interest in the explanations, which his philosophic master is giving to the demi-savage audience. Yet, rude and half naked though the Britons be, they pay an intelligent attention to their enlightened teacher. Their forms manifest great strength, and the women display those rich golden locks, that transparent fairness of skin, and those laughing blue eyes, for which their feminine descendants have so long been the envy of the world. The grouping of the audience is managed with great tact; and the rich costume of the Romans, with their intellectual and polished appearance, affords an interesting contrast to the half draped figures, and uncivilized, yet aspiring, aspect of the Britons. The Mechanics' Institute at Hull, for which this picture has been executed, may well be envied the possession of so great a treasure.

To Sir W. Beechey has been entrusted the honour of pourtraying their Majesties for the present exhibition. Both the portraits are full lengths, and as like the originals as perhaps any painting could be. Yet they did not strike us as being at all worthy either of the originals or the artist. The King is represented in the dress of an Admiral, the Queen in a purple velvet gown, with muslin sleeves, without any other ornament in her hair than a wreath of pearls. There is a decided want of the regal character in both the portraits, for which no elaborateness of detail can compensate. The other works of Sir William are but very mediocre affairs.

Pickersgill has six portraits, all of them excellent. Lady Clanwilliam has the misfortune of not being able to furnish a very interesting subject, yet the artist appears to have made the most of his materials. The portrait of Lord Lyndhurst, taken when he was Lord Chancellor, is a capital likeness, and a picture of great value. Those of Sir George Murray, and Mr. G. L. Bulwer, are also works of the highest order. Pickersgill is, we are happy to observe, making great strides towards the pinnacle of fame.

Mr. Etty has not yet done, we perceive, with his anatomical paintings for the Academy at Edinburgh. He now exhibits, as a pendant to his former work on the same subject, "The Maid of Judith waiting outside the tent of Holofernes, until her mistress brings her the head of the tyrant." This picture is free from the most revolting part of the transaction, namely, the presentation of the head, which no power of genius can so disguise, as to render it agreeable to the eye, or pleasing even in reflection. The maid is represented as sitting down outside the tent under a palm-tree, anxiously watching the slightest noise, firmly devoted to her mistress, and prepared to execute her commands. Her figure is displayed to the utmost advantage, such display being the artist's

particular object. The sleeping guards are also drawn with the utmost care, but they look more like statues chiselled from the marble, than men with warm blood in their veins. Nevertheless, the painting is very finely executed. The interest excited by the expectation of the maid, waiting for a tragical event which is about to be executed within the tent, gives the work, in the contemplation of the spectator, a higher degree of dramatic interest than historical pictures commonly possess. Mr. Etty's other works, "The Nymph Angling," "The Window in Venice during a festival," "Sabrina, from Milton's Comus," and "The Shipwrecked Mariner," have infinitely less pretension than the one of which we have just spoken, but they are all productions of considerable, though unequal, merit.

We are happy to see Landseer raised to the well deserved rank of Royal Academician elect. No living artist can rival him in the figures of animals. His "Interior of a Highlander's House," "Poachers Deer-stalking," "Poacher's Bothy," and "Poacher and Red Deer," are all the emanations of a master-mind.

Who is that cheerful smiling pretty girl, whom Mr. Dyce has painted under the name of Miss Levieu? Although placed among the crack pictures of the exhibition, and not in a situation favourable for its display, yet this portrait is one of the first objects noticed by the visitor, and while he wanders round the room, he still occasionally looks back upon it with pleasure, as one of those visions of maiden grace and winning sprightliness, which sometimes pass us suddenly by in the paths of life, and, disappearing as it were into another world, meet our gaze no more. The portrait is one of great promise from a young artist. Mr. Dyce has succeeded in that most difficult part of his task, the giving to his figure the natural buoyancy of the living model, of whom we should easily believe it supplies a perfect likeness. The same artist has two other portraits, which, however, must be placed at an immeasurable distance of inferiority from that which we have just noticed. One of these is a head of the Rev. E. Irving, some years ago celebrated as a preacher, whose senseless rant, and affected and most theatrical oratory, the fashionable world, and even ministers of state, crowded to hear. His day is gone, and now his pretensions are seen in all their native poverty and raggedness. He is certainly a most ungainly subject for the pencil, being at least half a foot taller than the ordinary size, with a large mass of dark hair that falls upon his shoulders like snakes, and a pair of eyes that,—we do not mean it disrespectfully,—look more like those of a fiend than of a man. When we first chanced to meet him in some street near the Caledonian Chapel, we thought involuntarily of Milton's Satan. Mr. Dyce is therefore not altogether to be blamed, if his head of Irving be a most frightful performance.

Mulready has been idle this year, at least so far as the exhibition is concerned, to which he has contributed but one painting, "The Sailing Match." The reader will very probably conjure up to his

mind's eye crowds of boats upon the Thames, filled with all the cocknies of London, and their fair dames and fairer daughters, witnessing a contest of skill between two favourite watermen, and he will expect to see a classical criticism upon the brawny limbs of the rival candidates for the prize, while every muscle operating on the oar, is pressed for its utmost vigour in urging the skiff over the surface of the water, towards the point of glory. Not one of these objects, not old father Thames, not one of his numerous boats, or still more numerous sons, not one cockney, or cockney's fair wife, or still fairer daughter, will be found in Mr. Mulready's picture. What then does it represent? Let us transport ourselves in the merry month of August, to Cowes, and, sitting upon the shingle of that abrupt shore, count some fifty of the most beautiful yachts that ever kissed the bosom of the sea, gradually collecting in sight and trimming their sails; while innumerable boats are seen hurrying to and fro, conveying from their splendid villas, hard by, to their respective vessels, parties of noblemen and gentlemen, members of the yacht club, bound on a general trial of power and skill. The signal is given; every inch of canvass is set to catch every breath of the healthy breeze that haunts in that season those pleasant waters, and the fleet dispersing, each of those picturesque vessels is seen taking its own course, until at length, lessening by degrees, they all dip below the horizon. After an absence of some four or five hours, a solitary sail is descried far away in the mist, which soon becomes higher and larger, and the figure and name of the yacht are soon discerned, which is at once hailed as the conqueror. But by and by another sail is seen, tacking in a different course, cunningly directed so as to profit by the current, by a land breeze, or the slightest possible inclination of the tide; and such is the certainty of its course, that though in the beginning it seemed completely distanced, it gains, moment after moment, upon her antagonist, comes up a-breast, shoots a-head, and wrests the laurel from her brow. The signal of victory thunders from the shore, and is borne in echoes, sweet to the conqueror's ear, to Spithead, and all the surrounding inlets and bays of the island. Here then is assuredly the subject of Mr. Mulready's picture! No such thing. His sailing match is quite a different affair, and though it is upon a small scale, it is replete with interest for those who are engaged in it. Over the brow of a pool of water, two urchins, who ought to have been at school, but prefer playing the truant, are half suspended, watching a pair of boats of their own manufacture, which they have pitted against each other; they are helping the gale with all their might by blowing upon the sails; one of them, whose boat lags a little, seems to yield up his last breath in the contest, while the other, an older hand, has contrived to lean upon a stone in the pool, thus getting nearer to his sail—an advantage which he so much increases, by conducting his puffs through a paper tube, that his boat far outstrips the other. Neither of the principals surpasses in

anxiety for the fate of the day a third garçon, who thrusts his head between them both; and even the dog, who partakes in the sport, seems ready to jump into the water to determine the contest. Crossing the pool at some distance is a rustic bridge, upon which a carefully dressed boy, followed by a very pretty servant girl, is seen going to school. But he cannot go on; he must stop to see who wins. Behind, from a thick embowering wood, are seen two or three more little idlers, who, holding up their newly finished boats, seem to desire that the match should not commence until their arrival. Thus every accessary tends to one point of interest, and the cool spectator cannot help being drawn into the feelings of the whole party. This is the perfection of art, on whatever objects it be bestowed. The picture, it will therefore be easily conceived, is one of the best in the exhibition. Landscape, umbrageous wood, deep perspective, clear water, figures that almost move and speak, and one story to connect them all, render this painting quite unique.

An artist, whose name we do not remember to have met with before, Mr. Gordon, of Edinburgh, exhibits a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which seems to us to be a performance of high promise. It would seem to have been very recently drawn from the life, as the hairs upon that illustrious head are thinner and more silvery and his countenance altogether more worn by years, than any other portrait of the baronet confesses. The face is longer than we have been accustomed to think it, from the engravings which we have seen, and we should suppose it to be the truest likeness yet produced. As a picture it is exceedingly well painted.

We regret that we cannot speak in terms of uniform praise of the whole of the six paintings which Mr. Turner has placed in the collection. In one of these, "Caligula's palace and bridge," he has, we think, surpassed the most splendid of his former exertions.

> "What now remains of all the mighty bridge
> Which made the Lucrine lake an inner pool,
> Caligula, but massy fragments left,
> As monuments of doubt and ruined hopes
> Yet gleaming in the morning's ray, that tell
> How Baia's shore was loved in times gone by."
>
> *Fallacies of Hope.*

The picture sketched out in these lines would afford but a feeble idea of the magnificent pile of ruins, which Mr. Turner has created upon his canvass. They have all around them, what ruins ought always to have, perfect stillness and repose. Far in the distance rises the proud dome, looking majestic even in decay. Beneath it are seen, crowded but not confused, so well defined is the perspective, innumerable wings of palaces, which stretch boldly into the foreground, the walls still lofty, although crumbling so rapidly into dust, that it would seem as if a single blast of storm would sweep them from the surface of the earth. A thick golden mist veils the whole of these splendid ruins, which, indeed, look more like an

enchanting vision of the night realized to the eye, than an elaborate design painted according to the best rules of art.

Mr. Hilton's two pictures, "Sir Calepine rescuing Serena," (see the Faërie Queene, canto viii.,) and "The Angel releasing Peter from Prison," are both very creditable performances; but we expect something still better from this rising artist.

The "View of Salisbury Cathedral, from the meadows," is an attempt of Mr. Constable to represent the picture which Thomson has given in the following descriptive lines:—

> "As from the face of heaven the scatter'd clouds
> Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
> Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
> A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
> A higher lustre and a clearer calm
> Diffusive tremble; while, as if in sign
> Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
> Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
> Invests the fields, and Nature smiles reviv'd."

The painter has certainly given in abundance the scattered and tumultuous clouds, of which the poet speaks; we never saw such a chaos of dense masses of vapour black and blue before, either in the sky or upon the canvass. We know not whence the foam has arisen, which is sprinkled so copiously over the picture, as if it had come from a vexed sea, which could hardly have been the case, seeing that Mr. Constable's storm takes place at Salisbury; though why it should have occurred there, we are at a loss to know, unless the artist chose to kill two birds at one stone, by representing at once the cathedral and the storm. We should almost suspect that his original design was limited to that celebrated edifice, but finding that it had no natural back ground to his fancy, he, as an after-thought, summoned the tempest to his assistance. We have spoken of *foam*. That was but a very mild expression, for we ought to have said that a great portion of the picture looks exactly as if it had been washed in suds.

The spectator who, having mounted the stairs, instead of going forward to the great room, turns to the left into the School of Painting, will be struck with astonishment by a gigantic, savage, murderous-looking picture, which he will see suspended over the door that connects the two chambers. He will naturally ask what is the purpose of such a performance? A vast mass of flesh and muscle and bone, huge limbs, shaggy hair, great staring eyes, are given to a most abominable figure, to which the artist, Mr. Noble, has chosen to give the name of Cain. It can afford pleasure, we apprehend, to no class of visitors, whether painters, amateurs, or mere ignorant idlers, who go to the exhibition as they do to a bazaar, for a lounge in order to kill a devoted portion of the day. If there be any display of anatomical knowledge in this work, which

we suppose to be the case, we doubt whether Mr. Noble would not have derived more fame from suspending it in the student's room, for their private instruction, than from exposing it to the public, who never feel the slightest interest in such laboured efforts of mere skill.

As a curiosity, we may mention in passing Mr. Macartan's portrait of "Patrick Gibson, formerly of His Majesty's Royal Navy," of whom we are told, that he was "born in the year 1720, entered the navy in 1757, and in that year assisted in bearing General Wolfe off the field at Quebec; continued in service afloat up to his 90th year; has been in twenty-six general engagements, and is now living, in his 111th year, in the full enjoyment of his mental, and most of his physical faculties." He certainly does look a fine old fellow.

Of Mr. Hollins's five paintings, the portrait of Lord Nugent is decidedly the best, and we may say that, with respect to the truth of likeness, and the execution of the details, it may be compared, not disadvantageously, with most of the superior works in this line, of which the present exhibition can boast. A trifling accessary, new in portraits, sets off the dress of his lordship amazingly; it consists of a very small portion of the watch-guard chain, of very highly burnished gold, which appears, or rather shines, as if unintentionally, along the inside of the lapel of the frock coat upon the left breast. It is like one of those lights which the ancient masters were so fond of introducing upon all occasions, relying upon the well-known pleasure which light is universally found to give to the human eye. By the way, we are rather surprised that these guard chains, which have recently become so much the fashion, have not been introduced more generally into portraits. Our costume is, in general, so little favourable to art, that no ornament, however slight, which is usually worn, ought to be omitted. The resemblance of the picture to Lord Nugent is perfect; his lordship every body knows to be a handsome man.

What a very lovely family that is which Mr. Rothwell has grouped together,—"The children of the late Charles Herbert, of Muckruss Abbey, Killarney"! The two brothers, fine youths, just going out to shoot, appear as if to wish their sisters good bye for the day; the eldest and youngest sister strongly resemble each other in their beauty, while the two between them have a peculiar style of countenance, not quite so pleasing, but more intellectual. The family likeness, that mysterious impression, of which our books can give no satisfactory explanation, shines with more or less strength in the countenances of all. It is a picture of which the family, not less than Rothwell, may be justly proud.

Mr. W. E. West has displayed a very high order of fancy and of feeling, in his representation of that most unhappy domestic affliction, the insanity of a young woman. She is the belle of the country round, a slender figure, wrapped in a red shawl, with a figured

apron, in the corner of which she has collected some wild-flowers. Her hair falls upon her snow-white neck like a shower of gold, and her face is loveliness itself. We have gone repeatedly to look at this picture, and have never left it but with that sort of regret, which one would feel from seeing such an example of misfortune in real life, and from hearing the affecting story of the misplaced, or ill-requited affection, which had been the cause of the calamity. The ill-fated girl is standing between her afflicted parents, who are trying to pour into her soul the balm of sweet and affectionate words. Every thing looks as if copied from nature; there is no effort of epic finery; it is a rustic tale, told after Miss Mitford's fashion. In the group behind there are two or three braces of lovers, who are differently affected by the melancholy scene. One girl is evidently hesitating whether she will receive any further attentions from her swain, lest she should be treated as this poor victim was, and lose her understanding. Another points to her own forehead, telling to her companion the story of this maid, as if with a view to end it in a serious moral. These episodes serve to give variety and relief to the principal subject, and they are managed with great taste.

Under Etty's picture in the great room, there is an Italian family, in the costume of Cavi, near Palestrina, by Eastlake, which is remarkable as a specimen of the true Italian form and features, displayed in a group just above the order of peasantry, and living in easy circumstances, composed of a villager, his wife and infant child. The babe is asleep upon its mother's bosom, as if after she had just given it the breast; the father's manly countenance, chiselled in the Roman outline, is wreathed in smiles of paternal tenderness while he gazes upon his offspring; the mother is all content and happiness; no anxiety casts its shade upon her cheek; her child is hushed to rest, and she no more remembers the pain which it had cost her. Our own English beauty is in all its varieties truly enchanting; nevertheless, we could not behold this Italian mother, without feeling that there is a beauty of a very different kind, that possesses, at least, equal power to charm. A traveller may wander over every village in that land of lovely women, without meeting one more perfect, in every respect, than this fair one from Cavi. Youth and health, and the unbought grace of nature, combine to render her the most pleasing object of contemplation we have ever beheld.

Mr. M. A. Shee, son of the President, seems resolved to illustrate Gil Blas. Last year he attempted a sketch from that inexhaustible collection of scenes of Spanish life, and, with some taste, exhibited rather a larger share of *gaucherie* in the management of his subject. His performance this year, in the same line, is a decided failure. It is a representation of that interview between Gil Blas, and Aurora de Guzman, in which he declaims his thanks to her for looking upon him with eyes of favour. In his appearance there is not a

single trait, which our associations allow as answering in any manner to Gil Blas. And as to the lady, we need only observe that her right wrist is nearly twice as thick as her left. But the principal fault of the picture is the barrenness of its invention. It has not a spark of poetical fire, and no man ever will succeed as a historical painter, who has not a very considerable share of poetry in his soul.

Near this painting there is a capital "Interior," by Fraser, "Tapping the Ale Barrel," which is worthy of the Dutch school. "Solomon's Sacrifice, at the dedication of the Temple," by J. H. Nixon, is a truly magnificent composition. The altar is raised to a great height (not too great) in the sacred building, and the king, wrapped in enthusiastic devotion, with arms outstretched towards heaven, offers the glorious pile to the worship of his GOD. The elevation of the altar, and the consequently vast distance at which Solomon stands from his attendants, tend to give a sublimity to his person and action, worthy of the solemn ceremony in which he is engaged. The drapery of the attendants below, and the victims prepared for the sacrifice, afford the artist an opportunity of displaying the freedom and vigour of his pencil, as well as the fertility of his invention. This production must excite the most sanguine hopes as to Nixon's future career.

We were much amused with Gray's "Villagers returning from the fair."

In the Model Academy we were most struck by Sharp's "Boy and Lizard," in marble, and S. Nixon's "Infant Moses." Turnerelli's bust of Lady Morgan, Sievier's busts of Dr. Turton, and Baron Bolland; Westmacott's "Ascanius carried away by Venus," and his statue of the late Mrs. Rawson, of Nield, in Yorkshire; Chantrey's busts of His Majesty and the Duke of Sussex; and Westmacott junior's "Mischief," are also well entitled to be mentioned as distinguished works of art.

ART. X.—*Essays and Orations, read and delivered at the Royal College of Physicians; to which is added an account of the opening of the tomb of King Charles I.* By Sir Henry Halford, Bart., M. D., G. C. H. President of the College. 8vo. pp. 192. London: Murray. 1831.

SIR Henry Halford has conferred a valuable kindness upon society, by publishing these papers in their present form. Though treating of subjects principally medical, yet they will be found, for the most part, acceptable to the general reader. Many of the topics which they discuss are interesting to us all; the climacteric disease, the Tic Douloureux, Insanity, the influence of some diseases of the body upon the mind, may well attract the attention of persons who are in no degree connected with the profession, the more particularly as the author, avoiding all technicality of expression, has uni-

formly adopted language which every body may understand. His experience and great eminence as a Physician, render his communications important, beyond the ordinary mass of such productions; and his admonitions upon several points of practical utility, will, necessarily, be received with the greatest respect.

With respect to what is usually called the "climacteric disease," the author holds that it would be absurd to fix it at any stated epoch of advanced life. Much depends upon the influence which moral causes have exercised over our progress from youth onwards, much also upon the various accidents and habits of living, 'which more frequently determine the number of a man's years, than the strength of the stamina with which he was born.' The climacteric may be said to have commenced when the flesh falls away in the decline of life without any obvious cause. The pulse becomes quicker than usual, and the expression of the countenance undergoes an extraordinary alteration. This generally happens between fifty and seventy-five years of age, though, within that interval, men have frequently rallied from their feeble condition, and enjoyed good health for many years after. So gradual is the approach of this disease, that we seldom take notice of its commencement. We are more easily fatigued than usual; the frame grows thin and languid; the appetite becomes impaired; sleep flies our pillow, or ceases to afford refreshment. Headach and vertigo follow, and what are supposed to be rheumatic pains; the stomach loses its powers; the mind is torpid, and the lamp of life goes gradually out, rather from a want of its usual aliment, than from the effects of a mortal distemper.

This is the malady in its simple form, a form in which it is seen only in patients whose previous life had been entirely healthy. Generally speaking, it is found in combination with other complaints, whose character it assumes, and whose course it accompanies so evenly, that it cannot often be distinguished from them. Its presence is, however, to be supposed, when those complaints are unusually exasperated, particularly if the countenance indicate that peculiar character of expression, which the climacteric disease always produces. Sometimes it adopts the symptoms of the gout, sometimes those of a common cold, or any other accidental disorder, with which it connects itself, and thus, for a time, baffles the patient, who wonders that his fit of the gout does not go off as usual, leaving him refreshed and strengthened, or that his cough continues so long beyond the ordinary period. The disease would appear to occur much more frequently in men than in women. Perhaps, correctly speaking, it is only less perceptible in the latter, whose strength, seldom so great as that of man, is weakened, long before the approach of age, by the pains attendant upon labour, as well as by their less active habits. A common cold often causes it, or an act of unusual intemperance; a fall, which may appear of no consequence at the moment; a marriage contracted late in life, and, above all, sorrow or great anxiety of mind. In the early stages of

life, grief produces little effect upon the health. If disappointments then occur, the man of fortitude and energy feels that he is still young enough to repair any disasters which he may have suffered. Not so when he reaches the period of the "sere and yellow leaf." 'At this time of life,' as Sir Henry Halford affectingly expresses himself, 'it may be, the partner of all his happiness and all his care has been torn from him; or a child who had grown up to be his comfort and support; or perhaps a friend or contemporary, with his regret for whom there is mixed an apprehension that the next blow may fall on himself; and if, at this moment, a survey of past life be not more consolatory than the prospect of what remains, adieu to that animating and enlivening hope—which is cheerfulness—which is health.'

For such a disease as this there can be no real cure. Physicians cannot treat it too gently. Active remedies are altogether out of the question. The change which it operates in the constitution, is, most probably, owing to a deficiency in the energy of the brain, and an irregular supply of nervous influence to the heart. The most effectual palliative on such an occasion is the consciousness of internal purity and peace. 'To be able to contemplate with complacency either issue of a disorder, which the great author of our being may, in his kindness, have intended as a warning to us to prepare for a better existence, is of prodigious advantage to recovery, as well as to comfort; and the retrospect of a well-spent life is a cordial of infinitely more efficacy than all the resources of the medical art.'

In an exceedingly sensible and well written paper 'on the necessity of caution in the estimation of symptoms in the last stages of some diseases,' Sir Henry has thrown out several suggestions, which are of great general utility to families as well as to physicians. The latter he particularly warns, against giving their opinions of the probable progress of particular maladies in too hasty a manner; and he mentions some striking cases, in which the necessity of great caution was particularly necessary, in order not to awaken false hopes on the one hand, or to produce unnecessary pain on the other.

His dissertation upon that most harassing and most baffling of all distempers, the Tic Douloureux, is a most valuable contribution to medical science.

'The Tic Douloureux, in its severest form, is one of the most painful and intractable diseases to which the physician is called to administer.

'By its severest form, I mean that which involves the several branches of the fifth pair of nerves, expanded over the face and the fauces, attacking with electric plunges, as it were, and in a manner so peculiar, that no other pain is expressed like it. It is distinguished by its intensity, from the milder species of disease to which nerves in other parts of the body are sometimes liable; the latter generally depends upon some derangement of the digestive organs, and usually gives way to a mode of treatment calcu-

lated to bring on a better action of the several abdominal viscera, and to restore the nervous system to its healthy tone. The former does not yield to any particular treatment with which we are acquainted at present, though it may be mitigated, and the frame may be held up harmless under its pressure, for a great length of time, by paying attention to the general health.

'That the seat of pain is not the seat of disease always, is made manifest by the failure of attempts to cut off the communication of the suffering nerves with the brain. It may be a sympathetic disease, therefore; but to what disorder in the system the association belongs, pathologists do not yet seem to agree.

'May I venture to throw out an opinion, founded on the observations with which my experience has furnished me, that the disease is connected with some preternatural growth of bone, or a deposition of bone in a part of the animal economy, where it is not usually found, in a sound and healthy condition of it, or with a diseased bone?

'The following cases have occurred to me, and seem to give a degree of probability to this surmise: and I throw it out for the consideration of the profession, in order that a number of facts may be collected from which a safe inference at length can be drawn.

'A lady, forty years of age, suffered under the violent form of tic douloureux, at Brighton, notwithstanding the careful attention and skill of a very judicious physician there. On returning to town it was observed that the rending spasms, by which the disease is marked, were frequently preceded by an uneasiness in one particular tooth, which exhibited, however, no signs of unsoundness; but the constancy of this symptom was enough to justify the extraction of the tooth in this instance, (though the failure of this expedient to afford relief in general, does not encourage recourse to the operation,) and, on its being drawn, a large exostosis was observed at the root of the tooth; and the lady never suffered more than very slight attacks, and those very seldom afterwards.

The Duke of G. was attended by Dr. Baillie and myself for six weeks, under this disease, in its most marked and painful form, without deriving benefit from our prescriptions. At length, we thought it best to advise him to repair to the sea-coast, in hopes of renovating his shattered system, by taking bark there. After he had sojourned a month by the sea-side, a portion of bone exfoliated from the antrum Highmorianum, and the duke recovered immediately, and has never suffered the disease since. The bone had been hurt, probably, by a fall from his horse, which the duke had met with some months before.

'The late Earl of C. underwent martyrdom by this disease, and excited the warmest sympathy of his friends, by the agonies he sustained for many years. He submitted to the operation for the division of several branches of the fifth pair of nerves repeatedly, by Sir Everard Home and by Mr. Charles Bell, without obtaining more than mere temporary relief. At length he was seized by apoplexy, and lay insensible for some days, and in great peril from the attack, but finally recovered. After the apoplexy, the paroxysms of the tic douloureux became less frequent, and less severe, and were administered to satisfactorily by an ingenious physician, who wrote his inaugural exercise on the disease. For the last year or two of his life, his lordship had ceased to suffer from the tic, and died at an advanced age,

without any marked malady. His head was not examined after death, and therefore, we are left to conjecture only what might have been the immediate cause of his former sufferings. Whilst I attended him he underwent repeated exfoliations of the alveolar processes of the teeth, which, I thought, occasioned his torment: and to account for the cessation of the complaint, I supposed that these efforts to throw off diseased portions of bone might have ceased, or that the apoplexy had disqualified the nerves for suffering so exquisitely; but there might have been besides, as some later instances have made probable, disease in the bones of the head.

'The late Dr. P. fell a sacrifice to this dreadful disease, after sustaining its tortures for some years, with a constancy which attracted all our pity and esteem, and died at last under apoplexy.

'No assistance, which the experience of any of us could afford him, gave him relief, or controlled the violence of the attacks. On examining his head after death, there was found an unusual thickness of the os frontis, where it had been sawn through above the frontal sinuses, and at its juncture with the parietal bones. There was discovered, also, in the falciform process of the dura mater, at a little distance from the crista galli, a small osseous substance, about three-eighths of an inch in length, rather less in breadth, and about a line in thickness. The vessels of the pia mater were turgid with blood, and about an ounce of fluid occupied the ventricles. I lamented that the frontal sinuses had not been examined, for I remember he replied to a question which I once put to him, as to his ever having experienced any suppuration within any bony cavity, that he had twice suffered suppuration in the frontal sinuses.

Dr. P. had submitted, with great patience, to a division of several branches of the fifth pair of nerves, under the judicious operation of Sir Astley Cooper, who, on my mentioning to him the notion I entertained of the cause of tic douloureux, was so obliging as to show me the skull of a person who had died of this disease in the country. The internal surface of the frontal bone is a perfect rock-work.'—pp. 37—44.

To these cases, which happened to fall under his own observation, Sir Henry adds another very important one, which was received by him from an eminent country physician, and which strongly confirms the opinions above given.

'The unhappy sufferer was a lady advanced in life; at the age of sixty-five she was attacked with exquisite pain in the branches of the fifth pair of nerves, on the right cheek, nose, and temple, the tortures of which, and the dreadful "clawings and scratchings," to use her own words, were said to surpass all that was ever witnessed, and to set at naught all powers of description. For nearly ten years the paroxysms continued to recur, with more or less of intermission. The operation of dividing the supra-orbital branch of the nerve, was succeeded by an alleviation of pain during the following five months. Various plans of treatment were adopted, and it would be difficult to name any remedy which the patient did not try. Those which satisfied her most, were carbonate of iron and valerian; of the former of which she took, in the course of her illness, twenty-seven pounds, and even more than that of the valerian. Opiates gave relief at night, but failed in the largest doses in the day-time. Her intellect was not impaired, nor was there any derangement of her general health, until

after a time, a most distressing dyspnœa occurred, with other symptoms of visceral disorder. She was free from pain during the last six months of her life, which was terminated at length by apoplexy. The head was opened after death, and an enormous thickening was observed of the frontal, ethmoidal, and sphenoidal bones, in one part to the extent of half an inch; and the anterior lobes of the brain were curiously moulded and indented by thickened bone. There was thickening, also, of the whole of the cranium, but not to so great a degree any where as in the parts which have just been named.

'Thus we have a demonstration of a bony deposit proving a cause of pressure on the brain and nerves, and, from its situation, this must have acted especially on the branches of the fifth pair. We see a reason, also, why the division of the nerve has often proved of little or no avail; for where, as in this case, the cause of pressure is nearer to the brain than the place of operation, it can be productive only of imperfect relief. It may, indeed, be somewhat more effectual when the source of irritation is an external one, as, for example, the exfoliation of an alveolar process; but even then the divided ends of the nerve may soon be re-united. It appeared that the symptoms continued uniform whilst they were confined to the branches of the fifth pair; but it is not probable that the subsequent dyspnœa and visceral derangement might have been occasioned by the pressure being extended to the par vagum, when the ossific process had occupied the posterior portions of the cranium also. Apoplexy was finally produced by the further increase of pressure, and such seems to be the common termination of this dreadful disease, brought on either by direct compression of the brain, or, possibly, by the long continued influence of irritation; and partly, perhaps, by the effect of the opium, which the tortures had rendered, for so long a time, indispensable.

'In the foregoing case, the osseous enlargement injured directly, and at once, the affected nerves. But there are other cases, in which no such immediate cause of irritation can be discovered; but the same nervous branches are affected by sympathy, as it should seem, with some distant suffering part. It is well known that various parts may sympathize with each other, even when no direct connexion can be traced between them, but the communication must be made, as it were, through the intervention of the brain.'—pp. 44—48.

The general reader will be unexpectedly gratified by the popular and classical manner, in which Sir Henry Halford has illustrated the subject of Insanity; a subject so widely interesting, unfortunately, but which has usually been treated by medical men with too much technicality. Shakspeare, to whom Nature truly appears to have opened every page of her ample volume, has given in Hamlet the following test of madness:

> "——— Ecstacy!
> My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
> And make as healthful music. It is not madness
> That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
> And I *the matter will re-word, which madness*
> Would gambol from."

This test is infallible. A case which proved it is mentioned by

Sir Henry as having occured in his own practice, so late as January, 1829. A gentleman in Oxfordshire, of considerable fortune, gave regular instructions to his solicitor to draw up his will; some weeks after the draught was made he became insane, but still was anxious to have the business of the will concluded. It was read over to him, and he confirmed it in every respect. But being afterwards pressed by Sir Henry Halford to *re-word* it, he gambol'd so widely from the matter he had before uttered, that his incompetency to dispose of his property was placed beyond all doubt. Thus the timely application of Shakspeare's test prevented, possibly, a long and expensive course of litigation. The author mentions, also, from his own experience, two other cases, which Horace has completely anticipated.

'Human nature, in fact, has been and is always the same; and the descriptions of it, which we meet with in the *ancient* poets, are at this day as true as when they were originally drawn. It has twice occurred to me, to find the portraits which Horace has given of madness exemplified to the life.

'One case, that of the gentleman of Argos, whose delusion led him to suppose, that he was attending the representation of a play, as he sat in his bedchamber, is so exact, that I saw a person of exalted rank, under those very circumstances of delusion, and heard him call upon Mr Garrick to exert himself, in the performance of Hamlet. The passage of Horace to which I allude, is in the second epistle of the second book, and is the more curious, as it specifies distinctly that it was upon this one point only that the gentleman was mad. I will give you the passage:

> ——————— Fuit haud ignoblis Argis,
> Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
> In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;
> Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
> More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
> Comis in uxorum; posset qui ignoscere servis,
> Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ:
> Posset qui rupem et puteum vitare patentem.'*
> &c. &c. *Epist.* lib. ii. 2. 128.

'In another well-known case, which justified the Lord Chancellor's issuing a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, the insanity of the gentleman manifested itself in his appropriating every thing to himself, and parting with nothing. When strongly urged to put on a clean shirt, he would do it, but it must be over the dirty one; nor would he put off his shoes when he went to bed.

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* (*Translation*)—There was a gentleman at Argos who believed that he witnessed the performance of excellent tragedies, sitting and applauding with every token of satisfaction in the empty theatre: in all other matters he discharged the offices of life in an irreproachable manner: was a truly good neighbour, an amiable host, kind to his wife, gentle to his servants, and not furiously angry if the seal of the wine flagon were broken, He could, moreover, avoid running against a rock, or falling into an open well.

He would agree to purchase any thing that was to be sold, but he would not pay for it. He was, in fact, brought up from the King's Bench prison, where he had been committed for not paying for a picture, valued at fifteen hundred pounds, which he had agreed to buy; and in giving my opinion to the jury, I recommended it to them to go over to his house, in Portland-place, where they would find fifty thousand pounds worth of property of every description; this picture, musical instruments, clocks, baby-houses, and baubles, all huddled in confusion together, on the floor of his dining room. To such a case what could apply more closely than the passage—

> Si quis emat citharas, emptas comportet in unum,
> Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli;
> Si scalpra et formas, non sutor, nautica vela,
> Aversus mercaturis: delirus et amens
> Undique dicatur merito.*
>
> HOR. Sat. lib. ii. 3. 104.

'I need not add that the jury found the gentleman insane.

'Thus have some of the descriptions of the poets, held to be imaginary, been realized in life. And it is possible, that if the physician were to collect and apply the brief notices of various disorders, which have been thrown out by the great poets of antiquity, he might not only illustrate the truth of the descriptions drawn by those accurate observers of nature, but derive from them some useful hints to assist him in his own observation of disease.'—pp. 61—64.

The author's Essay upon the influence which some diseases of the body have upon the mind, approaches, occasionally, the oratorical form. Apoplexy, Palsy, Epilepsy, Pulmonary Complaints, all these produce their different effects upon the intellectual system. In some cases of organic disease, the paroxysms of pain are tremendous, but in the intervals between the attacks the mind of the patient is often cheerful and his spirits even elated, owing to the benignant arrangement of Providence, whereby cessation from intense suffering becomes a positive enjoyment, and "diffuses," as Dr. Paley has expressed it, "some portion of mental complacency over the whole of that mixed state of sensations in which disease has placed him." Bodily pain alone does not, it seems, affect the faculties of the mind. Patients afflicted with the iliack passion, (convulsion of the stomach,) one of the most dreadful of diseases, have been known to suffer hiccup, unquenchable thirst, incessant vomiting, and horrid disquietude for six or seven days and nights successively, and yet they have preserved, unimpaired, their mental

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* 'Which Francis thus translates.

> "If a man filled his cabinet with lyres,
> Whom neither music charms, nor muse inspires;
> Should he buy lasts and knives, who never made
> A shoe; or if a wight who hated trade,
> The sails and tackle for a vessel bought,
> Madman or fool he might be justly thought."'

powers. This subject leads Sir Henry into a series of reflections, which we shall make no apology for transcribing.

'Indeed, before the glad tidings of pardon and peace in a future life, on certain conditions, had been proclaimed to the world by our Redeemer, so much intense suffering—nay, much less than that which is endured by a patient under a fatal ileus, was considered by the most enlightened Romans as a sufficient reason for ridding themselves abruptly of life. The first book of Pliny's letters furnishes us with two instances of friends of his, one of whom *had* recourse to this apparently common practice; and the other intended to resort to it, if the physician should pronounce his malady a mortal one. Their creed admitted an independent exercise of their free-will and pleasure in the disposal of their lives:—

'Ipse Deus, simul atque volam me solvet—
————Moriar. *Mors* ultima linea rerum est.
HORACE, *Epist.* 16.

'But the Christian has a higher motive for submitting himself to the will of Heaven, and for taking his sufferings patiently. He believes that the present life is a life of probation only, and that what he now endures may be a necessary trial of his faith and obedience; and that, by a merciful dispensation, the great Creator may make use of pain as an instrument, by which He would detach him from this beautiful world, in which Infinite Goodness had set him down only for a temporary sojournment, intending him for another and a better existence hereafter.

'Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die, from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference, which is the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that "my last end might be like theirs." '—pp. 77—80.

The duty of the physician, at this melancholy hour, is then explained.

'And here you will forgive me, perhaps, if I presume to state what appears to me to be the conduct proper to be observed by a physician in withholding, or making his patient acquainted with, his opinion of the probable issue of a malady manifesting mortal symptoms. I own I think it my first duty to protract his life by all practicable means, and to interpose myself between him and every thing which may possibly aggravate his danger. And unless I shall have found him averse from doing what was necessary in aid of my remedies, from a want of a proper sense of his perilous situation, I forbear to step out of the bounds of my province in order to offer any advice which is not necessary to promote his cure. At the same time, I think it indispensable to let his friends know the danger of his case the instant I discover it. An arrangement of his worldly affairs, in which the comfort or happiness of those who are to come after him is involved, may

be necessary; and a suggestion of his danger, by which the accomplishment of this object is to be obtained, naturally induces a contemplation of his more important spiritual concerns, a careful review of his past life, and such sincere sorrow and contrition for what he has done amiss, as justifies our humble hope of his pardon and acceptance hereafter. If friends can do their good offices at a proper time, and under the suggestions of the physician, it is far better that they should undertake them than the medical adviser. They do so without destroying his hopes, for the patient will still believe that he has an appeal to his physician beyond their fears; whereas, if the physician lay open his dangers to him, however delicately he may do this, he runs a risk of appearing to pronounce a sentence of condemnation to death, against which there is no appeal—*no hope;* and, *on that account,* what is most awful to think of, perhaps the sick man's repentance may be less available.

'But friends may be absent, and nobody near the patient in his extremity of sufficient influence or pretension to inform him of his dangerous condition. And surely it is lamentable to think that any human being should leave the world unprepared to meet his Creator and Judge, "with all his crimes broad blown!" Rather than so, I have departed from my strict professional duty, and have done that which I would have done by myself, and have apprized my patient of the great danger he was about to undergo.'--pp. 81—83.

From this subject Sir Henry Halford makes a very natural digression to his own, rather different, conduct, during his attendance upon the late King, and justifies the course which he adopted.

'But if, in cases attended with danger in private life, the physician has need of discretion and sound sense to direct his conduct, the difficulty must, doubtless, be increased, when his patient is of so *elevated a station that his safety becomes an object of anxiety to the nation.* In such circumstances, the physician has a duty to perform, not only to the sick personage and his family, but also to the public, who, in their extreme solicitude for his recovery, sometimes desire disclosures which are incompatible with it. Bulletins, respecting the health of a sovereign, differ widely from the announcements which a physician is called upon to make in humble life, and which he entrusts to the prudence of surrounding friends. These public documents may become known to the royal sufferer himself. Is the physician, then, whilst endeavouring to relieve the anxiety, or satisfy the curiosity of the nation, to endanger the safety of the patient, or, at least, his comfort? Surely not. But whilst it is his object to state as accurately as possible the present circumstances, and the comparative condition of the disease, he will consider that conjectures respecting its cause and probable issue are not to be hazarded without extreme caution. He will not write one word which is calculated to mislead; but neither ought he to be called upon to express so much as, if reported to the patient, would destroy all hope, and hasten that catastrophe which it is his duty, and their wish, to prevent.

Meanwhile, the family of the monarch, and the government, have claim to fuller information than can, with propriety, or even common humanity, be imparted to the public at large. In the case of his late Majesty, the King's government and the Royal Family were apprized, as nearly as the

27th of April*, (I hold in my hand the original letters which gave the information to the Prime Minister,) that his Majesty's disease was seated in his head, and that an effusion of water into the chest was soon to be expected. It was not, however, until the latter end of May—when his Majesty was so discouraged by repeated attacks in the embarrassment in his breathing, as to desire me to explain to him the nature of his complaint, and to give him my candid opinion of its probable termination—that the opportunity occurred of acknowledging to his Majesty the extent of my fears for his safety.

'This communication was not necessary to suggest to the King the propriety of religious offices, for his Majesty had used them daily. But it determined him, perhaps, to appoint an early day to receive the Sacrament. He did receive it with every appearance of the most fervent piety and devotion, and acknowledged to me repeatedly afterwards, that it had given him great consolation—true comfort.

'After this, "when he had set his house in order," I thought myself at liberty to interpret every new symptom as it arose, in as favourable a light as I could, for his Majesty's satisfaction; and we were enabled, thereby, to rally his spirits in the intervals of his frightful attacks, to maintain his confidence in his medical resources, and to spare him the pain of contemplating approaching death, until a few minutes before his Majesty expired.

'Lord Bacon, one of the wisest men who has lived, encourages physicians to make it a part of their art to smooth the bed of death, and to render the departure from life easy, placid, and gentle.

'This doctrine, so accordant with the best principles of our nature, commended not only by the wisdom of this consummate philosopher, but also by the experience of one of the most judicious and conscientious physicians of modern times, the late Dr. Heberden, was practised with such happy success in the case of our late lamented sovereign, that at the close of his painful disease "*non tam mori videretur* (as was said of a Roman Emperor) *quam dulci et alto sopore excipi.*"'—pp. 84—89.

A paper, more interesting in a critical than in a popular point of view, is given upon the Καυσος or brain fever, as described by Aretæus, which we recommend to the attention of the medical student. This is followed by two very elegantly written Latin orations, the first of which was delivered many years ago, in commemoration of the Benefactors and eminent Physicians of the College; the second on the opening of the new building, in 1825.

Sir Henry Halford's account of the opening of the coffin of King Charles I. was published about eighteen years ago; it is now reprinted without any alteration or additions, that we have observed, except the insertion of a note, in which the author more fully explains his opinion as to the nature of the moisture which appeared on the lower part of the king's head. The whole of the paper, however, will be new to many readers; for it is a common and a very true observation, that there are no historical facts of which we are more ignorant, than those which have occurred, or

* His Majesty died on the 25th of June.

have been ascertained, immediately before our own entrance into life. This narrative is of the more importance, inasmuch as Clarendon either was misinformed, or, for reasons of state, affected to be ignorant of the spot where the royal coffin had been placed. He says, that although it had been searched for in St. George's chapel at Windsor, some years after the Restoration, by order of Charles II., who, at one time, intended to have it taken up and re-committed to the earth with extraordinary pomp, there was no person then living who could remember where it had been deposited. Perhaps the truth was, that it was deemed imprudent to attempt the posthumous ceremony, and that the subject was therefore allowed to drop into silence. The interesting narrative of Herbert, published in Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," in 1721, accurately points out the exact situation of the coffin in the vault of Henry VIII. An aperture having been accidentally made in the walls of this vault by the workmen, who were employed in constructing a passage under the choir of St. George's chapel to the mausoleum built in the tomb-house by his late majesty, three coffins were distinctly seen, two of which were known to contain the bodies of Henry VIII. and the Queen, Jane Seymour. Some doubts being entertained about the third, the matter was put into a proper train of enquiry.

'On representing the circumstance to the Prince Regent, his Royal Highness perceived at once, that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this vault; and accordingly, his Royal Highness ordered an examination to be made on the first convenient opportunity. This was done on the first of April last, the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his Royal Highness himself, who guaranteed the most respectful care and attention to the remains of the dead, during the enquiry. His Royal Highness was accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, Count Munster, the Dean of Windsor, Benjamin Charles Stevenson, Esq., and Sir Henry Halford.

'The vault is covered by an arch, half a brick in thickness, is seven feet two inches in width, nine feet six inches in length, and four feet ten inches in height, and is situated in the centre of the choir, opposite the eleventh knight's stall, on the sovereign's side.

'On removing the pall, a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been inclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription, "KING CHARLES, 1648," in large, legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it, immediately presented itself to the view. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions, as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were, an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and body carefully wrapped up in cere-cloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cere-cloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cere-cloth was easy; and when it

came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cere-cloth, was found entire.

'It was difficult, at this moment, to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially to the pictures of King Charles I., by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression; but it is also certain, that such a facility of belief had been occasioned by the simplicity and truth of Mr. Herbert's narrative, every part of which had been confirmed by the investigation, so far as it had advanced; and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, an eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

'When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and, without any difficulty, was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet,* and gave a greenish red tinge to paper and to linen, which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance; the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour. That of the beard was a reddish brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of

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* 'I have not asserted this liquid to be blood, because I had not an opportunity of being sure that it was so, and I wished to record facts only, and not opinions: I believe it, however, to have been blood, in which the head rested. It gave to writing-paper, and to a white handkerchief, such a colour as blood which has been kept for a length of time leaves behind it. Nobody present had a doubt of its being blood; and it appears from Mr. Herbert's narrative, that the King was embalmed immediately after decapitation. It is probable, therefore, that the large blood vessels continued to empty themselves for sometime afterwards. I am aware, that some of the softer parts of the human body, and particularly the brain, undergo, in the course of time, a decomposition, and will melt. A liquid, therefore, might be found after long interment, where solids only had been buried: but the weight of the head, in this instance, gave no suspicion that the brain had lost its substance; and no moisture appeared in any other part of the coffin, as far as we could see, excepting at the back part of the head and neck.'

the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends, soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

'On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First.

'After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.

'Neither of the other coffins had any inscription upon them. The large one, supposed, on good grounds, to contain the remains of King Henry VIII., measured six feet ten inches in length, and had been enclosed in an elm one of two inches in thickness; but this was decayed, and lay in small fragments near it. The leaden coffin appeared to have been beaten in by violence about the middle; and a considerable opening in that part of it exposed a mere skeleton of the king. Some beard remained upon the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the personage contained in it.

'The smaller coffin, understood to be that of Queen Jane Seymour, was not touched; mere curiosity not being considered, by the Prince Regent, as a sufficient motive for disturbing these remains.

'On examining the vault with some attention, it was found that the wall, at the west end, had, at some period or other, been partly pulled down and repaired again, not by regular masonry, but by fragments of stones and bricks, put rudely and hastily together without cement.

'From Lord Clarendon's account, as well as from Mr. Herbert's narrative of the interment of King Charles, it is to be inferred, that the ceremony was a very hasty one, performed in the presence of the Governor, who had refused to allow the service according to the Book of Common Prayer to be used on the occasion; and had, probably, scarcely admitted the time necessary for a decent deposit of the body. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the coffin of King Henry VIII. had been injured by a precipitate introduction of the coffin of King Charles; and that the Governor was not under the influence of feelings, in those times, which gave him any concern about Royal remains, or the vault which contained them.

'It may be right to add, that a very small mahogany coffin, covered with crimson velvet, containing the body of an infant, had been laid upon the pall which covered King Charles. This is known to have been a still-born child of the Princess George of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne.'—pp. 161—170.

This account is authenticated by the certificate of the Prince Regent, of whose autograph Sir Henry gives a fac-simile. He has also added a lithograph of the head of the unfortunate Charles as it appeared in the coffin, which differs in no respect whatever from the portraits of that monarch, which are usually seen in our best collections.

ART. XI. *Friendly Advice, most respectfully submitted to the Lords, on the Reform Bill.* 8vo. pp. 31. London: Ridgway. 1831.

NEVER was a general election conducted, in the three kingdoms, with greater tranquillity, with so great a share of good feeling, with more intelligence and determination, than that of which we have just witnessed the conclusion. Before the fiat was pronounced for the dissolution of the late Parliament, loud were the appeals, numerous the menaces, made use of in the presence of the government, with the view of preventing that decisive measure, the effect of which, we were told, would be, to kindle the flame of civil war throughout the country. It is ludicrous to think of the very little foundation there was for any such apprehension. They were the mere visions of heated brains, seated in the heads of men who looked at the country through eyes jaundiced by their own interests and passions. Civil war, indeed! Why there has not appeared a solitary instance, throughout the whole of the contested elections, of an individual who would put his life in peril, even if by so doing he could save the whole fabric of the rotten-borough system. For a few anti-reformers, men of personal worth, who were esteemed in their neighbourhood on account of their excellent conduct in all the relations of public and private life, a partial degree of enthusiasm has been shown. We allude particularly to such men as Mr. Cartwright, in Northamptonshire, and the elder Bankes, in Dorset—men, whom, although they were upon the wrong side, it is almost painful to see in the ranks of the vanquished enemy. But beyond these, and perhaps one or two other, instances, there was nothing like zeal exhibited on the side of the anti-reformers, by any class of the people. If, therefore, the sword had been rashly drawn by the hot-headed debaters, who talked, five weeks ago, so boldly about civil war and revolution, they would very soon have found that they had committed a very serious mistake. They would either have fallen at once before a company of the Guards, or their precious persons would now have been deposited in the Tower, waiting for the only termination which the law could give to the worldly career of traitors.

It is now placed beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the people in England and Ireland, and, as far they could express themselves, in Scotland, have unanimously adopted the reform bill of the government. We must therefore, in the first place, protest by anticipation against the slightest shadow of change in the principle of that measure. It is now a law, so far as the national voice has power to make it such, and we must hope that whatever may be the rights and faculties exercised or assumed by Parliament upon all subjects that come within its jurisdiction, it will not unnecessarily meddle even with the details of a project, which has met with such cordial approbation from the whole country. If any errors have been com-

mitted with respect to the population in particular districts, let those errors undoubtedly be amended. If consistently with the main scope and object of the measure, the elective franchise can be conferred upon a still greater number of persons than had been at first contemplated, let that too be done. If it should happen that, from local circumstances, the number of voters would be rather diminished than enlarged, by the operation of the principle laid down in the Bill, let special clauses exempt them from it, and let provision be made, at all events, for securing a popular constituency in all such places. Nay, we would even see without regret, a larger addition made to the number of members for Ireland and Scotland, and some arrangement effected, whereby the boroughs in either country, which do not contain a population of two thousand souls, should be enlarged by contributory towns within fifteen miles distance around them. These changes, instead of infringing the principle of the measure, would on the contrary rather strengthen and improve it.

After what has occurred, there can be no apprehension for the fate of the Bill in the House of Commons. It has been calculated upon the safest data, and speaking within bounds, that there will be, at the least, a majority of one hundred and twenty-five in its favour, in that branch of the legislature. This majority will be quite sufficient to secure its success there, and is, perhaps, as much as we can hope for, seeing that the rotten-borough system has in itself a corps of interested auxiliaries, amounting to upwards of two hundred. But what will become of the Bill in the House of Lords? This is the question which every body is now putting to himself, and to his friends; a question upon the solution of which depend the destinies of this nation, its tranquillity at home, its power and influence in all parts of the world, and the whole wonderful fabric of its wealth and commerce. The very able pamphlet before us, which evidently proceeds from a person in authority, to whose name we will not venture more particularly to allude, would lead us to believe, that difficulties of no ordinary importance will, at least for a season, prevent this question from being answered in a satisfactory manner. The writer, indeed, anticipates much more of opposition to the popular wishes in that quarter, than we had been at all prepared for.

'When Sir Joseph Jekyll died, he left his fortune to pay the national debt. "Sir," said Lord Mansfield, to one of his relations, "Sir Joseph was a good man and a good lawyer, but his bequest is a very foolish one —*he might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge with his full-bottomed wig!*" So say we, to these opponents of reform—and we particularly beg the attention of Lord Mansfield's descendant to the apophthegm of his ancestor. The House of Lords can no more stop the success of Reform, than Sir Joseph Jekyll's bequest could pay the national debt, or his wig impede the current of the river Thames. Many of the persons we are now addressing are, doubtless, like Sir Joseph,

good men; and some of them, like him, may be good lawyers—but their conduct, like his bequest, is exceedingly foolish. Nay, it is worse than foolish, it is dangerous in the extreme. It is, doubtless, impossible for the House of Lords to stem the tide of reform—but, in attempting to do it, the rash act may endanger their own safety, and, with theirs, that of all of us, who are, to a certain degree, in the same boat with them. The opposition of the Lords must be powerless for any good purpose, but it may be yet pregnant with evil. Their continued resistance to the measure, so ardently desired by the people, may cause convulsions in this now happy land—nay, even civil war. And, if this, unhappily, should be the case, it will be but poor consolation to those who are fellow-sufferers in the anarchy and confusion that would be thus produced, that the immediate authors of it would be, as is certain to be the case, its first victims.

'If the Tory Lords had any chance of being able, by their opposition to it, to prevent the progress of reform, we should not be surprised, with the view they take of that question, at their exerting themselves strenuously against it. But is this the case? We will put it to the understanding of any one of them, whether there is even a possibility of their resisting, successfully, the current of public opinion, which now sets so strongly one way. Is there any instance in history of their ever having been able to do so, under similar circumstances? It is true, they rejected the Catholic question, till Ireland was all but in open rebellion—but then the King, and the great body of the people of England were with them; now all are united on the other side: and great is their danger who resist the united will of a great nation.

'If, therefore, it is clear, that the Lords cannot prevent the success of Reform, will they, for the imaginary pleasure of preserving their political consistency, endanger the peace of the country, the security of the throne, and the stability of their own order? These are the fearful consummations which their anti-reforming zeal, upon the present occasion, may bring upon themselves and upon all—and that without the slightest hope, on the other hand, of their obtaining the object they have in view.

When the burst of popular indignation in France swept away, during the revolution, the nobility of that country, one of the principal causes which led to this catastrophe, was the feudal intrenchment of separate privileges and separate interests, which divided the higher orders from the great body of the nation. Hence, these two parts of the body-politic had nothing in common—each viewed the other with suspicion and dislike; and thus, when the current of events gave the power into the hands of the people, they wreaked their vengeance upon those whom they considered as their enemies. We ought to be thankful that such a state of things does not exist in England. Here, the nobility have, for the most part, as plebeian an origin as the people; and, though they are placed at their head, they enjoy no exclusive privileges which are onerous to the rest of the community. Hence, the feeling between them and their fellow-countrymen is of a friendly kind, and one that is caused and fostered by the communication of mutual benefits. There is but one thing which could sever this union; and that would be, if the House of Lords were obstinately to oppose, upon any one great question, the deliberate wishes of the rest of the nation. This would be sure to engender suspicion against them—to make the people think that their interests, and those of the nobility, must be

different; and, if such an opinion once gained ground, we fear the tenure of the Lords, as a branch of the legislature, would be but an insecure one. We say, we fear, because we are well convinced that the best interests of this country are involved in their retaining that power and that station in the government of the state, which at present belongs to them.—pp. 8—11.

To this conviction we also most sincerely subscribe. If it ever happen that the powers of the legislature shall be exclusively confined to the King and the House of Commons, the monarchy may, from that day, count upon its annihilation as a part of the constitution of this country. The consequences would be, that the Commons would absorb all the power of the State; that laws would be passed without sufficient consideration upon the mere impulse of the moment, and that the kingdom would be changed into, not a republic, but a tyranny, which would be of the most oppressive nature. We are fully of opinion that it would be impossible for a highly civilized and active community, to enjoy a larger share of practical freedom than we are likely to attain, under a Parliament reformed to the extent which the Bill proposes; and that any excess beyond that will not be liberty, but violence and licentiousness. If the Bill be quietly adopted by the Lords, all will go on well; they are secure in the possession of their privileges, their property, and their station in the constitutional system; but, if they be mad enough to throw out the Bill, then every thing is at hazard—the aristocracy, the monarchy, the democracy itself, in its legal sense.—Confusion, bankruptcy, ruin, await all the interests in the nation. This is not declamation; we are uttering our deliberate and most serious sentiments; the momentous importance of the destinies now at stake, for good or for evil to our country, would forbid exaggeration at such a time, and upon such an occasion. If the Lords be truly anxious to discharge, faithfully and rightly, the duty which they owe to themselves, and to the nation of which they constitute so distinguished a part, they will hasten to profit by the friendly advice, for most friendly it is, which this writer offers for their consideration.

The author very ably combats the idea that reform is a novelty, a plant of yesterday's growth, which it might be safe carelessly to prune, or wholly to pluck up. It has been in the ground some fifty years or more; originally a mere mustard seed, it is now, like the seed in the Scripture, grown up into a large tree, and multitudes have gathered together beneath its luxuriant shade. The folly of those who thought that they could keep it for ever in the earth, without the power to lift itself above them, has been demonstrated by the experience of the last six months; the conduct of those persons, in withstanding all concession, has served, more than any other circumstance, to make concession more necessary, and much more extensive, than they had, even in their worst fears, anticipated.

The author, after commenting in forcible terms upon the conduct

of the University of Cambridge during the late contest, and especially upon the ominous votes given in favour of the anti-reformers by a great majority of the clergy, points out the dangers which await the Church, should the Bishops in Parliament sanction and follow up the short-sighted policy of the subordinate members of the hierarchy. He next exposes, with peculiar astuteness and felicity, the 'subtle arts of opposition,' to which, he thinks, the *factious* nobles will have recourse, such as throwing out the Chancellor's law reforms, and all the minor measures brought forward by Government, in order, through such indirect and unworthy means, to undermine the progress of *the* Bill, before it reaches their House. He shews, in an unanswerable train of reasoning, that *the* Bill, instead of removing the land-marks of the constitution, as some of the enemy have contended, on the contrary, cleanses them from the rubbish which has too long encrusted them, and which has, for many years, kept out of sight the true and original boundaries. The author winds up his argument with a hint to the Lords, which, we trust, may not be lost upon them.

'Putting aside however, for the moment, the consideration of the consequences that may result from the successful opposition of the Lords to the Reform Bill, as regards the country, let us merely consider in what a position they would find themselves, with reference to the other House of Parliament, by pursuing such a line of conduct. It is now quite certain, that the House of Commons, which has just been chosen, is a reforming one in the most decided sense of that word. The members of it have been selected by the people, wherever the voice of that people has any weight in the Elections, for the sole purpose of supporting the Reform Bill. Their duty, therefore, to their constituents, is to use every means which may be legally within their power, to enable that Bill to pass into a law. Now, under these circumstances, if the Lords negative the Bill, it is quite obvious that the natural course which the Commons have to pursue, is to stop the public business, and refuse the supplies. Here, then, the Lords are at a dead lock—what are they to do? We will suppose, for argument's sake, that they succeed in turning out the present government—or in disgusting them so, that they throw up their offices.—In come the *feebles* again—and if, under these perilous circumstances, the *feebles* dare to accept office, they have but one step to take, namely, to dissolve Parliament. We ask any calm and unprejudiced observer, what would be the result of such a proceeding? It is obvious it must be the returning of a House of Commons twice as reforming, and ten times as *radical* as the present. For if the country is, to a man, for Reform now, what will it be when irritated by further opposition—by the turning out of those ministers who had promised them the boon they so anxiously desire, and by the coming back of the rule of the *feebles*, which they so much abhor. Thus, then, the last state of the House of Lords would be worse than the first—they would find themselves equally without supplies, and without the means of carrying on the business of the country—and in a state of exasperated hostility with the people and their representatives.

'The present House of Commons is not likely to wish to injure, or trench upon, the privileges of the other House of Parliament; but this would

probably not be the case with one summoned under the circumstances which we have imagined. In such a case, the war between the two Houses would be *internecine;* and if this were once commenced, it is not difficult to see which party would be victorious, especially where the one would be backed by the whole power of the people, and the other would have become suspected by it.

'In the time of the civil war in England, we find it stated, that, in the year 1646, "The majorities of the House of Lords and Commons differed from each other upon almost every political topic; and it was only by the reluctant and ungracious yielding of the former, that public business was at all enabled to proceed."*

'What was the consequence? We turn to another page of the same history, and we find, that, "'On the 6th of February, 1649, it was voted, that the House of Peers in Parliament is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished.'"† The misery and disturbances which followed these dissentions in the different branches of the Legislature are well known to all. Then came the iron rule of Cromwell—the merciless restoration—the tyranny and folly of the Stuart brothers—nor was England destined to enjoy tranquillity or happiness, till the period of the revolution at length gave her a constitution which had the support of the people as well as of the court.'—pp. 28—30.

At the same time that we cordially unite with the author of this clever brochure, in urging the Lords to consider well what they are about to do with respect to the Reform Bill, we must express our confident hope that they will act in the true spirit of Englishmen, and consult not their own individual interests on this occasion, but the interests of the country at large. We owe to the Barons of England, the Great Charter; we owe to them its preservation and observance during more than one stormy reign; we partly owe to one of their body, the rise of the House of Commons itself, and chiefly to them are we indebted for all the grand outlines of the revolution. The Peerage of England stands the first among the aristocracies of the world—at least it has hitherto occupied that position, from which it can only be cast down by its own folly, in resisting the spirit of the age, and the just wishes of the people.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Substance of several courses of Lectures on Music, read in the University of Oxford, and in the Metropolis.* By William Crotch, Mus. Dr. &c., 8vo. pp. 175. London: 1831.

IT seems a paradox, and yet it is perfectly true to assert, that although the taste for music is at present more generally spread, and infinitely more refined, in this country, than it had been at any former period, yet the art itself has been constantly on the decline. The witty earnestness with which Addison assailed the Italian opera, upon its introduction

* Hist. of the Commonwealth. † Ibid.

amongst us, is a decided proof of the very limited progress which the public taste for music had made in his day. So late even as the latter quarter of the eighteenth century, when the harpsichord and piano began to form requisites in good education, the most fashionable, indeed we might say, the only composers for those instruments, were persons whose works and names have already fallen into complete oblivion.—Who now, for instance, hears of the madrigals, and rondos, and sonatas of Eichner, Sterkel or Nicolai? Boccherini, Haydn, Clementi, Handel, and finally, Beethoven and Mozart, gave a new impulse to music, and revived much of its ancient grandeur. Rossini has established a school of his own, which has for some time been rivalling that of Germany; between both, the public taste has continued to improve. Both are mingled at the Philharmonic concerts; the style peculiar to each, is taught at the Royal Academy; but from neither do we derive any additions to our church music, which is in a most deplorable condition.

It is in this department that we may most clearly perceive the decline, which has taken place in the science of sweet sound. 'As long,' says Dr. Crotch, 'as the pure sublime style, the style peculiarly suited to the church service, was chaunted, which was only to about the middle of the seventeenth century, we consider the ecclesiastical style to be in a state worthy of study and imitation,—in a state of perfection. But it has been gradually, though not imperceptibly, losing its character of sublimity ever since. Improvements have indeed been made in the contexture of the score, in the flow of melody, in the accentuation and expression of the words, in the beauty of the solo, and the delicacy of the accompaniment. But these are not indications of the sublime. Church music is therefore on the decline. Sublimity is the highest walk of our art, as of every other. Our art is, therefore, on the decline!' We regret to be obliged to add, that Dr. Crotch's 'lectures' are not likely to reform and exalt it. They are not at all popular in their character. They are calculated merely for the connoisseur or the professor, as they abound in details, which cannot be understood, or at least not relished, by any person who has not been initiated in the technical difficulties of the science.

ART. XIII.—*A Descriptive and Historical Account of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.* —By Joseph Kirwan, Civil Engineer. 8vo. pp. 32. London: Simpkin and Marshall. Glasgow: M'Phun. 1831.

WE should by all means advise the traveller, who thinks of taking a trip on this celebrated railway, already admitted to be the wonder and greatest ornament of our country, to purchase Mr. Kirwan's pamphlet, before he gets into his seat. He will not have time, indeed, to read it all on the way, although it numbers only thirty-two pages, but he will derive much satisfaction from the accurate account which it contains of the construction of the road, the country on its borders, the engines, and other matters, upon which his curiosity will be, at the moment, strongly excited. From the most recent intelligence connected with this magnificent enterprise, it appears that it is going on most prosperously, and with the same astonishing success as at first;

that the locomotive engines continue to ply with unabated vigour and effect; that they make now, in all, four or five journeys, if not more, every day, from Liverpool to Manchester, and back again: that the journey is in general performed in two hours, and frequently less: and that even the mail itself is now conveyed on the railway, the guard merely taking his station with the bags, in the train of one of the engines, and thus, from three to four hours may be saved in the time of writing and receiving an answer between the two towns. Great quantities of cotton, cotton goods, coals, &c., are now conveyed in either direction, along the railway, and additional engines are only wanting to carry on a trade of ten times the extent.

ART. XIV.—*The Laws relating to Benefit Societies and Saving Banks.* 12mo. pp. 98. London: Washbourne. 1831.

If it were intended, by the publication of this little work, forming the fourth number of the "Familiar Law Adviser," to make every man his own Lawyer, we should look upon it as a very mischievous production. We are confident that no greater injury could be inflicted upon a tradesman, be he engaged in limited or extensive business, than to place abstracts of statutes, or commentaries upon them, in his hands, at the same time recommending him to confide in his own judgment for the correctness of his interpretation of the Law. Such a course as this would, in all probability, lead him into perpetual and expensive litigation, and would teach him, perhaps too late, that besides the statutes, there is what is commonly called a judge-made law in this country, to be found in decided cases, which cases generally govern the Courts of Law and Equity, in the construction of acts of the Legislature. But if the number before us, together with those that have preceded and are to follow it, be intended to instil into the minds of the tradesman and the mechanic, the great practical principles of prudence and caution in his dealings, and in the management of his property, which we believe to be the real object of this "Familiar Adviser," then we must award it our continued praise. When a plain man reads here, for instance, the Abstract of the 10th of George IV., being an Act to consolidate and amend the Laws relating to Friendly Societies, he may not possibly understand all its provisions. But he will learn that some regulations are to be observed, in order to entitle any society of that kind of which he chooses to become a member, to the protection of the law, and he will not endanger his money unless he be satisfied, upon enquiry, that the proper steps have been taken for that purpose. The Abstract of the Law of Savings Banks, which is presented to him in this work, will also set him about asking proper and necessary questions of the officers of those institutions, before he deposits his cash in their keeping. In this point of view, as a friendly monitor, not as a final director, we have no hesitation in sanctioning this work by our approval. An ample table of contents precedes a clear and concise Abstract of each Statute, and schedules are given at the end, containing such forms for orders, declarations, bonds, awards, and any other matters of that description, which the law may prescribe.

ART. XV.—*Five Years of Youth; or, Sense and Sentiment.*—By Harriet Martineau. 12mo, pp. 264. London: Harvey and Darton. 1831.

THOUGH somewhat evangelical, and rather too exclusive in her religious notions, Miss Martineau has displayed in this production considerable knowledge of the world. It is a tale of two sisters, one of whom is governed in all her actions by the suggestions of good sense, while the other yields as often to the temptations of sentiment and ambition, hoping to become the most brilliant of her sex. They are led by the author through a variety of incidents, well calculated to engage the attention of youthful minds, and to exhibit the effect, so far as happiness is concerned, of the two guiding qualities which are thus placed in contrast. Other instructors have confined their lessons to delineations of character, formed by ordinary influences; Miss Martineau has developed the virtues of every-day use, by means of circumstances out of the ordinary, though not beyond the probable, course of things, under the impression that the young mind should be prepared, as far as possible, for the latter class of occurrences in life, as well as for the former. In this design she has, in our opinion, suceeeded. Her story is charmingly written; full of practical wisdom, and sound morality.

ART. XVI.—*The Herschelian Companion to the Telescope. Part 1. Orionis and Leporis.* Folio. London: Longman and Co 1830.

THIS publication is described in a prodigiously crowded title-page, as intended to consist of a series of separate projections of small zones in the heavens, containing the whole of the 848 double and other compound stars, and 2,500 Nebulæ, and clusters of stars, from the catalogue of Sir W. Herschell; togewith 103 Nebulæ from the observations of Messier, and the remainder of the stars to the 8th magnitude (inclusive) visible in the latitude of London, as laid down in Bode's Atlas, Berlin, 1801. The maps are to be accompanied by a set of tables for each projection, containing Sir W. Herschell's descriptive particulars and general observations upon the above celestial phenomena, and by extracts from his various communications to the Royal Society, relative to Astronomy in general, and especially to the Telescope. Looking to the contents of this first part, in which a map is given of the stars in Orion, and the Hare, with explanations which render it intelligible to the meanest capacity, we must say that the public is deeply indebted to Sir W. Herschell, and to his assistant, Mr. Holland, for the plan and the excution of a work of so much utility. We have never seen any scheme for rendering the astronomical student conversant with the positions of the stars, which deserves to be compared with this, for simplicity, accuracy, and clearness. If the science has never been popular in this or any other country, we must attribute the fact to the numerous difficulties that have hitherto beset the different systems upon which it has been taught—difficulties chiefly arising out of the countless numbers of the stars, and the want of good maps by which their locality might be at once ascertained. With a tolerable telescope in our hand, and this Herschelian companion by our side, we may henceforth acquaint ourselves with

the hosts of islands that shine above us in the heavens, as easily as by a common chart we may find out the relative situation of Great Britain itself. Thus is a grand point gained for the promotion of a science, which requires only such facilities as this work supplies, to be universally pursued as the most fascinating, the most sublime of all others. The six maps of the stars, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, are also deserving of our applause; but they want the tabular explanations of Sir W. Herschell in order to render them useful to the classes for which they are intended.

ART. XVII.—*Standard Novels, No. 3. The Spy; a Tale of the Neutral Ground.*—By the Author of The Pilot. 12mo. pp. 410. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

IN a new introduction which the author has prefixed to this volume, he informs us that the original of his 'Spy,' was a secret agent, employed by the American Government, in the early stages of the Revolution, for the purpose of tracing and communicating the operations of the British Authorities, which were directed towards the enlistment of royalist bands in the then infant Republics. It seems that when the war was ended, a grant was made by Congress in favour of this individual, who had undergone a series of marvellous perils and escapes; but such was the spirit of patriotism by which he was animated, that he then refused the reward of his labours, saying, that the country could not well afford it. He has since, however, accepted the grant. The tale itself has long been well known in England; and, though unequal in its style and interest, it, nevertheless, deserves a place among modern standard novels. The frontispiece and vignette are badly engraved, and there is still room for improvement in the typography of this collection. In all other respects the series is entitled to our approbation, and is, we believe, becoming highly popular. At least, it ought to be.

ART. XVIII.—*The Panorama of Constantinople, and the Companion to the Panorama; comprising a Description of the most Remarkable Objects in that City and its Suburbs, with Sketches of the Manners and Customs of its Inhabitants.* London: Leigh. 1831.

FROM the castles of Europe and Asia, on one side, to Calcedone and Mount Olympus on the other, we have here a truly splendid panorama, filled with objects at once highly picturesque, and replete with the most affecting historical associations. The Sea of Marmora, gradually narrowing into the Thracian Bosphorus, divides the picture into two parts; Constantinople, and its pleasant suburbs, Galata, Pera and Topana, being on one side; and the Turkish Cemetery, and the new and old quarters of Scutari, on the other, The Panorama, when fully opened out, must measure, we should think, from eight to ten feet in length. As a mere lithograph, it is an excellent work of art; the long perspective of this magnificent assemblage of scenery, stretching along either shore, being presented to the eye in the most pleasing and effective manner. With the assistance of the 'Companion,' we may easily imagine ourselves sailing up the Dar-

danelles, or traversing the streets of Constantinople, exploring its public buildings, and observing the motley groups of people by whom it is inhabited; thence we may, in a moment, transfer ourselves to the shady groves and gardens, and beautiful cemeteries, on the Asiatic shore. Mr. Leigh has produced several valuable works in this line of publication; but the Panorama now before us surpasses them all, in the execution as well as in the very happy choice of the subject.

ART. XIX.—*Family Classical Library.* No. XVII.—*Horace Translated.* By William Francis, D.D. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 296. London: Valpy. 1831.

INSTEAD of placing in an appendix the best translations, by various hands, of several of the Odes and Satires of Horace, we wish that Mr. Valpy had either incorporated them in the text with the versions of Francis, or excluding his, in those instances in which his are of inferior merit, substituted others in their room. Of the two plans, we should have preferred the former, as the reader would then have a pleasant opportunity of indulging his critical taste, by examining the points upon which the translators differ from each other, and ascertaining the comparative accuracy and elegance of their productions. Undoubtedly as a whole, the translation of Francis is the best that has yet been published, and this reprint of it in so cheap a form, will be generally acceptable. The Classical Library is, we hope, taken in by every well educated family. There is no publication consisting of the same number of volumes, that contains so dense and diversified a body of matter, calculated to instruct, and entertain the mind, to form the taste, and give it a true relish for all that is excellent in poetry, philosophy, eloquence, and history.

ART. XX.—*Framlingham: a Narrative of the Castle. In four Cantos.* By James Bird. 8vo. pp. 181. London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1831.

GENERAL history versified is bad enough in all conscience; but topography versified, a full, true and particular description in rhyme of an old castle, is of all other things the most intolerable. Mr. Bird should rise above such leaden themes as those which Framlingham, even with the aid of superstition and legend, can suggest. He is a man of much research, and his industry in giving to the world the results of his investigations is highly commendable. But if he choose always to confine them to the vehicle of poetry, we fear that he will have misspent a great deal of precious time, and have, unintentionally, devoted a great deal of good paper to the use of the trunk-makers.

ART. XXI.—*The Twelve Nights.* 8vo. pp. 404. London: Whittaker, Treacher and Co. 1831.

UNDER this title we have a collection of stories, all of which, we believe, have already appeared in the Magazines. The author acknowledges that he has borrowed the groundwork and the materials of most of his sketches, from the periodical literature of the French. To him, however, the merit of selection belongs, and also the style in which they are presented to the English reader. The subjects generally are chosen with a view to

effective narrative, and, in this respect, they are sufficiently successful. The 'Eve of Walpurgis,' the 'Vision of Charles XI. of Sweden,' the tale of 'the Chest and 'the Privateer,' would be capital captivators of the attention on a winter's evening. The 'Button-holder' is but a sorry specimen of French pathos. We hope that the author, when next he appears before us, will present himself in a more original form. His style of writing is so good, that he ought not to throw it away upon exotic subjects. We suspect that his imagination might furnish him with better materials than the French periodicals, which are, for the most part, very much inferior to our own.

ART. XXII.—1. *Poems by Mrs. J. S. Prowse.* 8vo. pp. 183. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1831.

2. *A Vision of Hell. A Poem.* 8vo. pp. 165. Glasgow: Reid. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1831.

3. *Satires and the Beggar's Coin; a Poem.* Second Edition. By John Richard Best, Esq. 12mo. pp. 174. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1831.

4. *The Deliverance of Switzerland. A Dramatic Poem. Second Edition.* By H. C. Deakin. 8vo. pp. 270. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1831.

5. *Portraits of the Dead; to which are added, Miscellaneous Poems. Second Edition.* By H. C. Deakin. 12mo. pp. 320. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1831.

6. *Fitz-Raymond, or the Rambler on the Rhine.* By Caledonnicus. 8vo. pp. 200. Edinburgh: Black. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

1. It has afforded us great pleasure to observe a very liberal list of subscribers at the end of Mrs. Prowse's poems, as she is well entitled to the patronage which she has received. Her 'Autumnal musings,' the first composition in the collection, have reminded us of the golden age of poesy, more than any verses which have for a long time come under our notice. Among the many minor pieces which the volume contains, we were particularly struck with the pathetic beauty of the lines 'written in sickness.'

2. The 'Vision of Hell' displays a cultivated and prolific imagination. The subject would seem to have been long since exhausted; still the author has not followed servilely in the wake of any of his illustrious predecessors, and some very respectable ideas may be found in his seven cantos. But will they be immortal? We fear not, for though the man can *think* poetry well enough, he writes it most abominably.

3. As Mr. Best's 'Beggar Coin' and 'Satires' have reached the honour of a second edition, we are bound to presume that the public have passed a verdict in their favour. For our own part we had never heard of them before, and we can assure the author, with reference to his note, that whatever our opinions may have been with respect to the "Transalpine Memoirs," we have never felt, nor do we now feel, the slightest hostility towards him, either in a personal or a literary sense. We regret that we cannot join in the chorus of applause, with which, as he intimates, the first edition of his poems has been received by the people at Bath. They appear to us to be among the least meritorious specimens of the muse, which the present season, fertile in wretched verses, has pro-

duced. But let not our opinion deter him, from the loftier flights for which he is preparing. We are fastidious: indeed too much so, for our own ease and comfort, since no duty can be more unpleasant than that which, commanding us to express our honest opinions upon all occasions, necessarily compels us frequently to hurt the feelings of those, to whom we would much prefer extending the hand and smile of encouragement. Besides, it appears that verses will sell rapidly in Bath, which no human being can endure in London. Perhaps it is owing to a difference of climate. Therefore let Mr. Best write on. He must excuse us, however, if we cannot at all times comply with his request of 'reading on;' we have no disposition whatever to ride upon the crupper of his Pegasus.

4 and 5.—'The Deliverance of Switzerland,' and the 'Portraits of the Dead,' by Mr. Deakin, have, also, it seems, passed through the ordeal of a first edition, and have reached a second. This to us seems passing strange, for we think, without wishing to be invidious, that we could point out some poetical works, even of the last year, which contained compositions of a much more striking character, than any that Mr. Deakin has written; and yet the laurel of a second edition has not yet been wreathed round their brows. The dramatic poem, on Switzerland, will hardly be read by any person who has previously tasted of the beauties of Schiller's William Tell; and as to the 'Portraits of the Dead', and the miscellaneous poems by which they are followed, we can only say that, with two or three exceptions, they are very mediocre productions.

6.—The 'Rambler on the Rhine,' was originally written, we are told, as a mere domestic journal of an excursion through the scenery of that famed river, in the year 1830. Since then, however, the author, animated no doubt by the sweet voices of friends, has filled up his meagre outline with a metrico-political sketch of past and present times, and instead of confining it to his domestic circle, has dedicated it to the whole British nation! Though his poem is *descriptive*, it is not meant to be exclusively so—for the ambition of Caledonnicus, alias Fitz-raymond, for he assumes two distinct names, has been 'to make rhyme subservient to historical recollections, and such politico-moral inductions as were suggested on contemplating the revolutions of empires, and the tempestuous aspect of the times'! Thus, we see, the author proposed to himself a task of no small importance. But how does he accomplish it? We apprehend that one stanza will settle for ever his credit with the reader. The poet thus invokes the shade of Byron:

'Oh! thou proud spirit,—wilt thou, can'st thou, Sire,
Vouchsafe on humble Bardling to bestow
One single spark of that celestial fire,
With which you mad'st thy magic while below?
Thou can'st not want it *now*, sure great one—No!
Sublim'd from all that's earthly at the core;
For such may there be found, nay, some that's low,
Mid'st e'en thy minstrelsy; but where's the ore
That has not some alloy?—all less or more.'—p. 8.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Missions.—The intensity of delusion under which the British public labour, with respect to the utility of the various missions dispatched to foreign parts for the propagation of the Gospel, is, to all reflecting minds, utterly unaccountable. It is known that in every quarter of the world the labours of the British missionaries have altogether failed, and indeed, that they do a great deal more harm than good to the cause of Christianity. Nevertheless, the subscriptions to the Church Missionary Society, for the last year, are stated to have amounted to the enormous sum of £46,000 !!! The following document, extracted from an American newspaper, supplies a volume of commentary upon the system of imposture which has been for years robbing the public of their money, under the mask of religion :

(From the *New York Daily Sentinel*, March 25.)

NECESSARY INFORMATION.—The following *talk* of some Indians of the Seneca tribe, was published a few days ago in the *Washington Globe*. We recommend it to the special attention of those who honestly believe that it is more necessary to raise money, by every possible device, for sending missionaries to administer to the supposed spiritual necessities of the " poor Indians," than to supply the temporal wants of the needy nearer home :—

AN INDIAN TALK.

Washington City, March 5.

We, the Chiefs and Sachems of the Seneca nation of Indians at Sandusky, Ohio, have often heard of the goodness of our white brothers and sisters in the United States, and that they have given and sent many presents of money, cloth, and clothing to us, to relieve the distress of our women and children. We thank them for their charity and good will; but we solemnly say to them, that we have never received from them a cent. of money nor any cloth or clothing.

Brothers and Sisters,—We speak the truth to you as it is given to us by the Great Spirit, in whom we trust and believe, and wish you to listen to us that you may no longer be in the dark. We hear that collections have often been made in all your churches for us, and that you have intrusted them to the Missionaries, whom we call Black-coats, to present to us.

Brothers and Sisters,—We ask you all, in the name of the Good Spirit, in whom red and white men believe, not to send any thing, to be given us, by the black-coats.

Brothers and Sisters,—We ask you to hear what we say, for it is true. We have found the black-coats treacherous, and they deceive us. They come among us and ask us to give them our property for saving our souls after we die. We do not like it, for they know no more about the next world than we do. We think the Great Spirit will save our souls, and the black-coats cannot.

Brothers and Sisters,—How can we have confidence in men who deceive both you and us? We feel friendship and affection for you, and we know that you feel the same for us. We wish you to know the truth, and we tell it to you. If you send us any more presents, we hope you will send them by honest men, who do not pretend to so much goodness.

Christian Brothers and Sisters,—We, the red children of Nawoneti, whom we call the Great and Good Spirit, who is present every where, now give you a talk, which we hope will be long remembered by you all. Do not be deceived by the black-coats. We believe they are sent out by the Bad Spirit to make talk to us. If the Good Spirit had sent them out, they would have given us your presents, and their talk would have made us better; but their talks do us no good, and we hear nothing of the presents you send us.

Brothers and Sisters,—The Good Spirit has but one big book; the Bad Spirit has many, very many, books which his white children use to deceive

one another, and blind one another's eyes. The Great Spirit has, ever since the world was made, and the grass grew, laid his big book open to all men, of whatever colour they may have been, and this book tells the truth to all, and deceives no man.

Brothers and Sisters,— We do not worship the Good Spirit as you do, but our belief in him, and our worship, is sincere, and we think is acceptable to him. You do not think so. If we should send out our teachers of our religion to you, you would not believe them. It is contrary to your belief, but your black-coats say that we must believe yours. You have your own teachers, let us us have ours. We are grateful for your kindness. We should be glad to have you send persons to us to learn us how to plough, and sow, and reap, and teach us all the arts of agriculture. This would make us happy— but the black-coats cannot.

Brothers and Sisters,—This is the truth that you have not known before. We are your friends, and wish you may not be deceived any longer.

CAPTAIN GOOD his mark HUNTER.
HARD ⋈ HICKORY.
CORNSTICK, ⋈
SENECA ⋈ STEEL.
SMALL CHORD ⋈ SPICER.
GEORGE ⋈ HERRING.

The Weather.—There has not been in the memory of any living man, so violent a change in the weather, as that which was experienced during the early part of the last month. The fruit trees were everywhere rich in promise on the 6th of May, on the 7th they were all struck, as if by an universal plague. The new leaves of the laurel were turned brown; those of the box became white, as if they had been burned by lightning; those of the ivy and arbutus became black, and crumbled in the hand like a cinder. The laburnum trees presented a particularly melancholy appearance; their flowers had just began to shew their golden tresses, when further progress was effectually stopped, and they were already withered at a time when they ought to have been in full bloom. The thermometer fell as low as 20 on the 7th, being six degrees lower than it had fallen in the month of May, during the last forty years, or perhaps ever before in this climate, at the same season. The clover and rye-grass have been every where nipped and blackened, and pastures generally have retrograded to a serious extent. The stems of potatoes, the stalks and foliage of peas, have been withered to powder.

The Cholera Morbus.—It has been ascertained by the supreme Medical Board of Russia, that the cholera is contagious, that it will sometimes travel against the wind and the monsoon itself, and that, contrary to the opinion hitherto generally received, it is not checked by the approach of the cold season. It has now, we regret to say, reached Gallicia; but the government has taken decisive measures for preventing its importation into England. In many cases it produces immediate death; where that does not take place, and the disease operates more slowly in the destruction of its victim, the symptoms are violent vomiting, with painful cramps, damp clammy sweats, cold and bloodless extremities, burning heat at the stomach, a sudden death-like countenance. The skin under the nails becomes incurvated, the palms of the hands and soles of the feet become shrivelled, and such is the torture endured, that it sometimes requires six persons to hold a patient in bed. The chief remedies are bleeding, calomel, opium, warm covering and friction.

British Museum.—It is with great pleasure we have to announce that the splendid Library of this Institution will in future be open on Saturdays, for the same length of time as on the other days of the week. This is a valuable accommo-

dation to many literary men, and one, by the way, which they ought long since to have enjoyed. It requires not a little perseverance in the public, to beat down the selfishness and indolence of official personages.

St. Simonism.—A new religious sect under this title, is now making some way among our lively French neighbours, who have always some novel project or other in their heads or on their hands. It has its official newspaper in a philosophical journal, *Le Globe*, and several missionaries, who are engaged in organising the Simonian family, not only in the provinces of France, but also in Belgium.

The Duchess of Abrantes.—This distinguished lady, it is said, is engaged in writing memoirs of that portion of the life of Bonaparte, which elapsed between his entrance into the military school of Paris, and his defence of Toulon, hitherto a blank in all the authentic biographies which have been given of that extraordinary person.

Cheap Engravings.—It is understood that the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, have taken measures for producing a gallery of portraits of persons, who have been distinguished for giving an impulse to the progress of the sciences and arts. The work is to be executed in the best style, and to be sold in numbers, consisting of four engravings, at a very low price. It is calculated that they must sell twelve thousand numbers before they can clear their expences.

A Long Sentence.—We suppose that the longest sentence to be found in the English language is that which closes the article upon the subject of reform, in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. The sentence in question consists of two pages, of seventeen members, of eighty-four lines, of eight hundred and sixty-seven words, and four thousand two hundred letters ! ! !

Bishop Kenn.—The Rev. W. L. Bowles is employed in preparing for the press, his second and concluding volume of the Life of Thomas Kenn, deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells, seen in connection with the spirit of the times, political and religious, particularly those great events, the Restoration, and the Revolution in 1688; including the period of Puritanism from 1640, to the death of Cromwell.

Egyptian Writing.—Mr. Champolion, junior, is at present engaged in a course of very interesting archeological lectures, which he delivers at the College de France, and in which he explains the different systems of writing, practised in ancient Egypt. By developing the series of grammatical forms used in the hieroglyphical and hieratical texts, he proposes to establish the identity of the Copt language, with that of the ancient Egyptians.

Roman Relic.—The labourers employed in digging for the foundation of the new Goldsmiths' Hall, some time ago discovered, about fifteen feet from the surface of the ground, a stone about two feet in height, ten inches in width, and five in thickness. A figure of an archer is sculptured in very high relief upon the front face, on the obverse is an urn, near what is supposed to be a tripod. It is evidently a tombstone; but the sages of the Antiquarian Society have elevated it to the honours of a Roman *Altar!*

Society of Horticulturists.—Ladies are now admissible as members of this society,—a decided improvement, as they are, in the higher ranks of life, much better horticulturists than their lords, generally speaking. We know of no good reason why learned females should not also be admissible to the royal and other societies as well as men.

They shall have, at least, our vote and interest, so far as our influence extends, if ever they be proposed as candidates. How delightful it would be to read a work on Civil Law, by Miss Cornelia L——— F.R.S. and F.S.A.

Persian Manuscripts.—We learn that the collection of Persian manuscripts, ancient, Turkish, and modern, belonging to Sir W. Ouseley, some of which are connected with the religious doctrines of the Fire Worshippers, are announced for public sale. When examined, we fear that they will not be found of much worth. The East has produced but few valuable compositions, and those have long since been rifled by our translators of all their charms.

Paris Exhibition.—We observe that the French exhibition of paintings and sculpture, by living artists, was opened at the Louvre on the same day that the Royal Academy was thrown open to the British public. In Paris, no entrance money is required. The collection contains 2,670 different specimens of the fine arts, of which 2,238 are pictures.

Scientific Expedition.—After an absence of three years, the *Chanticleer*, we are happy to perceive, has returned from her voyage of scientific research in the southern regions of the globe. The main objects of the expedition were to ascertain the specific ellipticity of the earth, the chronometric difference of meridians on the principal stations of the Atlantic, and to make observations on magnetism and meteorology. In the course of her voyage, the Chanticleer, which was under the command of Captain Foster, visited several of the most interesting parts of the globe, among which was Prince William's Island, supposed to be the most southern tract of land on its surface. Captain Foster, we regret to add, was accidentally drowned in the river Chagres, in the Isthmus of Panama. We shall look with much interest for the results of this expedition, and we shall here take the liberty to express a hope, that they may not be published in a form which might render them inaccessible to the great mass of the reading classes of society.

The Niger.—Letters have reached town, from which it would appear that the Landers, whose expedition to Africa was announced some time ago, have succeeded in tracing the course of the Niger from Youri to the Bight of Biafra. If this information be correct, a geographical problem of very considerable importance has at length been solved, as several travellers have traced the channel of the Niger to Youri.

Imitative Music.—A blind performer named Werner, is now exhibiting in London, who, with the simple assistance of a guitar, succeeds in producing the effect of a full band of music, consisting of the usual wind instruments. Farther than this, he imitates the crowing of cocks, the chuckling of hens, the barking of dogs, and mewing of cats, with an accuracy that is highly entertaining, and indeed quite surprising, considering the limited means which he uses.

Literary Patronage.—At the last anniversary of that admirable institution, the Literary Fund, the Lord Chancellor presided, and advocated its interests with his usual eloquence. He justly observed, that the public were the true patrons of literary men, and not, as Dr. Johnson had asserted, the booksellers, for these were but the instruments or agents of the public, in affording encouragement to letters.

Zoological Society.—This institution goes on most prosperously. Its present number of fellows, in-

cluding ladies, is 814. The number of visitors to the gardens last year, was 234,745; to the museum, 14,323. The receipts during the year amounted to 15,806*l*, whereas in 1827, they did not exceed 4000*l*. The Zoological gardens unquestionably form one of the most rational curiosities of which the metropolis can boast.

German Literature.—Previously to the year 1814, the annual average number of new works exposed for sale at the Leipsic fair, did not exceed 2,000. Since that period they have been constantly on the increase; down to the year 1826, they did not exceed 5,000. In 1827, they amounted to 5,108; in 1828, to 5,654; in 1829, to 5,314, and in 1830, to 5,962.

Omnibus Advertisements. — Advertisements, of which the following is a translation, are not at all uncommon in the French journals. "Persons who are desirous of marrying, of obtaining situations, of selling property or commercial stock, of joining partnerships, of borrowing or lending money, cannot do better, than address their communication to M. V———— Agent d'affaires, Rue ————"

Locke the Philosopher.—Within the last twenty years a subscription has been before the public, for a monument to the great Locke. In very nearly that quarter of a century, no more than 800*l*. have been collected, and when, at last, it was proposed that a suitable memorial should be erected to the memory of that illustrious philosopher, in either Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral, the applicants discovered that the fees required for this indulgence, would leave only a few pounds to requite the sculptor!

Irish Antiquities.—It is with pleasure we learn that Mr. Dalton, the well known Irish Antiquary, has issued proposals for publishing the ancient annals of his country. We hope that all those individuals and corporate bodies, who may have it in their power to throw any light upon his researches, will afford him their zealous assistance. The object is truly national, and few persons would be more likely to succeed in accomplishing it than Mr. Dalton.

To Correspondents.—"Caledonnicus" *may rest assured, that we never allow party-feelings to influence our judgment upon literary productions. If he be displeased with our critical opinions, we can only say that, at all events, they are free and unbiassed.*

We have received the essays and note of J. P. P; to the former we shall attend in due course; to the latter we reply, that we should be glad to see the article which he proposes to write; we cannot, however, at this moment, pledge ourselves to accept it, as much will depend upon the manner, as well as the matter.

Mr. J. R. B. (of Bath) has our most cordial wishes for his success; but we cannot give enlarged notices of the attempts even of a fellow labourer, unless they be of greater importance than those which he has yet submitted to our inspection. We trust that he will not again talk of hostility, *for no such feeling exists as that which he supposes.*

With reference to the article in our last number, on "Church Reform," we must, once for all, protest against opening our pages to a controversy which would burthen them, perhaps, for years to come. Those who dispute our views, must state their own through some other channel. We have to acknowledge the receipt of several books and pamphlets upon both sides of the subject, to which we shall very soon return.

N. B. From a variety of letters which we have lately received, we are induced to inform authors, who wish to have their works noticed in proper time, in the Monthly Review, *that they should uniformly instruct their publishers to forward us one of the earliest impressions. We usually take new publications, for review, in the order in which they are sent to us.*

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1831.

ART. I.—*The Botanical Miscellany; containing Figures and Descriptions of such Plants as recommend themselves by their Novelty, Rarity, or History; or by the Uses to which they are applied in the Arts, in Medicine, and in Domestic Economy; together with occasional Botanical Notices and Information.* By W. Jackson Hooker, LL.D. &c., and Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow. 8vo. pp. 256. London: Murray. 1831.

THIS is one of the few scientific journals that are published in this country, and for the support of which, we fear, no adequate patronage has yet been obtained among those classes who can best afford it. We must, at the same time, commend the spirit with which the enterprize has been undertaken, and the perseverance with which it has been sustained, under circumstances of a discouraging nature, and we most sincerely hope that it may be finally crowned with success. The title of the miscellany sufficiently explains the object which its learned and able conductor has in view. The present number is chiefly devoted to the botany of India and the Malay Islands, and a portion of the South-American continent, and to observations on some plants described in the English Flora of Sir James E. Smith. It contains several well-executed plates, and is accompanied by a supplement of illustrations of Indian botany, beautifully finished and coloured, under the superintendence of Dr. Wight, who, not long since, had charge of the botanical establishment at Madras. The technical portions of the journal seem to be got up with great care; the descriptions of the general character, habitats, and construction of the plants, are very full, though, we think, they would be more acceptable if they were uniformly in our own language. The use of the Latin may render the work more scientific in appearance, and perhaps more useful to foreign professors, who do not understand English; but it necessarily limits the circulation of the Miscellany at home, where, after all, the best market is to be found, and it seals the book to

ladies, who are often much more attached than the stronger sex to botanical pursuits.

Dr. Hooker has, however, interspersed the scientific parts of his journal with biographical sketches of eminent botanists, and with extracts from private and unpublished journals of voyages and travels, some of which are highly interesting to the general reader. Among these, we would particularly notice the account which is given of the proceedings of Dr. Wallich, who succeeded Dr. Hamilton in the superintendence of the botanical garden at Calcutta, and at whose suggestion that establishment has been placed upon a footing surpassing any thing of the kind known in Europe. 'The spot of ground is no less than five miles in circumference, and upwards of three hundred gardeners and labourers are employed in the charge of it. Gardens in connexion with it have been formed in other remote parts of the Indian possessions; collectors have been sent out to discover new, and especially useful, plants, and the residents and other gentlemen attached to science, were invited to send the vegetable productions of their respective districts to Calcutta, both in a living and a dried state.' Dr. Wallich, a pupil of the celebrated Hornemann, of Copenhagen, some years ago undertook a journey to Nepal, for the purpose of enriching the vegetable stores of this superb garden. He subsequently visited Singapore and Penang, and inspected the vast timber forests of the western provinces of Hindostan, where he examined and collected the plants of the kingdom of Oude. His last excursion was to Ava, immediately after the reduction of the Birman empire by the British troops. When the collections which he made during these journies were added to those already deposited at Calcutta, the mass was supposed to include from eight to nine thousand. It should be observed that, in the climate of India, the labours of the botanist are peculiarly severe, and to these are added the difficulties which attend the preservation of dried plants. Besides the common insects which prey upon the vegetable itself, there are the ants, always ready to devour both the specimen and the paper in which it is wrapped. To guard, in some measure, against these dangers, the cabinets are usually insulated, by setting the feet upon which they stand in troughs of water. 'But so rapid is evaporation under an Indian sun, that it was the entire office of a Hindoo, after entering the museum, and performing his salaam to Dr. Wallich, in a morning, to go round the room, and replenish these troughs with water as fast as it evaporated, until the cool shadows of evening came on, and relieved him from his tedious and monotonous task.' Dr. Wallich has been in England during the last three years, chiefly employed upon his splendid work, "*Plantæ Asiaticæ Rariores*," of which four or five numbers have been already published.

To Dr. Wight, the editor acknowledges that he is indebted for the descriptions and illustrations of Indian botany, which his Mis-

cellany contains, and which are to be continued in future numbers. It is much to Dr. Wight's credit, that, after the Madras establishment was dissolved, he, although engaged in medical duties at Negapatam, has found time for the arrangement of the valuable materials which he has contributed to this journal. So ardent is he in this pursuit, that he has sent out collectors of specimens at his own expense.

The Miscellany contains an interesting sketch of a recent journey, made by that 'persevering traveller and accomplished naturalist,' Mr. Burchell, nearly across the continent of South America, in the direction from Rio to Peru, chiefly with a view to the natural history of that region. He is said to have collected largely in botany, entomology and geology, and, besides astronomical, philosophical, and geodetical observations, to have made several drawings of the country. His account of his travels will form a most valuable accession to our literature.

Mr. Alexander Cruckshanks has contributed a valuable report of a botanical excursion, which he made from Lima to Pasco; the name of the latter place is now familiar to every body, on account of its mines, which are worked by an English company, and are among the richest in Peru. They are situated about forty-five leagues N.E. of Lima, at the eastern extremity of a large plain, which occupies the centre of the Cordilleras of the Andes, whose more elevated peaks form a vast amphitheatre around them. The road thither, about half a league out of Lima, passes near the valley of Los Amancaes, so called from the vast number of bright golden Amancae, (Narcissus,) which appear there at the beginning of winter. The place is occasionally the scene of a very charming spectacle.

'The great height of the hills encourages a plentiful deposition of moisture, which produces a more abundant vegetation than is usually seen on the coast. After the rains have ceased in the interior, the Indians who rear cattle there, are accustomed to drive them down to different parts of the hills and vallies in the low country, till they reach the coast; and at this season a considerable number of small flocks and herds are brought to feed at *Los Amancaes*. During their stay, the place presents the appearance of a fair, from the number of people who go out to *pic-nic*, and spend the day in roaming among the hills, and decking themselves with the flowers, or in dancing, horse-racing, and other sports. This annual *promenade* commences on St. John's day, the *Amancaes* being then in full flower; and from an early hour, a great part of the motley population of Lima are seen swarming towards the hills, gaily dressed in all sorts of colours, of brighter hue, but not more varied in their tints, than the complexions of the wearers. When the day is fine and the mist confined to the hills, the scene is singularly picturesque. On one hand, the steep rocky sides of the valley are studded with cattle, tended by their Indian owners, and gradually disappearing in the mist as they wind among the hills; the plain below, extending to the main valley of the Rimac, is covered with groups engaged in various sports, and fresh parties constantly arriving;

while, on the opposite side of the river, with distant mountains for a back-ground, the white spires of the city are seen through the groves of orange-trees in the gardens of the suburbs; and lower down, the cultivated valley leads the eye to the ocean, with the Island of San Lorenzo rising abruptly in the distance.'—pp. 177, 178.

Of the vegetable productions which Mr. Cruckshanks noticed in the course of his excursion, we may mention the Papas Amarillas, or Yellow Potatoe, which is considered by those who have eaten it in Peru, as far superior to any that we have in cultivation. It has been introduced into the garden of the Horticultural Society, and unfortunately has proved to be but an indifferent bearer. It is partial to particular climates, and even in Peru will not succeed in the vallies near the coast. The mode of culture is understood not to be at all different from that which is followed with respect to the common potatoe. 'When the stems are about a foot high, they are laid horizontally and earthed over, perhaps in order to encourage the formation of tubers from the buds. The people, however, said that it was not to any particular treatment that they attributed the successful cultivation of the plant, but entirely to the climate of the *hilly country*.'

On ascending the elevated district of the Andes, Mr. Cruckshanks and his party conceived that they might escape the puna, (the sickness which, from the great rarification of the air, usually afflicts those who are unaccustomed to breathe so pure an atmosphere,) by fasting until they reached the highest point of the mountain. They then breakfasted heartily on cold meat, but, strange to say, soon after they commenced the descent, several of the party were seized with the common symptoms of the malady, violent head-ach and vomiting, accompanied by all the sensations attendant upon sea-sickness. Some travellers have represented a difficulty of breathing to be one of the symptoms of this disorder, but Mr. Cruckshanks says that this only occurs in walking over rough ground, or in climbing the mountains, when it is necessary to make frequent stops, in order to take breath. But the *sea-sickness* continues for days to produce the most distressing feeling.

We have here also a notice of Labedour's Journey to the Altaic Mountains, of which little, if any thing, has hitherto been known in this country. These mountains are in the interior of Asiatic Russia, having on their south-west the Soongarien Kirgisen Steppe, which extends to the northern boundary of the Chinese provinces. The Professor has given in his travels a variety of details, which are particularly interesting in a botanical point of view.

The most valuable article in the Miscellany is, however, the Biographical Sketch of the late Captain Dugald Carmichael, F.L.S., followed by extracts from his diary, in which many particulars connected with the natural history of Southern Africa, are presented in a luminous and masterly style. He was a native of Lismore, one of the Hebrides, where he was born in the year 1772. His

parents having been in easy circumstances, he was originally destined for one of the learned professions. While obtaining the rudiments of education at the parochial school, he had already distinguished himself by his attachment to botanical pursuits. In the hours of recreation, when his school-fellows were employed in their various amusements, young Carmichael would steal away to the mosslands and fields, and search for such organic remains and flowers as might be found there; he was also fond of sketching the wild scenery around him. His colours were not, indeed, quite so good as those which are now to be seen in every lady's paint-box: the common ink served him for many purposes; the bark of alder supplied him with a lighter shade, and the tops of the heath with yellow; when he wanted red he punctured his finger. Thus devoted from early life to the observation of nature, he acquired the habit of ascertaining facts with correctness, and of relying upon these to the exclusion of imaginary suppositions. Hence, he discarded, with the greatest coolness, all those legendary horrors with which the Hebrides peculiarly abounded; he was no believer either in ghosts or fairies; and so little effect had these creations of superstition upon his mind, that he used, sometimes in the evening, to repair alone to the places rumoured to be haunted by these spirits, and hiding himself in a tree or behind a rock, draw such sounds from his violin as were most suitable to the genius of the spot, thereby confirming the persons who chanced to hear his unexpected music, in the popular belief which they had already too fully entertained.

Having spent, or rather from the bad system of education which then prevailed, lost some years at the University of Glasgow, young Carmichael was removed to Edinburgh, to finish his studies in medicine, to which he had attached himself. Even there he had reason to complain of the limited and defective plan upon which medical instruction was then conducted. Writing upon this subject several years after, he expresses his regret that our Universities do not adopt the practice which has long prevailed in the continental schools, of making natural history a regular branch of education. Professorships for this department have been instituted in the London University and King's College; and we trust that the example will be very generally followed in all those schools, in which youth are prepared for liberal pursuits. To those, especially, who are destined to pass a considerable portion of their lives in India or the colonies, the knowledge of natural history will afford cheerful and salutary occupation for many an hour, that might otherwise, from the want of society, be found oppressive to the mind, injurious to the health, and, unhappily, too often destructive to the morals. The testimony of Mr. Carmichael, in favour of this view of the subject, is given in the most forcible terms.

"'This study,"' he says, "'affords exercise to the mind, and frequently adds to the sum of human knowledge. It has, also, over every other study, this peculiar advantage, that whithersoever fortune may direct our footsteps,

materials for it present themselves to our view. The pathless forest, the arid plain, the alpine rock, the desert island, tender by turns their varied and inexhaustible stores, and demand of us only exercise of body as the price at which they will furnish us with food for the mind. Even the boundless waste of ocean, which the common traveller views with an eye of apathy or apprehension, yields to the naturalist a rich harvest of amusement and instruction. A man possessed of a taste for natural history, has it in his power to amass a store of subjects, wherewith he can associate a train of agreeable recollections, sufficient to afford him amusement during the remainder of his life; not to mention the pleasure he must feel in sharing his discoveries with those who have the same taste with himself, but who want the opportunity of indulging it.

'"There is no denying that this branch of education may engender a host of unfledged philosophers, who will fancy, on their outset in life, that every thing must be new to others which appears so to themselves; and when such undertake to visit remote countries, and communicate to the world the result of their observations, we must be prepared to meet with a little vanity and egotism, inflated language, extravagant theories, and deductions not always the most legitimate. With these drawbacks, however, the journal of a young traveller, moderately skilled in natural history, will prove infinitely more interesting to the intelligent class of readers, than that of a person who is totally ignorant of that branch of science."'—*Part* iv. pp. 7, 8.

Mr. Carmichael took his diploma as a surgeon at Edinburgh, in the year 1794, when he returned to his native island, and devoted himself for some time chiefly to the study of mineralogy. Having been appointed to a regiment in Ireland, he remained nine years in that country, where he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Robert Brown, Esq., who held a similar appointment upon the same station, and who has been justly called "the first botanist of this or any other age." Desirous of seeing distant countries, and disinclined, for some unexplained reasons, to the further pursuit of his profession, he entered the 72nd regiment as an Ensign, and in 1805, joined the expedition which was sent under Sir David Baird, against the Cape of Good Hope. From this period he kept a regular and minute diary of every occurrence in which he felt any interest, interspersing his narratives of fact with observations on men, opinions, climates, plants, and such other matters as were presented to his contemplation. He adopted his new profession with his natural ardour, and resolved to make himself master of all the duties which he had to perform. We have from his pen a very good account of the action in which the British troops were engaged upon landing at the Cape, and of the subsequent operations which terminated in the surrender of the colony.

While upon this subject, Mr. Carmichael exposes, in an amusing manner, the profound botanical ignorance of some of our early travellers in Southern Africa. Among these, he mentions a Mr. Perceval, who states, that in the Pass of Muysenburg, his eye was delighted with the sight of laurels, geraniums, sunflowers,

jessamines, asparagus, mulberries, and indeed the whole array of our garden vegetables, flowers, and shrubs, although the Pass is, in point of fact, a mere barren waste, upon which the goddess Flora would hardly deign to light for a moment in her visits to that part of the African continent! We do not know who it was that asserted that the streets of Cape-town are paved with bullocks' tails! The source of this mistake is truly ludicrous. The channel of the river Sonderend, as well as its tributary streams, is encumbered with a species of bog-rush, that spreads over the surface of the stream, and interlaces its creeping stems so firmly, that a man may walk upon it without the least danger of sinking. When the farmers send their wine to market, they pad the sides of their waggons with the stems of this rush, which are thrown out into the street when they are no longer required—and these were the bullocks' tails with which one of our travellers said that Cape-town was paved! It must be confessed that, in general, our tourists are but sorry botanists. Compared with the French, the Germans, and Swedes, our general ignorance of natural history is indeed disgraceful.

Among the observations which Mr. Carmichael makes upon the Cape, he mentions a singular and infallible prognostic of tempestuous weather, which the celebrated Table-Mountain supplies.

'"It is a common saying among the inhabitants of Cape-town, that when the Devil spreads his table-cloth on the mountain, you may look for a strong south-east wind. In the whole system of meteorology, there is not a more infallible prognostic. The Devil's table-cloth is a thin sheet of white vapour, which is seen rushing over the edge of the precipice, while the sky all around is serene and unclouded. The rapidity of its descent resembles that of water pouring over the face of a rock. The air, at the same time, begins to be agitated in the valley; and, in less than half an hour, the whole town is involved in dust and darkness. Instantly the streets are deserted, every door and window is shut up, and Cape-town is as still as if it were visited by the plague.

'"Sometimes, however, instead of a sheet of vapour, an immense cloud envelops the mountain, and stretching out on all sides, like a magnificent canopy, shades the town and the adjacent country from the sun. The inferior boundary of this cloud is regulated probably by various circumstances; among others, by the strength of the wind, and the temperature of the air in the Table Valley. The influence of the latter is to be inferred from the fact, that though the cloud never descends farther than half way into the hot parched amphitheatre of Cape-town, you may observe it on the side of Camp's Bay, rolling down in immense volumes to the very sea, over which it sometimes stretches farther than the eye can follow it.

'"I do not know any thing more singular than the aspect of this cloud. It is continually rushing down to a certain point on the side of the mountain, and there vanishing. Fleeces are seen, from time to time, torn from its skirts, by the strength of the wind, floating and whirling, as it were, in a vortex over the town, and then gradually dissolving away. But the main body remains, as if nailed to the mountain, and bids defiance to the utmost efforts of the gale."'—*Part* iv. pp. 25, 26.

Among the many objects of natural interest which Mr. Carmichael mentions as having been seen by him at the Cape, there are none more curious than the species of beetle, vulgarly, but expressively called, the *Tumble-dung*. This insect deposits its ova in a small round mass of cow-dung, which it buries in the ground. Their instinct, which leads them to find out the proper material, often assembles thousands of them round the same lump. A spectator would imagine that they were working in combination, whereas each is eager only about its own separate interests, cutting away first the fragments which it wants, then, by a dexterous management of its head and legs, kneading it into a globular form, which it instantly sets about removing to a considerable distance, preparatory to its being lowered into the earth. But how is the insect to effect this removal of a substance larger and heavier than its own body? Nature, not having given it the physical strength, which would enable it to lift the ball from the ground, has taught it a mechanical contrivance, which serves instead. It rests its tiny head and fore legs on the ground, and pushing with its hind legs against the precious fragment, now containing its ova, moves it progressively onward, the insect itself walking backward, until it reaches the chosen spot, where it makes a hole some inches deep in the sand, and trundling it in, covers it over. This is the course of the honest and industrious *Tumble-dung* (Scaraboeus sacer): but they have their thieves among them, like communities of a higher order,—fellows who, without any fair exertions of their own, seek to appropriate to themselves the well earned acquisitions of others, and become affluent at their expense. It often happens that a virtuous and pains-taking beetle, while rolling his burthen homeward, is assailed by a bandit, who had been perhaps all the day on the wing, marauding, instead of working peaceably like his neighbours. Beholding a beautifully formed ball, the posession of which would save him a longer journey and a great deal of trouble, down he pounces upon the earth, without the smallest fear of consequences, and, having folded his wings under his sheath, pushes strait for the prize. But the lawful owner of the property, already on his guard, posts himself on the top of his ball, and as soon as the enemy comes near enough, is enabled, by his advantageous position, to give him a chuck under the chin, which sends him, heels over head, to the distance of some ten or twelve inches. If the battle be renewed, it generally terminates according to justice, in favour of the real owner, whose prior possession gives him a superiority in the means of defence, which the invader seldom overcomes; and he finally walks off, like a coward dog with his head under his tail.

Mr. Carmichael chanced to witness the issue from the earth, of the winged males of the white ants. He beheld them springing into light in millions, from fissures in the soil, and through pores in the ground that were hardly visible to the eye. The Hottentot children catch them in handfuls, as they emerge from their birth-

place, and devour them without any ceremony. Their bodies are so small, and their wings so large and unwieldy, that they with difficulty sustain themselves in the air, and are made the sport of the breeze. Those which escape the young Hottentots, thus easily become the victims of numerous predatory flies, which are on the watch for their destruction: nevertheless, there is no part of the world that is more infested than the Cape with ants of every description.

The remarks of Mr. Carmichael upon the Moravian mission, established some years ago, for the purpose of affording instruction to the Hottentots, are precisely to the same effect as those which have fallen from almost every intelligent and unbiassed traveller in other regions of the globe, to which British missions have yet been extended. We deem it a sacred duty to the public, to bring before them, as often as we can, the evidence of sensible and dispassionate observers, as to the real nature of these institutions, for the support of which a very large revenue is contributed yearly, which might be laid out at home with infinitely greater advantage.

'"On the motives that dictated the establishment of the Moravian mission, and the plan on which it has hitherto been conducted, there can be but one opinion; both are entitled to unqualified approbation; yet so unpropitious are the circumstances connected with it, that there is reason to apprehend that it will do more harm than good, and aggravate the misery it was its object to lighten. The population of the colony consists of two races of people; the white, or descendants of Europeans, and the black, or Hottentots, who are parcelled out among the former, and serve them in the capacity of menials. Thinly scattered over a prodigious extent of territory, and repelled, by natural difficulties, but much more by positive enactments, beyond the reach of justice, the distant colonists live in a state of independence, over which the government has no effective control. Hence they have usurped full authority over the rights, and, not unfrequently, over the lives of their dependents; and the capricious exercise of it, we can easily imagine, has been the source of no small portion of misery to the latter. Laws have been enacted from time to time, with a view to curb this abuse; but laws issued without the power of enforcement, are more likely to increase than to restrain abuse, from that sort of vindictive pleasure which men often feel in showing their contempt of law, when they can do it with impunity.

'"Under such circumstances, it appears to me, that the scheme of instructing the Hottentots is radically wrong, unless it be accompanied with such an arrangement, as shall place them permanently beyond the power of their masters. Situated as they are at present, its only effect will be to add to the other bad passions, of which they have been so long the victims, that of envy at their superior attainments. An instructed and intelligent race of people, serving another race, which is neither intelligent nor instructed, would be a monster in human society, of which there is no example on record. To instruct the menial, without first instructing the master, can serve no useful purpose. If this devoted race is to experience any alleviation of its misery, during the future part of its progress to extinction, it must be effected by infusing the principles of humanity into the bosoms of those who hold its destiny in their hands.

'"It is nonsense to dissemble. We may safely prognosticate the speedy annihilation of the Hottentot race, by the natural progress of society, and the rapid increase of population, with which it can neither mix nor amalgamate. Who is there, indeed, that cannot discern from afar the fate of America impending over the whole of this continent? When the energy, the industry, and genius of Europe are pitted against the ignorance, the indolence, and the apathy of Africa, the final issue, though it may be distant, cannot be doubtful: and if such a revolution could be effected in the progress of time, and without those wars and convulsions which usually attend the collision of nations, is it not 'a consumation devoutly to be wished?"'—pp. 51, 52.

This last paragraph wears a prophetic appearance. Every succeeding year seems to bring us nearer and nearer to the interior of Africa; and the lively fears and prejudices of the natives, which teach them to believe that the Europeans entertain the design of conquering and peopling their territory, would seem, in truth, only to warn them of the approach of events, which are predestined to take place. That the retention of Algiers by France, will materially assist in the accomplishment of this object, we may readily admit; at the same time that we express our jealousy of the influence which such a possession will give them, over a very important section of that continent.

ART. II.—*The Correspondence of Isaac Basire, D.D., Archdeacon of Northumberland, and Prebendary of Durham, in the reigns of Charles I., and Charles II.; with a Memoir of his Life.* By W. N. Darnell, B.D., Rector of Stanhope. 8vo. pp. 393. London: Murray. 1831.

THE light which is thrown on the reigns of the first and second Charles, and upon the interval of the Commonwealth, by the correspondence of Dr. Basire, is faint and limited: yet, such as it is, we are glad that it has been drawn forth from its secluded repository, in the library of the Dean and Chapter of Durham. The manners, characters, and notions of men are always better painted in their private letters, than in any other record which they leave behind them. We have here their most secret thoughts, and, however they may seek sometimes to disguise their genuine dispositions, and set themselves off as infinitely better than they really are, the truth generally comes out in their written communications with each other. Incidentally, they pourtray, not only their minds, but the features of the age in which they live, and the habits of domestic life; and thus they become, often, the most useful, as well as the most interesting, auxiliaries of the historian. We cannot now expect the discovery of many letters of importance, connected with the annals of this country. There is scarcely a private collection in the kingdom that has not been ransacked, for the instruction and gratification of the public. We must not hope to meet with

the diary of an Evelyn or a Pepys every day; and instead, therefore, of treating with neglect such a series of letters as that now before us, because it is not of the utmost possible value, we ought rather to receive it with indulgence, and with not a little gratitude towards the Rev. gentleman who has taken the trouble to present it to the world.

The correspondence arranged by Mr. Darnell in this work, is connected by a very slender narrative, for the barrenness of which he has thought it necessary to apologize. In our humble opinion the apology was not at all required; Dr. Basire was very little known in his own day, beyond the precincts of a narrow circle; we recognize nothing very amiable in his character, no eminent learning or talent connected with his name, which should excite any great curiosity about his personal history. His letters, and those of his friends, are valuable as relics and memorials of the times; but as to his biography, we have here quite as much of it as renders the letters intelligible, and that is sufficient. It will be easily believed, that we are not prone to that kind of enthusiasm, which has induced Mr. Darnell to exalt the subject of his labours to an ecclesiastical hero, 'a true son of the church of England, and a distinguished sufferer in her cause.' We have no desire to censure his partialities, although we must observe, that, if Dr. Basire was a *true* son of that church, she must have been but an indifferent sort of a mother, not to have produced a better specimen, 'before,' as he expresses it, 'her spirit was broken by the encroachments of sectarianism.' It is amusing to read such language as this, coming from the pen of a rector, who is himself a sectarian of the first degree, aye, and a sectarian, too, who holds his living by means of one of those very encroachments, which, it seems, he cannot tolerate in others.

Basire was a native of Rouen in Normandy, and a member of the lowest order of French noblesse. He appears to have received an excellent education, first at the University of Rotterdam, and afterwards at Leyden. We are not informed of the steps by which, after his ordination, he became chaplain to Dr. Morton, Bishop of Durham, an office which he filled in 1632. In that year we find a letter addressed to him by the celebrated Vossius, who was then living at Amsterdam, where he was attached to the college, as Professor of History. The epistle is a very insignificant one, being filled with empty compliments and pedantry, and by no means worthy of the author of the Pelagian history. The 'true son of the church of England,' writes to Vossius in an equally fulsome style, the correspondence being carried on in Latin, and utters what would be considered heresy in these more enlightened days, for he tells his friend that 'he at times turns to the Greek Fathers, whose writings he holds as only inferior in authority to the Holy Scriptures.' If Mr. Darnell said as much, he would be turned out of his rectory. In the midst of his duties and studies, Basire had the

happiness to fall in love with Miss Corbett, a young lady of good family in Shropshire, who fully reciprocated his tender passion. His letters to her are in a very peculiar tone indeed.

'"I. H. S.

'"DEARE FANNY, &c. &c. &c.

'" I hope the last letters I sent by London to you and your loving sisters, about sixe weeks agoe, have had better lucke then those I sent by Halifax, of which I can heare no newes; albeit I have written to Mr. Ramsden about it. I am afraid they came not safe to his hands. You may see how covetous I am off any opportunity to send unto you, only to let you know still how my heart is towards you, how I daily offer up your name unto God in my prayers: I heartily desire you not to slacke or be behind hand with mee in that sacred duty, for God knows the hearts. That faith and Christian submission to God's good Providence, which you professed in your last, cheared mee up wonderfully. Goe on, sweet soule, and depend still upon God; and he shall sooner or later promote thee, if not by mee, (for alasse, what am I that I should promise ought? my breath is in my nostrils), yet by some other meanes. It may be so much the better, the greater, as more unexpected. I charge you still to abound in the acts of devotion and true repentance; to cleave to your God by freequency in prayer, reading, &c., and a diligent and conscionable use off all God's sacred ordinances, for by these God conveyes into the soule his grace, his spirit, his divine life: ah! what is the whole world's weight to one graine off grace at the hours of death? On Wednesday last I preached the funerall off another of my Lord's sisters, a most godly gentlewoman. Just as I was commending her soule unto God, she expired most sweetly. Lord, prepare us for that great passage!

'" Since my returne from you, there is nothing fallen—I praise God, I am very well content, iff you be so too: God's hand is not shortened.

'" I beseech God to cause his face to shine upon thee, to sanctify us one for another, to prosper our intentions, to pardon us all the vanitys incident about it, to give us grace to goe on in his most holy feare, that if it be his holy will and for his glory, it may, in his good time, succeed to our mutuall comfort, and the edification of both our families; meane while to indue us both with much patience and true mortification. But, if it be not his will, to worcke our hearts to an humble submission, and perfect resignation of us to himselfe. Joyne with me in this prayer, and rest assured that I am

'" Your most faithfull frend,

'"J. B.

'" A. C., March 11, 1635.

'" My hearty respects to your noble sisters.' "—pp. 14—16.

We must give another specimen of this chaplain's love-making epistles: they are usually addressed "To the Noble Mistresse Frances Corbett," and prefixed by an I. H. S., the initials of the words Jesus Hominum Salvator.

'"I. H. S.

'"DEAR LOVE, &c. &c. &c.

'" This last Saturday when I came home, I met with your last

loving letter, the which, I have praised God that he hath vouchsafed mee the opportunity to answer in person. I have since, in cold blood, observed and admired a singular providence of God, in bringing about my last journey to you ward by such faire and plausible means, better a great deale than iff I had come on purpose. I have likewise, in both our names, resigned wholly the whole successe of our mutuall intentions to God's blessed will: let that be done, whatsoever becomes of us. I strictly keepe the covenant I have made with you, daily to present your name to my Lord and Master, Christ Jesus, and that so much the more, as it is for his sake, you say, you love his servaunt: doe so still, for if your affection be thus syncerely tempered, and mixed, nay perfumed, and refined, iff I may so say, with such religious respects, and spirituall considerations; no doubt but sooner or later, one way or other, God will reward it, with a comfortable successe.

'"At my arrivall, my Lord, in jest, bad mee welcome out of France; I perceived by his often asking againe and againe how your father did, he hath an inckling of my errand into your parts: I like it never the worse, for if ever I have occasion to acquaint him with it in earnest, it will then be no such news unto him. He loves and respects Sir Andrew, of your name, so extraordinarly, (he did expect him here this summer,) that I hope he will like it the better.

'"I should be glad to hear by you, both the name, the particular place of abode, and the condition of that party who is a sutor to your sister Mary.

'"Cause your letters to be superscribed by our common frend; not so much for concealment as for safety; least the sight of a woman's hand should tempt some curious knave to defloure them ere they come to my hands.

'"Let your love be pure without passion, for this will weare away with age and time; when love, true, cordiall, and Christian love, will out last, will out live even death it selfe. Remember your tye, for so I do mine: no creature can undoe it, if you can obtain his consent, in whose power you are. Touching competency of fortune, the lesse our expectation is, the greater our joy will be iff it succeed. I will be carefull to serve God, and to use the meanes that may worcke my preferment: to conclude, love, thou art sure of an honest, a faithfull, and a well meaning man; who desires neither thee nor any thing in the world, but for the glory of his Maker. Farewell!—be devout, and rest assured, that I am now more then ever

'"Thy faithfull frend

'"And loving Servaunt,

'"J. B.

'"From A. Castle, this 5th day of August, 1635, in most extreame haste."

'"My deare brother and worthy frend, Mr. Johnson, (who as soon as he heard of my returne, is come over to see mee, and is now at this very time with mee,) he, I say, my dearest frend, desires to be commended to you; and though unknowne, wishes your hopes all successe, a heape of joys for your love to mee, &c. &c. I would you did but know the man.

'"Love, write unto mee plainly of all occurrences touching the hope of your father's inclination or so: expect the like plainenesse from mee.

'"And now I hope in God, your mind may be at rest better than before."'—pp. 16—19.

In another letter addressed "To the vertuous Gentlewoman, my very louing Frend, Mistresse Frances Corbett," he recommends her to read "An Introduction to a Devout Life," which, he says, though "made by a French Bishop is yet free from Popery, (for I have read it aforehand, for your soule's saecke:) only when you see a crosse at the margent, there, it may be mistaken by some; else all is safe." He laments that he could not have sent it better bound, as "here at Duresme (Durham) in this time off sickness, the book-binder had no gold." Another book which he sends her is entitled "The Marrow off the Oracles of God," and he moreover recommends her to "reade but David's 37th Psalme, and you cannot, (iff you throw your selfe into his louing armes,) but lye quietly in his lap." Few young ladies of our time, would choose to have their hearts solicited to matrimony, after this fashion. Yet we are not ignorant of the fact that, under the masque of piety, a great deal of the real business of love is conducted now-a-days.

Basire was soon after married to Mistresse Corbett, and presented by his patron, the Bishop of Durham, to the living of Eaglescliff in that county, in the year 1636, upon which occasion he is congratulated in the true Church-of-England style, by his friend, Mr. James Lecke, a member of Peter-house. "A report, my dearest brother, peculiarly gratifying to me, has just reached my ears, namely"—that your sphere of usefulness has been enlarged? no:—that the souls of the people about to be entrusted to your charge are about to be improved? no such thing:—but in plain words and figures, "that you have been appointed to a capital living worth 240*l.* per annum!!"—"opimo pinguique beneficio," as he expresses it much more strongly in the Latin, "240 librar. per annum donari te tandem." "Gratulor tibi" he continues, rejoicing in the worldly good fortune of his friend, "ex animo, frater, *præmium* hoc laborum. Hoc erit continuò in meis votis, ut Basirium meum in Ecclesiâ suâ *promovere* pergat Deus optimus." "Brother, I congratulate you from my heart, on having received this *reward* of your labours. It will ever be my prayer that Almighty God will favour your *advancement* in his Church." Verily Mr. Lecke was a true son of Peter-house, and of the church too, to which we suppose he dedicated his most pure and disinterested labours!

Another of Basire's Latin correspondents was Nathaniel Warde, vicar of Staindrop. Both he and Lecke allude to the very general sickness, in the nature of a plague, which then (1637) prevailed throughout England. The inhabitants of towns fled in many places into the country, terrified by the contagion. The following letter from Ward gives some insight into his own character, as well as a trait or two of the times.

'"Nathaniel Ward salutes his much honoured I. Basire.

'"Alas! alas! how unlucky it is that some business or misfortune

always prevents our meetings. I had scarcely drawn on my boots, and prepared myself for expedition, when my maid servant came to tell me that my horse (out of condition, and quite unfit for a long journey) had been stolen by some ill-disposed neighbour, and carried off towards London. You will say that all these matters are arranged by Providence; a pious sentiment; but I maintain, that if God had prevented our first meeting, Satan himself must have thrown an impediment in the way of this. For why should I not use the language of the Apostle, 1. Thess. ii. 18?

* * * * *

'"I never find myself in your company without enjoying the highest gratification, nor do I ever leave it without improvement; so excellent is your advice, so much does your example fortify me. At home, I am engaged in a constant struggle against my corrupt nature; abroad, I have to contend with impiety and barbarism.

* * * * *

'"When we next meet, I hope to be in a better state of mind than I have hitherto been. But how short are my lucid intervals, and how soon clouded over. In truth, my piety is cold as winter; my nights are disturbed and shadowy, longer by far than days cheered by fine weather, and the light of the sun. Do not fail to aid me with your prayers, that I may enjoy a summer followed by no wintry storms, a serene autumn, to gather in the eternal harvest of God's free grace and bounty. In the mean time, farewell! Present my respects to the worthy Dr. Duncan, and to your friend Johnson, when you next see them. How unfortunate I am, to be torn away from your learned and pious society! But what place could such a novice as I am hold in your triumvirate? Again farewell!

'"Written in haste, at Staindrop, Jan. 1639.

'"To the worshipful his much endeared friend, Mr. Isaac Basire, be these delivered at the Bishop's Castle, in Duresme."'—pp. 30—32.

Nathaniel, on another occasion, inquires seriously whether he might not take an oath in a sense different from that in which it is imposed—an oath, too, which, it seems, it would have been his duty to administer to his parishioners! So that we infer, that he had thoughts of taking the oath in one sense for himself, and of administering it in a different sense to others! This, we suppose, was also a 'true son' of the church. After this we are not surprised to hear it recorded of him, that he exchanged the bible for the sword, and joined the army of King Charles, in whose service he was slain at Millum Castle, in Cumberland.

We learn from Mr. Darnell the unpleasant truth, that it has now become a mere matter of form in the Church of England for Christians to request the prayers of each other, and this he terms 'the intermediate step towards that oblivion of the duty of intercession, which seems to prevail so generally,'—which, indeed, he might have said, has led to the entire abolition of a practice, at no period of that church very extensively followed. Who that belongs to that church now ever thinks of asking one of the congregation to pray for him? The person who would attempt such a thing would be laughed at as an enthusiast, or an evangelical; and, moreover, get no prayer for his pains.

The famous schoolmaster of Westminster, Dr. Busby, was one of Basire's correspondents. He wrote in English, but his letters (dated in 1638) are studded with Latin phrases, and afford no commentary upon the times, which even then began to wear a threatening aspect towards the church. In 1641 'the Presbyterian *leaven*,' says the editor, 'was rapidly spreading through England, and the London petition had been presented, calling for a total change in church government, and signed by 16,000 names.' Basire, however, did not wait to see the fall of the thunderbolt. He prudently made his escape to France, leaving his wife and children to shift for themselves in the best manner they could; thus exemplifying in a very peculiar manner, it must be confessed, the notions which he entertained of the most sacred of all duties, after those which bind us to the Creator. For the long space of sixteen years, he continued to reside abroad; sometimes collecting around him a small number of pupils, sometimes travelling with them as their tutor, sometimes visiting remote places for his own amusement, or under the hope of bettering his fortunes, but still separated from that "vertuous gentlewoman, his very louing frend, the noble Mistresse Frances Corbett, otherwise Basire." If actual persecution, or the terror of it, had driven him from England in the first instance, and if his poverty prevented him from taking his family under his own protection, still there could have been no sufficient reason for the length of his absence from those, whom he ought to have cherished as his own. When his circumstances improved, as they did improve abroad, assuredly he ought to have sent for his family; but, instead of doing so, he left them to struggle with the bitter pangs of want, or to depend upon the charity of their neighbours. We have here, indeed, several letters, apparently affectionate in language, which he addressed to his wife during the first years of his absence; but they breathe no true attachment, they are selfish to the core. He talks to her of the comforts which he was enjoying, while she hardly knew where to find shelter, and was at the time on the eve of making an addition to her family. "Here I am," he says, in a letter to her, dated from Rouen, the 4th of June, 1647, "(not in Rouen, but as neere it as Yarum is to Little Eaglescliffe): my chamber lyes me in seven or eight shillings a moneth; yea, I have a whole little summer-house to myselfe alone: only once or twice a day a little boy waits on mee for necessarys. My little house is within a garden, the most pleasant place that ever I lived in, if I had but your own sweet selfe in it with mee. I make shift to live, God be thanked, as yet I told you how, by the unexpected reliefe sent me from London, by a good frend." He frequently talks of sending her money, but we do not find that he renders her much assistance in that way; and, in truth, he seems to be taken up so much with his own affairs, his pupils, and his journies, that he pays but slight, and not very effectual attention to the interests of his family. His separation from them appears to give him scarcely any tribulation. After

visiting Malta, Sicily, Naples, and Rome, in company with two or three pupils, he journied, after they left him, to Smyrna, Aleppo, Antioch, and Jerusalem, and even into Mesopotamia; expending, we suppose, for the mere gratification of his curiosity, the means by which he might, and ought to have supported his family. His pretext for going upon these erratic travels, was the dissemination of the Protestant faith in the East, which, he persuaded his wife, occupied all his time. During this period she continued to live at Eaglescliffe 'in seclusion and poverty,' and persevered in her affection for him with that undiminished fidelity and ardour, which are found in woman alone, in hours of adversity. Several of her letters to her husband, at this time, have been preserved, and they are curious specimens of the then state of feminine education in this country. Though a gentlewoman by birth, she seems not to have been taught the common rudiments of spelling. Nevertheless, her letters are the effusions of a warm and a constant heart, and they cannot fail to be read with interest. We take one at random, dated in May, 1654.

'" 30*th May*, 1654.

'" My Dearest,

'" Yours of the 27th of February, 1654, I receiued May 22, and that hath bin all I haue receiued from you sins February 20, 1653, your being so far from me, and the times so very bad, I could not heare from you, wich mad my enimy to threten me to stay my feft part tel I pruved you were liueing: and ould Tomas Red began a shut a genst me for the det you ode him, but I being aduised by my frends to answer the shut, he was glad to let it fall. I prais God wich hath in abeled me to go throue many trobels with thankfullnes and conteent. I ded oft think of your direxcion, and I an oure children meet so much oftner at the throne of grace for you, wich I find now by my one experans the shoureest refuge. The deuill and the flesh I know hath and will be besey, but throu God gras in me I haue and shall ourcom them. My Lady Blaxton is very wall I hop, for a fortnet sens I had a letter from her. She was then at Lonan, but I looke for her shortly at her one hous. I pray you pray for her as she hath constantly dun for you, besides her husbant, wich is at liberty with her, and is free. Her dotter, the tim my lady was at Lonan, maried James* Sir Wil man, and her father hering of it sent for her, and she confesed to him she was married to him, but the man had rauesed her agenst her will, and so forsed her to marie with him agenst her will. Her father beliueing her, carried her vp to Lonant to her mothe to liue with her priuetly from him. She hath maried another wors than the ferst.

'" My Lady would often tell me of a saying of yours, oure cros may be changed, but not removed. So Lord grant whatheer he ples to send us for a cros wee may vnder go it with christian pasons. Monser Russel ret to me in Genuary, Pette was wall and at scoul. He is very wary of your shut. You must lose what they owe with pasans, for the one brother

* James, Sir W. Blaxton's man-servant.

has sould all. Hee is woreth nothing and is miserable, and the other, to awoyd paying, hath diuorced him selfe from his wife. I haue ret down Mr. Jonathan Dawes nam, and I and our lettel ones will pray for him. I do assure you I do as much as in me lais to bring vp our children in the feare and knowledge of God, and to keepe them from idlenes, and I prais God I haue comford of them for ther lerning and piety. My frand Busby ret to me if I could precure a plas for Isaax in Wasmenster neare the coule, wheare he mit be tabeled, hee would giue him his bookes and lerning, and what plas fel, with in the skole or with out, he would do his best for him. But I was not abel to pay for his diet, and to find him cose in that plas, I receiuing nothing from you this tow years and all most a half, but the twenty pounds you sent me from Missina, which you mean of at the beginning of your trauels. I haue not yet reseued the twelue pouds and the ten pounds, but I hop I shall. Dr. Duncom did rit to his brothr very ernestly about it, but his brother could not do it. Dr. Duncom ret to his brothe he intends for Englant. Your delit is safe, but I ham com from Mr. Garnet hous, it being like to fool on our heds, I have taken one of Mr Lee hear Eaglisclif, and have taken it for 21 yers. I ham seteled heare with content. Mr. Garnet in all my trubels stands my good frend. I haue had my feft part granted as yet; but, with much grif and trobel, but no sertenty of the contenuens of it. Dr. Clark is wil, and the noble Dauisons, Mrs. Man, and her . . . . . and good Mr. Panninan, thy all in queare very much of you, and will *regious** in your will being. Mr. Tematie Thriscros ret to me from Lonan a very comfortable lette, and sent me 5 ponds.

' " The paine of my back and the stone do very much in crec, and yet I kip fat. I want whit wain to take my pouthers in, heare is non to be got tht is god. I do hartily prais God for your prospring in your *cauling*,† and thy that torn many to ritousnes, thy shall shine as stars. Wee do extremly want you and your brethern here, for there are very many that is faln from the faith. Things are very bad for the presan, but it is thot by all wais men thy will be beter, and then I hop you will in joy your one with the comford of a good concans, and if you ples to let me stay heare for a tim tel I see the euent of things, then as soune as you send I shall with God's assistans abay you, thoue the sea be neuer so terabel to me. Thoue, Lord, vs direct, but in no case send for me sotenly, for I trust God in his prouidens and marci will send you to me, wich is my soul's thersting desir, and in truth your being so far from me hath ben som sorow to me when I could not here from you: but I and oure cheldren do dayly pray for your prospring in your colling. To God glory, the comford and reliue of vs all. The cheldren, not knowing any thing, ax me when you will com hom, and when thy mos go to see you. I haue reseuied the tokens you sent me formerly, with the 9 pare of Gerusalem garters. I shall deliuer them according to thir name.

' " Dear Husband,

' " I haue considered of what you ret to me, and intend faithfully to abay you as my menester and husband, when you send for me. All our cheldren are will, and in tret your blesing. My vncle Pigott hath reseuied

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* Rejoice. † Calling.

your tow pels of 22 ponds and as soune as he reseuied the monny he retorns all very saue. Harty Blad is will, and hould An, and long to see you.

' " I ham yours in the Lord
' " F. B." '—pp. 132—136.

The utter recklessness which actuated this 'true son of the church' with regard to his family, may be in some degree understood from a letter signed H. Russel, dated from Rouen, the 10th of March, 1655, and addressed to Mrs. Basire. The writer, after stating that he had received letters from her husband, dated from Constantinople a year before that period, in which he mentioned that he was upon the point of going into Transylvania to be a professor of divinity there, pours forth sundry complaints of the burthens which Basire had imposed upon him. In the first place, he had to attend to a law-suit for him, which had been carried on for some time between the Doctor and his brother-in-law. In the next place, he had to support the Doctor's son, Peter, whose board and entertainment greatly exceeded his revenue. If an account were sent to the father, an answer would not arrive in a twelvemonth, " or it may be none at all." " I am very wearie of having the charge of his affaires, and of his sonne and yours. Wherefore I do finde it more fitting to reckon or account with you, whom he should have given charge with for the same. For though he be my intimate friend, yet had I knowne his purpose had been to remayne seven yeares away out of his country, I should have been loathe to have undertooke such a charge and trouble. I wish I had given thirtie pound to the poore, rather than to have undergone all these paines." " Everie time Mr. Basire hath written unto me, he made me expect he was readie to come back, and yet he hath not done it." " Your sonne is wittie, learnes well, and judgment being a little come into him, is become as good as he was bad, the two first year's after his arrivall here. For then he would learne nothing and was a verie truand." It would also appear that the wandering divine had been amusing his wife with a promise of sending her a hundred pounds, in order that she and a part of her family might be able to join him. The confiding woman enters into the details of her preparations for her journey, with a sense of pleasure that had long been a stranger to her bosom. Mary, and Peter, and Charles she would take with her; John she would leave at Eaglescliffe, and Isaac with Dr. Busby. " I know," she observes, " I shall haue all those olld detters (creditors she means) about me, when they know I ham to go, but I most [must], with the best aduis and wisdom I can, get to quiet them, and to peart with som at, to them that stands in the most ned." We need hardly say that this amiable and excellent wife was obliged to remain where she was, though now parted from her husband so many years, he being at this time (1656) established in the University at Alba Julia, in Transylvania, as a professor of divinity.

He was patronized by the Prince George Racoczi, who for a few years governed Transylvania; and he had for his pupil, Francis, the son of that prince. This family was looked up to as one of the main pillars of Protestantism, in Hungary, for the propagation of which Basire professes to have possessed some special advantages, by occupying the chair of divinity in the university. He moreover undertook to instruct the Princes, both father and son, in their political duties; and we have here several long and ardent letters, which he addressed to the former, in order to induce him to exert himself to save his throne from the then threatened invasion of the Turks, or at once to dissolve his government. His admonitions failed to preserve the throne of the Racoczi's, which was subverted by the infidels in 1660, and thus the divine had once more to seek a country and an occupation. Before we follow him in his further adventures, we shall extract a characteristic letter, which he addressed to his patron, in the midst of the political troubles by which Transylvania was then afflicted.

'"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE AND GRACIOUS MASTER,

'"May the Lord of Hosts bless your arms, which are taken up in his name and for his glory, so that they may bring consolation to your friends, and confusion upon your enemies, whether open or concealed. Enemies of the latter description are by far the most dangerous, and therefore they should be the most narrowly watched.

'"I am so deeply impressed with the idea of your highness's probity, that I cannot help thinking you have not lost all regard for me, though (owing to the numerous and important engagements which daily engross your attention,) your highness has not, as far as I know, written a single line to me since I was recalled to this court. My gracious mistress (your highness's illustrious consort) provides abundantly for my maintenance here; and I shall never cease to acknowledge her kindness and condescension to me, wherever it may be my fate to go. I was extremely desirous to have accompanied the distinguished divine, Varalli, and to have had the honour, after so long an interval, of paying my personal homage to your highness, but my gracious mistress dissuaded me from this project at the time of his departure. I trust, however, under these circumstances of time and place, that your highness will not refuse to communicate to me, mutually, any wishes or intentions that you may have towards me; for I am bound to consider the welfare of my family (a beloved wife and five dear children) now almost destitute, in consequence of the non-payment of the salary due to me. Not that I have any fear of an ultimate loss at the conclusion of the struggle, which, if my prayers are heard, will be happy and glorious to your highness.

'"In the mean time, I am not idle in my present situation, but busily employ myself in attending to your negotiations in Italy and Germany. The proofs of this will be found in the numerous dispatches I have sent to your highness, since I came to reside here; in relation to which I have received no instructions whatever from your highness. This very day I have written long letters to Venice and Vienna, the object of which was to exhibit the bright side of your highness's affairs, and to withdraw the

dark side from observation. Ah! my gracious master, you have the most just of all causes, may God grant that the injustice of the nation, and the iniquity of individuals, may not weigh down the right! When I am inclined to melancholy forebodings on the state of public affairs, I receive great comfort and support from that remarkable passage in the Book of Deuteronomy, c. xxxii. vv. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30: "I said I would scatter them into corners, I would make the remembrance of them to cease from among men, were it not that I feared the wrath of the enemy, lest their adversaries should behave themselves strangely, and lest they should say, Our hand is high, and the Lord hath not done all this. For they are a nation void of counsel, neither is there any understanding in them. O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end, put ten thousand to flight, except their rock had sold them, and the Lord had shut them up." O my prince, apply this passage faithfully, and repent in the name of God; then I shall have no fears for your success. As professor of Theology, I address these observations to a Christian prince; and with more than usual prolixity, because I fear that the pressure of public business, with which I am surprised that you are not overwhelmed, may prevent your daily reading of the Holy Scriptures (the food of the soul, far the better part of man), or at least may prevent your paying such attention to them as you otherwise would do. Your illustrious father, of glorious memory, never omitted the study of these writings, though he was deeply engaged in wars, as I believe I have very many times heard from your own mouth. This I mention to his eternal honour, which that your highness may in like manner attain, both in this world and in the next, is the ardent prayer of the faithful, constant, and sincere servant, (as far as conscience may permit) of your highness and of the whole house of Racoczy, '"ISAAC BASIRE, D. D.

'"In haste from Szekelyhid, Dec. 13th, 1659.'"—pp. 186—190.

Basire returned to England in 1661, after an absence of sixteen years, having altogether failed in his theological, political, and financial speculations in Transylvania. Although his salary from the Prince was badly paid, it would appear that he had received some compensation from the family, and that he must have made money by other means during his stay in Alba Julia, as a note of the property, which he left there upon his departure, contains some items of considerable value. Among these he mentions a chest containing four silver cups and six silver spoons; a chest containing mathematical instruments, a doctor's silk gown a l'Anglaise, with rich silk trimming, which, with the cassock and apron, cost him 120 crowns; a rich Turkish carpet, quite new;—embroidered bands;—several boxes of Orichalch;—silk stockings;—and a down bed and pillow, with green silk tester and curtains, and an embroidered counterpane; he estimates the value of the bed alone at 150 crowns. While he was sporting all this finery at Alba Julia, his wife and children, for whose interest he pretends to feel so tenderly, were left, as it appears, to contract debts for the ordinary necessaries of life! And yet he could not only hear of such misery with indifference, but engage his mind the while in metaphysical speculations on

the "beautiful," and on "order," and in solving problems, such as this—"Whether a husband may beat his wife?" If the argumentum baculinum were, under any circumstances, justifiable between parties so connected, we own that we should have heard with great pleasure of its having been applied on the occasion of the Doctor's return—not indeed, by Mr., but by *Mrs.* Basire.

Charles II. restored the Doctor to all his former honours and emoluments, and it would seem that at one time his friends had hopes of his being raised to the Episcopal bench. He never ascended, however, higher in the scale of dignity than the Archdeaconry of Northumberland, to the business of which, he added also that of a justice of peace, and of chaplain to the Bishop of Durham. The following curious note of the distribution of his time, is worth preservation.

'*Kalendarium sive Orbis Officiorum.*

JANUARY 13.	Sessions.
	Residence for Hospitality at Duresme.
FEBRUARY.	Residence at Eaglescliffe.
	Residence at Duresme.
	Sermon at ye Cathedrall.
MARCH.	Ordination.
APRIL.	Synod.
	Sessions.
MAY.	Visitation of Northumberland.
	Sermon at ye Cathedrall.
JUNE.	The King.
	Ordination.
JULY 20.	Sessions after Trans. S.
	Thom. M.
	Chapter generall.
	Visitation ad Comperta Northumberland.
AUGUST.	Assizes.
	Sermon at ye Cathedrall.
SEPTEMBER 24.	Ordination.
OCTOBER.	Synod.
	And then Concio ad Clerum, as Archdeacon of Northumberland.
	Sessions.
	Visitation in Northumberland.
NOVEMBER.	Sermon at ye Cathedrall.
20.	Chapter generall.
DECEMBER.	Ordination.
	Visitation ad Comperta, Northumberland.
	The Convocation (sometimes) Καὶ πρὸς ταῦτα τίς ἱκανος, 2 Corinth. ii. 16.

Out of the premised Kalendar must be taken—

1.	For attendance on the King, going, coming, and staying two months	60 days.
2.	For the Convocation at Yorke	14
3.	At 2 Synods	8

4. At 4 Ordinations 16
5. For 4 Visitations in Northumberland, one month . 30
6. At 2 Grand Chapters . . . 15
7. For four months' residence at Duresme, by the statutes; three months to attend the Church, and one month to keep Hospitality 120
8. Residence at Stanhope, above three months . 100
9. Residence at Eaglescliffe . . . 90

Dayly publick prayers, and constant Sermons in both, every Sunday and Holy Day.

10. At the Assizes 6
11. At 4 Quarter Sessions . . . 16

In all 475

More than the yeere affords by 100

Besides emergent (and yet unavoydable) occurrences of—

1. Church Offices, as Treasurer one yeere; Sub-Dean another.
2. Sett Conferences with Hereticks, and Schismaticks; Receiver.
3. Public Commissions and References.
4. Interruptions by Warrants, Examinations, &c.
5. Entercourse of Letters, Forraigne and familiar, concerning matters sp'call, eccli'call, civil, scholasticall, &c.'—pp. 208, 209.

He adds as a reason for having framed this paper,—'This ingenuous account may serve for a full answer to the multiplied sollicitations to the presse, from publick and private p'sons, as well without as within the kingdom.' It would seem that he had been requested by many of his friends, to publish an account of his travels, which would most certainly have been highly interesting at that period. But from this labour he excused himself by alleging the multiplicity of his other occupations. He was indeed much more bent upon obtaining promotion in the church, and though Mr. Darnell says that he disclaimed a bishopric, we cannot believe that he would have refused it, if it had been offered to him. In a letter addressed to the Dean of Litchfield, dated the 22nd of April, 1665, he speaks in a complaining and ambitious tone of the limited dignities which he then enjoyed.

'"When I was Professor of Divinity in the university of Alba Julia, in Transylvania, all the Doctors under the Bishop gave mee place; and the prince himself both by tongue and pen, was pleased to honour me with the title of "Excellentissimus" and "Clarissimus." And in the Greek Church, as in Zante and elsewhere, I have observed that the protopapas or chiefe priests (equivallent to our doctors here) took place of the nobles there, and their wives accordingly, so as that seems to be, I might inlarge with sundry observations of the places and honours of the clergy in Mount Libanus and Syria, where I have spent some years. But this and many other much desired designes, like abortive embryoes, must die with mee, whose life is spent in a circular itinerarent drudgery from place to place, to which I am doomed in my old age, to supply personally the severall functions of my scattered preferments."'—pp. 234, 235.

In another letter of the same year, he says that he little deserved the honours which the Dean was anxious he should possess:—"These I have, in consequence of my tardy arrival in England, in part escaped, in part I declined them afterwards. Still I am not without hope that I shall, at one time or other, be relieved from the many and burthensome duties which now weigh me down." In that hope, however, he was disappointed, as he died still a mere archdeacon, on the 12th of October, 1676, without having left behind him any literary work of importance, proportioned to the eulogies which were pronounced in his life-time upon his varied learning and abilities. One little treatise of his, entitled "Sacriledge arraigned and condemned by St. Paul," has been preserved amongst the rubbish of those days. It is filled with pedantry, and a model of dullness; it has, moreover, the rare merit of assisting the cause of his religious opponents more than his own.

ART. III.—*Journal of a Residence in Germany, written during a Professional attendance on their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, (Their Most Gracious Majesties,) during their visits to the Courts of that Country, in* 1822, 1825 *and* 1826. By William Beattie, M. D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians. London: &c. &c. In two volumes. 8vo.

IT would be a curious subject of personal history to enquire by what steps the minds of particular individuals arrive at that stage of maturity, at which some hidden law of their nature, some unconquerable instinct, compels them to expend all their energies upon the production of a book. Some beings, who never dream of such a thing at the outset of life, become authors by accident, and very often succeed far beyond their expectations. Others there are, who seem to have been born with the *cacoethes scribendi* impressed upon their foreheads, and who labour from youth upwards to shine the brightest among the writers of their age. Of this class how very few have accomplished any thing worthy of their painful exertions! They come into the world of literature laden with a panoply of fine language; their ideas are elevated to a standard much above the temperature of the natural atmosphere of the mind; they contemplate the most common object through a medium which represents it altogether out of its just proportions, and in describing it, their aim is, not to render it intelligible, but to hide it beneath a blaze of light, which shall dazzle all beholders.

We had flattered ourselves that the age of Euphuism had long since passed away, never to return. It finds no encouragement in any one of the numerous systems of liberal education which now prevail, nor in the taste of the day, which, being conversant with an uninterrupted succession of new works, rather prefers those which may be read with the least degree of trouble to the intellect. Indeed, if we were called upon to characterize the current style of

our literature, we should say that it is the very contrary of the ambitious—rather too loose and careless, and much more devoid than perhaps it ought to be, of strength and harmony. Examples of a different style have certainly come under our notice, such as that famous description of "The Lord Mayor's visit to Oxford," written by his chaplain, which our readers may remember. The reverend author of that immortal work left nothing unsung—the carriage, the horses, the cut of the coachman's coat, and the solemn gravity of his countenance, big with the importance of his charge; the dress of the Lady Mayoress and her maid, the pace at which the cortege moved through the streets of London,—"not with that violent and extreme rapidity, which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders; but at that steady and majestic pace which is always an indication of real greatness:"—the colour of the atmosphere, and the dimensions of the clouds, and the dust of the road, were all brought before us in the most grandiloquent strains. Such a writer as this could not say that "the weather was delightful," without adding that "the sun, as though it had been *refreshed* by the copious and seasonable *showers* that had fallen very recently, seemed to rise more bright and clear than usual, and streamed in full glory all around, and the whole face of creation gleamed with joy!"

It is difficult to understand the process by which men, who must have read Homer and Horace, could so far forget the lessons of simplicity which these masters had taught them, as to imbue their minds with that very love of bombast, which the example of the former, and the example as well as the precepts of the latter, ought to have induced them to avoid with the most special care. We take it for granted that Dr. Beattie has received an Academic education; and yet, if we are to judge of him from the present work, we should be inclined to suppose that he had never read any productions save those of Nicholas Rowe, Macpherson, and the Chaplain of Oxford memory, to whom we have just alluded. The very spirit of the latter seems, by virtue of a literary metempsychosis, to have taken possession of all his senses.

'The echo of the last salutation
Gun has died away; the royal standard
Floats lightly on the breeze; the gallant vessel
Ploughs her way proudly through the waves.
The last bold features of England—
The lofty Foreland, and the heights of Walmer,
Are dimly shadowed on the still warm verge
Of the horizon. The tide runs fresh—
The wind is favourable.
Two distinguished Admirals command,
The yatch is manned by experienced seamen—
Veterans who have unfurled their sails
In every quarter of the globe, and

To every wind of heaven.
All predict a propitious voyage.'

Such is the language in which the Doctor's journal commences. He has given it the form of prose, but we have taken the liberty to resolve it into the original blank verse, in which, we presume, it must have been written. In doing this we have only left out two words, and we have not altered the collocation of a single member of any of the sentences. We think that a great part of the first chapter, particularly, must, in a former state of existence, have appertained to a Pindaric poem. We take another passage, descriptive of the author's feelings on reaching the banks of the Rhine:—

'—— That beautiful river of which
I have read much, heard much, and fancied more;
Whose political history is pregnant
With such deep interest, and whose legends
Have been the charm of many an hour.
The moon, which has not yet the barrier
Cleared of the "Seven Hills," is gradually
Rising on the scene, and her mellow light
Will shortly the turrets silver upon
A hundred towers. We shall see their banners
Dusky waving o'er the stream. We shall see
The glancing of their steel armour as the
Sentinels sullenly pace the battlements.
We shall hear the shrill note of the bugle,
As it floats from tower to tower, and flings
Upon the ear its thrilling notes
Of friendship or defiance.
Hark! the trampling steeds—
The clash of armour;
The soldier's curse and the maiden's shriek;
The groans of the captive, and the shouts
Of the conqueror:
The festive hall, and the donjon keep—
Ruin, riot, revelry,
The mingled sounds of victory and despair—
The monk and the troubadour.

* * * * * *

But all these are no more. The feudal lords
Are no more. The proud banners that crowned these
Castled heights are no more. The eleven
Thousand virgins of Cologne are no more.

We are the more confirmed in our suspicions of the natal condition of this Journal, as we find it studded with the songs of a minstrel, which would appear to have been originally introduced, for the purpose of giving diversity to the metre. One of these is so good, that we almost lament the exercise of that critical judgment, by which so much capital verse has been transmuted into vapid prose.

'The willow weeps upon the grave
Of every kindred name;
Their towers are toppling to the wave—
All faded, but their fame!
And I, the last of that proud race,
No welcome waits for me;
No spring this withered stem shall grace—
No leaf this blighted tree!

'Ah, 'tis a sad and stirring sight,
Thus lonely and unknown,
To pause on each dismantled height,
That once was all my own!
For we did part as lovers part,
I've wander'd faint and far;
But still my heart, like lover's heart,
Turned fondly to its star!

'No streams through Judah's land that flow,
Nor Arno strewn with flowers,
Nor lordly Tiber, could bestow
One ray of those sweet hours—
Of those sweet hours, beside thy stream,
When fancy's fairy train
Locked up my heart in that sweet dream
I ne'er shall dream again!

'My native Rhine! amid thy bowers,
A pilgrim let me be!
Here live my last and lonely hours
With solitude and thee!
At length, in yon sweet isle of thine—
The green turf on my breast—
And lulled each earthly care of mine,
How calmly I could rest!'—vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

But lest the reader might think, that in translating the prose of Dr. Beattie into verse, we had taken considerable liberties with the text, we shall place before him one more specimen of those flights, in which the author is so fond of indulging. Arriving at Altenstein, he is astonished, not so much at the varied qualities which every thing possesses, as at the novelty by which they are all equally characterized. 'Here *every* thing has a *new* aspect. *Nature* has a *new* face, and *old* faces a *new* expression. The *forests* are *new*. The appearance, *even* the produce of the fields is *new*. The peasant youths, with their three cocked military hats, buckskin breeches, and shoe-buckles of the *last* century, are all *new*.' The buckles, at all events, we submit, were old, whatever may be said of forests which must have seen more than a hundred winters. But this is not all. The village maids and matrons, their jerkins, their osier baskets, and the families therein, are all 'interestingly *new*.' 'The *urbanity* of the court—the *rational* conversation of the officers—the *interesting* faces and *unaffected* manners of the ladies—

the language, the voices, the uniforms—the civil and military decorations—several points of etiquette—the music—the mixed military and classic air that pervades the whole—all are *new*, and not more *new* than pleasing.' It must be owned that if all these latter objects, the urbanity of the court, the rational conversation of the officers, and the interesting faces and unaffected manners of the ladies, were really so new to Dr. Beattie as he represents, inferences must be drawn, by no means favourable to the courtly circles with which he had previously been conversant in England. We do believe, however, that such inferences would be most unjustifiable, and that the assertions which he makes, ought not to be taken in any other than a poetical sense, his object being to write what he supposed would be received as a sparkling and effective paragraph, calculated to display his powers of composition. Passages like those which we have transposed into blank verse, and like that, which we have just given in its textual order, occur so frequently in these two volumes, that we should have contented ourselves with an exceedingly brief notice of them, if we did not meet now and then with some familiar traits of the personal history of our present gracious sovereign, which, though not very important, are nevertheless full of interest. We all feel a pleasure in perusing these little details of the domestic economy of a king, whose patriot-name will hereafter stand among the most illustrious of which our annals can boast.

'During the eight days' journey to this country, His Royal Highness has not *dined* more than twice. He breakfasted in the morning at seven, upon tea and a simple slice of dry toast—Spartan fare, in abstinence at least, if not in substance.—A slight luncheon, consisting of cold fowl, Westphalia ham, veal, or *gibier*—the latter a favourite viand—was prepared, and put into a small basket in the chariot. One or more of these, with bread, formed the staple banquet of the day, and were resorted to at pleasure.

'At night, on arriving at the inn, His Royal Highness took tea—and only green tea—of which a supply was brought from Ghent. This summed up the days' entertainment. However late the hour or potent the infusion, the beverage, I understand, never interferes with His Royal Highness's rest. Such is the power of long habit.

'This system of abstinence is always attended with the best consequences. It supplies what, under a more generous regimen, exercise alone could ensure,—health and activity; and with these, their never failing accompaniment, cheerfulness.'—vol. i. pp. 36, 37.

Again, we find him at Altenstein, like the careful father of a family, examining the accounts of his expenditure.

'No man can be more attentive and anxious to limit and reduce his expenditure, as much as that is possible or consistent with his exalted station, than His Royal Highness.

'He looks over all the accounts himself, sums up, calculates, adjusts, and compares, nicely balancing every item.

'When the first account of the expenditure from England to Altenstein was yesterday given in, he examined it for half an hour with great attention, and expressed much surprise at the smallness of the amount. "I advise you to take it back and recalculate the items. It is impossible that I can have travelled from Antwerp to Altenstein for this sum. How many miles is it? I observe—here it is specified in stages—nine days from the coast—fifteen persons—sixteen horses—three carriages—estafette included, —one horse being charged for each person."

* * * * * *

'The account has been recalculated minutely, and returned this morning. His Royal Highness is now perfectly convinced that the journey has been accomplished for the sum specified:—no more having been drawn. He expressed additional pleasure and surprise, and enclosed it to the treasurer. "There is no man," he added, "a better judge of accounts than Barton; and none more particular and correct. This will please him."'—vol. i. pp. 39—41.

From another passage, under the head of Ems, we learn with pain, that the King has long been subject to that distressing complaint, the asthma, which has afflicted most of the members of his family.

'Ems, *June 16th.*—His Royal Highness, as a patient, takes freely whatever is prescribed, and with that measure of confidence which is always gratifying to the physician, and, in certain cases, contributes not a little to accelerate the cure. During his present illness, I am usually asked about what *hour* the medicine will take effect, and the attack subside. To such questions the answers must always be more or less hazardous—yet must be answered. Last night the spasm was protracted nearly an hour beyond the time predicted. "Well, Doctor, you thought this fit would abate by nine o'clock, now you observe it is near ten.—Well, well, it can't be helped." This said, he became perfectly calm. The paroxysm subsided so far, that he was able to retire to bed, and enjoy some hours of refreshing sleep.

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'*June 25th.*—The Royal Duke's asthmatic attack is now over. It began on the 12th with the usual symptoms. Two days ago it gradually subsided, and to-day he walked out, and continues perfectly convalescent. The only thing to be feared, and which is rendered probable by the sultry state of the weather, is a relapse. During the fortnight, His Royal Highness has gone to bed every night at, or before, eleven o'clock, and in no instance was obliged to get up before half-past five. It would be difficult to say to what cause this remarkable mitigation of symptoms is to be attributed. In all probability, much benefit has accrued from change of diet, air, exercise, and situation. This has been the easiest attack His Royal Highness has experienced for four-and-twenty years. I have been seven nights on the watch, not from any necessity suggested by the symptoms, but from a sense of the high responsibility of the situation in which I am placed. To attend a patient in London, where the first talent and experience of the day may be called to our assistance at a minutes' notice, affords confidence and removes anxiety; but to attend a similar case in Germany, where no such professional resources are open to us, is a duty of increased weight and consideration. Under these circumstances, I have been greatly assisted in the discharge of my duties, by

that frank and gratifying confidence, which His Royal Highness has deigned to repose in me. The confidence of his patient is, in every case, of first rate importance to the physician. In the former it inspires hope, and in the latter, gives a twofold efficacy to the salutary resources of his art.

'The right of interrogation has been duly exercised by His Royal Highness during the attack. When administering the different medicines suggested by the symptoms present, he has generally desired me to explain to him "why exhibited in this or that form, how, why, and with what combined, their nature, properties, and the indications they were intended to fulfil." These were questions which, at times, I felt difficulty, often delicacy in answering. To one of them he was pleased to add the following compliment:—"I will do you the justice to say that, although a young physician, the medicines you have given me during my illness have fully answered the purpose intended. I have not got so easily over it for many years."'—vol. i. pp. 262—265.

Another extract will exhaust all the further information which Dr. Beattie has given us, with respect to His Majesty's usual habits.

June 6th.—Air and exercise are those essentials to health and longevity which His Royal Highness observes with strict and uniform punctuality. His walks here have occasionally extended to four, are very seldom of less than two hours' duration, and generally taken at the hottest period of the day.

'When prevented by the state of the weather, from indulging in out-door exercise, His Royal Highness uses the large drawing-room as a substitute, with one or more windows thrown open, so as to afford the best means of counteracting the effects of temporary confinement.

'If vigour of constitution is to be acquired or improved by the quantum of exercise thus taken, without fatigue, His Royal Highness may anticipate a hale and green old age.

'In travelling, whenever the carriages halt at a fresh relay, it is his custom to alight and employ the interval, though only five minutes, in exercise.

'In wet or damp weather he never ventures abroad, not even in the carriage, without adopting the precaution of wearing galoches.

'*7th.*—I was to-day charged with the presentation of a gold snuff-box to an officer of the Prussian garrison stationed at Ehrenbreitstein. I have seldom had it in my power to communicate so much satisfaction as this flattering memorandum afforded.

* * * * * *

'*9th.*—The Princess Royal of Prussia has arrived, and will make a stay of some weeks at the baths. I had this morning the honour to convey to Her Royal Highness a complimentary message on her arrival. She is attended by a numerous suite, and was welcomed to the place with every demonstration of public respect.

'*10th.*—I am often surprised at the facility which His Royal Highness evinces in conversing upon a variety of topics, which might be thought entirely foreign to the natural channel of his thoughts and pursuits. I uniformly remark, that with whomsoever he enters into conversation, he accomodates himself to the topic in which that individual is known, or

supposed, to take most interest, and upon which he may be more easily drawn out. With the soldier he discusses the merits of the last campaign, or enters into a dissertation upon military tactics. With the senator some popular question of the cabinets. With respect to one subject, wherewith the glory of England is so interwoven, I repeat the words of a distinguished admiral who dined here to-day:—

'"I am astonished" said he, "at the thorough knowledge which His Royal Highness retains of naval affairs;—so minute, and laid down in such accurate detail, I was quite taken by surprise. I had often heard of the Duke's excellent memory, but confess I was not prepared to find it exemplified by such instances as you heard to-day. I had, myself, hardly any distinct recollection of the lieutenant, but His Royal Highness remembers every officer of the ship; and not their names only, but their family. This must be little less than forty-five years ago."

'*Note.*—Ceux qui me connaissent, sçavent que je suis plus propre à rompre une lance qu'à filer une intrigue!

'Such was the answer of Count Maurice of Saxe, to General Schmettau.

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'26*th.*—On post days His Royal Highness generally employs from two to three hours in correspondence. The method of answering all letters by autograph is habitual, and always appears to afford him satisfaction. Upon my making some observation during his late attack, to induce him to limit his application on this head, His Royal Highness replied, "I admit the propriety of your suggestion; but I must keep the practice of letter writing:—I have always done so, and one day or other I may have still more occasion for it."'—vol. ii. pp. 157—160.

We have here very few anecdotes of the petty German courts, which the author had the opportunity of visiting in company with his royal patrons. He is most laborious in his descriptions of fêtes, coaches, liveries, and studs of horses; of promenades and theatres, cities, towns and villages, with which every body is acquainted. But of the distinguished personages with whom his situation as physician to the Duke and Duchess of Clarence brought him into contact, he is, generally, either wholly silent, or prodigal in senseless adulation. Thus, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen is 'a perfect adept in equestrian graces.' 'The young Prince (of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg) and his cousin, are two of the handsomest *knights* I have met with in any country.' The young Prince and Princess of Saxe Weimar are, not only 'extremely interesting children,' but 'fit originals for the Cherubini of Raphael, or the Amores Volitantes of Rubens.' 'Some years must yet roll away before he can draw the sword from the scabbard which his father wore on the field of Waterloo. His yet fairer sister, if I mistake not, is formed for the achievement of more bloodless victories,' and then follows a Greek quotation, in which this child, with a doll in her arms, is compared to a blazing star! The Prince E—— of B—— is described as 'a second *Claudius*, but a Claudius Pulcher!' The Prince of Hesse Cassel and the two princes of Philippsthal are immortalized by the Dr. as '*the Three Graces*'! Nothing can exceed the rapture of

this sober physician in describing a Saxon beauty. 'In every movement and attitude, the line of beauty preserved its ascendancy.' 'We fancied we saw under her beautifully turned and drooping shoulders, the flickering wings of a Psyché'! 'In gazing upon her, we were forcibly reminded of Raphael's angels.' Not satisfied with these effusions, the man gives us an elaborate description of her eyes, lips, cheeks, hands, hair, her stays, and even her belt! Even the amiable character of the late Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, loses a portion of its native grace in the hands of this flatterer. We give his allusion to her, however, on account of the anecdote of Napoleon with which it is connected.

'The Queen has something exceedingly prepossessing in her manner and conversation. There are few whom, after a very brief acquaintance, she does not attach to her for life. She seems to possess the true art of securing the fidelity of subjects, and the unflinching attachment of friends. Napoleon entertained a very exalted opinion of Her Majesty, and took every opportunity to evince, by word and action, the high estimate which he had formed of her qualities, both of mind and heart. Several anecdotes are recorded of him during his imperial visits to this court. He slept here on his way to head his last, and fatal, northern expedition. He was confessedly a disciple of the fatalists. He told the Queen that he had, all along, had a presentiment that, after the age of forty-five, all his military projects would miscarry, and fortune take a final leave of his standards.

'The Queen enquired upon what principle he founded such an apprehension. He did not know. It was an old presentiment; but when, or in what it originated, he could not tell. It was his opinion, however, that men, generally succeeded but rarely, even in the common business of life after that age, and never achieved any thing great or lasting. He considered that at this period of life, there was a general decay of intellect—often rapid, but always in proportion to the vigour of its early developement. In proof of this he adduced instances; and, at last, proceeded on his way to exhibit the most striking *instance* of all in his own person,—to verify the presentiment.'—vol. i. pp. 61, 62.

The court of the Queen was conducted with as much simplicity as it was possible. Her dinner hour was one o'clock. It was the etiquette for gentlemen to appear in boots. A ludicrous occurrence is mentioned by the Doctor, that shews the facility with which English travellers were admitted to her presence.

'One day a "person of distinction" was announced. "Deeming it might be considered a mark of disloyalty if he passed through Stutgardt without being presented to the Queen, he had come to Louisburg for that express purpose."

'Accessible at all times to the faithful subjects of her brother's throne, Her Majesty made ready to receive the stranger with becoming ceremony. The officers of the household attended, and the Grand Marshal of the palace presented "Mr. —— from London," in due form. A speech followed, but it betrayed the speaker, or shewed at least that it was his first act of diplomacy. The audience was suddenly broken up,—the Queen

withdrew, and the stranger, retiring with the royal functionary, felt that he had "caught a Tartar."

'The individual, it may be added, was an inferior clerk in the button manufactory of Messrs.——, and dressed in the extremity of fashion. The Queen, in relating this anecdote, laughed heartily at the recollection of the mock heroic speech, and other burlesque circumstances attending the *special presentation*.—Specie decipimur omnes.'—vol. ii. pp. 44, 45.

The Queen Dowager had for many years fixed her summer residence in the Black Forest, chiefly on account of the benefit which she derived from the periodical use of the waters of Deinach. In that retirement, she divested herself altogether of her royal character, and entered into the pastimes and occupations of private life. The inferior peasantry of the district were invited, at stated times, to the celebration of games, peculiar to the forest. Music and dancing were heard at all hours. Besides Her Majesty's own band, there were generally itinerant Bohemian musicians, who varied the entertainment. The picture which the author gives of the Queen's life in that favourite retreat, is among the few passages which may be read in his volumes with pleasure.

'The hours and domestic arrangements of Her Majesty's household are managed with primitive simplicity; every thing worthy of imitation she recommends by personal example.

'At the head of these is the practice of early rising, which is universal with the Court, as it is with all classes of the community.

'The Queen is every morning visible at six o'clock, nor does the vigour of her mind allow even bodily indisposition to interfere with the extreme regularity of her habits, unless under circumstances of urgent necessity.

'The economy of *time*, and the nicely adjusted proportions in which it is distributed to the various and important duties of the day, attest the wise and judicious employment of a *matériel*, which no art can accumulate, which the next moment may forfeit, and in the wise appropriation of which consists the true philosophy of life.

'Between six and seven o'clock at latest, breakfast is served to each member of the household, in his respective chamber, after the French fashion. It consists of coffee, warm milk, and fresh rolls, and is left on the toilet-table for the solitary repast of the inmate or guest.

'The social breakfast of England is unknown in this country, unless where occasionally introduced. The Queen and her ladies all follow the national custom of breakfasting thus early, and alone.

'From this hour till dinner, is allotted as the season for business or study. The ladies enjoy the comfort of a dishabille, knitting, and needle-work; the gentlemen that of their dressing-gown, a novel, and sofa. Unless on extraordinary occasions, it is rare that either quit their apartment much before the hour of dinner. This, however, does not preclude friendly and familiar visits. The ladies are not afraid of being surprised in the disguise of a morning dress, or with their temples clustered with *papillots*. They do not comprehend how a visit under such circumstances should frighten them from their strict propriety, or make them blush to appear,—as the finest forms of ancient Greece appeared,—undistorted by modern *corsets*—the dictates of a barbarous fashion,—which, originally intended as

a corrective for spinal obliquity, became a fruitful cause of it;—that is, till the recent and immortal *Calisthenics* were introduced!

'Dinner.—At one o'clock the band takes its station under the windows of the drawing-room. The company assemble from their several apartments; the usual compliments, and conversation, for which the weather here, as every where else, is a fertile resource, is kept up till the Queen is announced by the opening of the folding-doors of the royal *entrée*.

'The gentlemen now file off to the left, and the ladies to the right, forming a crescent, in the middle of which Her Majesty, led by her royal brother, pauses to receive the homage of her household, and the presentation of such guests, as rank or circumstances may have brought to her table. In these cases, the goodness of her heart, her courtly and prepossessing manner, never fail to put the stranger at his ease, and to shew how little native dignity requires the specious accessaries of pomp and "circumstance" to give it effect.

'After addressing obliging enquiries, as is her custom, to every individual in the circle, the doors of the banquet-room are thrown open; Her Majesty, leaning on the arm of His Royal Highness, enters, and takes her seat near the centre of the table, with the Duke on her right, and the guest of the day occupying the chair on her left. The company immediately follow, by two and two, the chamberlain offering his arm to the lady who has the right of precedence; and the others, following according to their birth or station in the household, take their places round the table, of oval form and liberal dimensions. In the centre is a plateau richly ornamented, and exhibiting, in tasteful distribution, bouquets of fruits and flowers, some natural, others artificial. Vases of precious metal, and baskets of filigree-work, each with an appropriate complement of flowers or fruit, are stationed at regular intervals along the centre of the table, producing a very pleasing effect, and diverting the eye during the intervals of the successive courses.

'Before each guest are placed two square pieces of bread, black and white: the former is that of general preference. Three small crystal flasks, holding something less than a pint, are arranged in front of each plate, one containing white Rheuish or Neckar wine, the other Claret or Burgundy, and the third, excellent spring water. Thus accommodated, every one drinks according to his liking, and quaffs the pure juice, or reduces it by dilution to the standard of his taste and habit. This is very agreeable; it prevents much unnecessary and much unmeaning compliment. Conversation suffers no interruption from the Gothic custom of giving and accepting pledges; of being compelled, or of compelling others to drop the knife and fork at a signal, and to drink, *malgré soi*.

'The same attention to general convenience is observed in serving the dinner. All the carving of joints and cutting up of poultry is perpetrated agreeably to Horace's maxim, not before the eyes of the company, *non oculis subjecta*, but behind the scenes, or at the sideboard, and thence distributed at table *secundum regulam*. At the sideboard stands the maître d'hôtel in his state uniform, and keeping a vigilant eye on the performance. On his right and left two silver censers are constantly burning, serving the double purpose of diffusing an agreeable incense over the apartment, and of restoring to their legitimate temperature such dishes as have lost a degree or two by a careless or premature importation from the kitchen.

'Behind Her Majesty's chair stand two pages in blue and silver. Behind

every other at table a servant in livery, consisting of orange faced with black, and terminating, inferiorly, in a pair of high-heeled, powerful Hessian boots. The latter peculiarity, it is probable, originates in the precautionary habits of feudal times, when the retainers who assisted at the *feast* might be summoned the next moment to mount and take part in the *fight*. At first sight such equipment appears rather uncouth. In a country where carpets are never laid down in the eating apartments, the clattering of a score of iron heels is attended with some noise in their various evolutions on the *parquet*. The ear, however, soon accommodates itself to the case; and long custom renders it rather *agreeable* than otherwise. The Germans are totally a military people; every conversation turns upon warlike reminiscences; and to put one of these fine fellows of six feet into shoes and socks, would be like dismounting a life-guardsman. The degradation would be felt by either party; but the German would experience in the transformation rather a sense of emasculation than of practical reprimand.

'During the repast, several of the more choice and costly wines of France or Spain are handed round in glasses, repeated at short intervals, and generally in fresh variety. Dishes of elaborate study, and alluring in scent and aspect, are in constant progress round the circle, sufficient to tempt an epicure beyond his strength, and to pamper the most fastidious appetite.

'Her Majesty, opposite to whom I have had the honour of a place, dines sparingly, and limits her diet almost exclusively to vegetable and farinaceous dishes, accompanied with a glass of Malaga during dinner. She observed to me jocularly to-day after dinner, "The ladies will never admit, in England, that they can possibly have gout; there is something in the name so offensive to their delicacy; but I assure you I make no secret of the matter, and suffer from gout exceedingly at times."

'At the conclusion of dinner, which seldom occupies a full hour, Her Majesty rises from table, and retiring to the drawing-room in the same manner she entered, is followed by the company as before. Here she converses affably with her guests during the time that coffee and liqueurs are handed round the circle, first partaking of the former herself, and then recommending the beverage to others. This being the winding up of the entertainment, Her Majesty retires to her private apartments, or enters her carriage—which is always in waiting at this hour, if the weather be favourable—and, accompanied by His Royal Highness, takes a drive of some hours through the romantic passes of the forest. The company then separate; some retiring to the quiet indulgence of an *aprés diner*, others to take a stroll through some of the picturesque and shadowy windings of the forest, —to mix with the company at the baths,—to join a donkey party to the ruins *Sablestein*,—and all to do as they please.

'At five o'clock tea is announced, and, as often as the weather will permit, served in the open air. This is a delightful variety, and possesses all the attractions of a little *fête champêtre*. The three favourite spots to which Her Majesty resorts on these occasions, are Wilhelmshöhe, a beautiful Doric temple, on a commanding eminence at the verge of the forest, overhung by a steep lofty ridge of pines, and combining, in one view, every striking or interesting feature of the landscape.

'The second is the *Tower of Sablestein*, already alluded to, which takes in a much greater extent of country, and presents a most interesting bird's-

eye view of the forest, the village, and baths,—the clear rapid stream by which they are intersected,—the rich green stripe of meadow through which it meanders,—the gardens, and shrubberies, and, crowning all, the deep forest curtain which nature, in wild luxuriance, has drawn around this peaceful retreat.

'The third is the *Rose-garten*, and properly so called, from the luxuriance and variety with which the rose is here made to answer the purposes of rural embellishment.

'At these parties the band is always in attendance, and the conductor, an intelligent man and scientific musician, never fails, by the judicious selection of his pieces, to captivate the minds as well as the ears of the company.'—vol. i. pp. 314—322.

We have no fancy for collecting the many compliments which were paid to the royal travellers during their excursions in Germany; compliments, which they certainly well deserved, and which are rather diminished than augmented in their value by the fulsome phraseology of the author, who here relates them. The enumeration of such ceremonies is, generally, tiresome enough; Dr. Beattie renders them still more so, by the elaborate style in which he amplifies every trifling circumstance attending these displays of courtly attention. He is particularly delighted with the reception which the party experienced at Altenstein, and favours us with a loose translation of some verses that were addressed to the Duchess. Her Majesty is so great a favourite with the public, that we have no fear of being ranked amongst her flatterers, if, on account of the subject, we transcribe these stanzas.

'Oh, let our simple garland bind thee,
Flowrets from thy native tree.
Though rustic *hands* the pledge have twined thee,
'Tis our *hearts* that welcome THEE!
This garland to thine eye appealing,
Speaks thy country's cherished feeling,
And the welcome wreaths we twine,
Are forest flowers of Altenstein,*
ADÉLAIDÉ!

'Flowers upon thy path we scatter,
With lowly hand, but spirit true.
THOU wilt not despise the latter,
Nurtured where *thy* virtues grew!
Thy welcome every voice is greeting,
Thy welcome every lip repeating:
Music wakes its sweetest tone
To bid THEE welcome to thine own—
ADÉLAIDÉ!

'Mid those mountains memory gathers
Many a glorious deed of old!—
Vale and forest, where thy FATHERS,
The sceptre and the cross upheld!

* Pronounced *Altenstyne*.

Welcome to the scenes of youth!
To hearts of love and lips of truth!
All hail, and, hark, from rock and stream,
Echo answers to our theme,

ADÉLAIDÉ!

'Hail, DAUGHTER of a house of heroes,
Wielding sceptre, sword, and pen!
Whose guardian spirits hovering near us,
Watch the weal of MEININGEN!
Peace be thine where'er thou art—
Health on cheek, and joy at heart!
And in thine own adopted far-land
Many—many a birth-day garland,

ADÉLAIDÉ!'

—vol. ii. pp. 60, 61.

Tales of love and superstitious legends have such charms for Dr. Beattie, that he has inserted several in his work, manifestly for the purpose of filling it up. Even he, defective as his taste must be, could hardly have hoped that they would have detained the most ordinary reader. In turning over the leaves we marked an anecdote of the ex-King of Sweden, whom the author saw at Frankfort.

'Met the ex-KING taking his solitary evening walk in the gardens. He is a man of imposing exterior, with a firm upright military port. His dress, in cut and colour, resembles that of an English gentleman; blue coat, gilt buttons, fastened close round the gorge; light blue pantaloons; well-polished Hessian boots; and a cane of considerable weight and dimensions. He observed, with an air of suspicion or scrutiny, every individual that passed; a person of his peculiar eccentricities of mind, and strange vicissitudes of worldly circumstance, must always excite curiosity and attention wherever he appears; but individuals, I am told, have carried this propensity a little too far, so as to forget the delicacy and courtesy due to, and expected by, the royal exile. This, it also appears, he has both remarked and resented, and in terms surpassing verbal remonstrance. He is a man of impetuous temperament; and this, fostered by the proud accessaries of family history, renders him a little over-sensitive on the point of etiquette, and prone to resent any thing that appears to infringe upon his prerogative. Not long since, a person of consideration, attracted by this royal phenomenon, carried his curiosity so far as to follow him in his evening walk, which led to a challenge; the gentleman, however, excused himself the intended honour, on the plea of inferior rank.

'Numerous anecdotes are in circulation respecting the last of the Swedes; some creditable, others extremely *bizarre*. I am cautioned, in case I should meet him again, not to express the slightest curiosity by look, word, or manner, as he will not bear to be stared at. Yet, notwithstanding his sensitiveness on this point, he takes his usual walk at that period of the day when the gardens are most frequented, and when it is the exclusive business of the evening to talk and to stare.'—vol. i. pp. 150, 151.

It would seem from Dr. Beattie's dedication, that he intended these volumes as 'a contribution to the *historical* literature' of his

country. His ideas of the character of history must be very peculiar, for if his journal partake of it in any degree, it must consist of the least important details with which the lives of princes happen to be connected. Dinners, balls, concerts, court ceremonies, boar hunts, theatrical performances, birth-day odes, illuminations, tea parties, military reviews, and galas, must form, in the Doctor's opinion, the very essence of history, since it is of such affairs he principally treats. We know not whether he is at present upon the royal establishment; if he be, we should advise him to remain there, but to mix up his name no more with 'contributions to the historical literature of his country.' We should recommend him, moreover, if he have any notion of again threatening the public with a book, to read before-hand the well known models of English composition, to *re*-form his style altogether, and most particularly to cure, if by his skill he can cure, his tendency to adulation and small talk. The language of a Parasite sounds harshly and unnaturally from the lips or the pen of an Englishman. The frippery and gossip of the drawing-room, are barely tolerable in those conversations, which have no object beyond a forgetfulness of time: in a book they become a public nuisance.

Art IV.—*Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea: with a detail of many, and highly interesting Events in his Life, from the year* 1733 *to* 1749, *as written in his own Diary.* Edited by Miss Jane Porter. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

We confess, that when we first perused these volumes, so forcible and so fascinating was the impression which they made upon our memory, that we did not think, for some time, of questioning the genuineness of the varied details which they contain. The form of the Diary is so well sustained throughout, the incidents look so exceedingly like real occurrences, and are so perfectly in keeping with each other, the turn of idea and expression savours so much of the last century, and the costume, the manners, the fashion of the day are so accurately observed, that we were easily beguiled into the belief, that we were reading a narrative of fact, as little resembling a fiction as any production of the kind that ever came under our notice. Robinson Crusoe, though written with a marvellous degree of probability, ultimately deceives nobody. We go through it with unqualified delight, and feel no pain when we discover, as we may in the very first chapter, that it is the creation of a highly gifted fancy. But we venture to say that Sir Edward Seaward's narrative will deceive ninety-nine out of a hundred readers. The very fulness of its details, ample even to weariness as they occasionally are, tends, more than almost any other feature of the work, to produce this delusion. Historical events connected with the West

Indies, with the war that broke out between this country and Spain in 1739, and the frequent introduction of the names of persons who are well known to have existed, and to have been concerned in some of the transactions which are mentioned in the narrative, give countenance to it in so many ways, and from so many different quarters, that, upon arriving at the conclusion, we feel not the slightest disposition to doubt the veracity of any part of the production.

A little reflection, however, brings with it some unpleasant suspicions. If the Diary had really been written seventy years ago, why was it not published before? It is so interesting in itself, so honourable to the supposed writer and his family, that if it had been framed so long, and read generally by a large circle of relatives, it must have fallen, before this time, into the clutches of the all-devouring press. At least, extracts from it would have been preserved in the periodical journals; or some allusions to it, or to its author, would have been found in the records of the time. This is not the case, be it observed, of a Diary which for many years had lain concealed, and been recently discovered by chance; nor is it the case of a private individual who kept a Diary for his own use, and handed it over to his family, under injunctions of secresy. On the contrary, it is said to have been written by the author for his nephews and nieces, who, doubtless, would have multiplied copies of so singular a story, and circulated its wonders. Sir Edward is not represented as a private individual. He appears as the discoverer of a group of islands, to which, for a while, his name was given; he is said to have colonized one of them, to have governed it, to have negotiated about it with our own, and with foreign governments, and in short to have performed many public acts, which must have handed down his name to us in some shape or other. But, alas! we nowhere find a trace of the existence of any such individual. His name may be looked for in vain, in all the biographies. The laborious Bryan Edward has altogether overlooked the discovery and settlement of the Seaward Islands, and seems not to have known a syllable of the romantic account of them, which Miss Jane Porter has had the good fortune to obtain.

The fair editor has most cautiously omitted to exhibit a single authenticated document, by which the narrative which she presents to the public might be introduced, as it were, with a good character. She states, that the manuscripts from which it is taken were put into her hands 'by the representative of their much respected writer.' This assertion might be perfectly true, and yet the manuscripts might contain only a fiction. In such cases as these we usually expect and receive the best evidence that can be had of genuineness, which is a very different thing from authenticity. The name and address of the possessor of the manuscript are given; the length of time in which it had been in his possession is added, together with a statement of the manner in which,

and the persons from whom, it had been handed down to him. But here we have nothing of the kind. We are not told the name of the individual who is said to be the owner of the original Diary; we are not told by the editor who Sir Edward Seaward was; she does not say by whom the Diary was written; she simply calls it 'Sir Edward Seaward's Diary.' She does not assert that Sir Edward Seaward wrote and kept this Diary; but she veils an insinuation of this kind, from which many readers would collect as much, in the following language. 'That it was begun with no other view than to keep such a table of reference for the writer's own future use, *appears from certain internal evidence* in the early part of the journal itself; and that it was afterwards completed for a dearer object, a note, which was annexed to it, *most affectingly shews.*' All this may be true, and yet the Diary may be an invention. A practised writer might, without difficulty, set forth a nicely concocted text, from the *internal* evidence of which many things might be made to *appear*, and many things most *affectingly shewn*, and yet his text might not be gospel. Miss Jane Porter adds, 'that besides the regular diary-books in the possession of my friend, there are many loose papers in the same case with them, by which it *appears* that Sir Edward Seaward was born in the year 1710 or 1711, and departed this life in the year 1774, at his seat in Gloucestershire.' This word, *appears*, is very convenient to the editor. It commits her own veracity in no way whatever, beyond the mere assertion that the papers so represent the date of his birth. But where was his seat in Gloucestershire? What was its name? Her silence concerning these little adjuncts, and the generality of her reference to Gloucestershire, look, it must be owned, a little suspicious.

Miss Jane Porter further states, that her task as editor was light, 'being chiefly confined to alterations in the old style of orthography, to that of the present standard; and a little similar change, where the antiquated grammar, or rather anti-grammatical construction presented any awkwardness.' With all due deference to the lady we must observe, that the English language used in the latter part of the reign of George II., was not so antiquated as to present any difficulties to a modern reader. Even if it were such, an editor of so much literary experience as Miss Jane Porter would, we apprehend, have retained, and not removed, the orthographical and grammatical peculiarities of that period, inasmuch as they would have afforded strong presumptive proof in favour of the genuineness of the Diary in question.

But the fictitious character of the narrative is demonstrated, by the editor's caution in avoiding to inform us precisely, of 'the certain islands in the Caribbean Sea,' which are said to have been discovered by Sir Edward Seaward, and upon one of which he was shipwrecked. She says that they may be found in *old charts* in the neighbourhood of the Seranillas; but until he, on being cast ashore

there, discovered them to be habitable, they had been marked down as a cluster of barren rocks only, whose dangerous reef warned ships to avoid them.' There are many groups of islands near the Seranillas, and indeed in the neighbourhood of the whole of the Mosquito shore; but they have all names, and yet Miss Jane Porter gives no name to her 'certain islands.' In the Diary they are indeed called Seaward Islands, but that appellation is unknown to our maps, and indeed if it ever existed, would have fallen into disuse upon the restoration of them (they having been eventually restored, as it is said,) to the Spanish crown.

We must, therefore, treat the work before us, as a tale after the manner of De Foe, a conclusion to which we have come with no little reluctance, as there are a thousand things in these volumes, which we could most ardently wish to have been true. We have never seen the sacred and endearing every-day intercourse of husband and wife, painted in more natural and attractive language, than it is in this narrative. The affectionate, submissive, confiding conduct of the one; her never failing fund of good sense; her happy counsels; her entire identification with her husband under all circumstances; her star-like relation to him, from whom she seems to borrow all her light; her courage under danger; her contentedness to die if she died with him; the native and incorruptible innocence and simplicity of her mind, and the truly feminine feeling which she exhibits upon every occasion, make it difficult for us to believe that her portrait has not been painted from the life. The conduct of her lord is equally amiable, he differing from her only by the proper manliness of his character. He never speaks of her but in terms of the most charming tenderness. She is always the dearest object of his hopes and exertions, and he talks of her in almost every page of his Diary; yet there is no profane display of his attachment; he discloses with the utmost candour all that he thinks and feels about her, and we never tire of his uxoriousness. This engaging feature of the work is, it must not be denied, quite out of the ordinary routine of the novelist, who, satisfied with seeing his lovers lawfully married, never attempts to follow them throughout their wedded career.

Indeed it would seem that the author's love for his wife, whom he is said to have lost in the year 1749, was, in a great measure, the cause of his having commenced in 1756-7, this Diary at all. "I feel her loss so deeply," he is represented to have said in a note to his Diary, "that nothing less than the power of God could support me under my bereavement. But I live in the certain hope of meeting her again, and for ever, in the mansions of the blessed. And I thank her Heavenly Father and mine, that he has put it into my mind to set in order the narrative of my life, to amuse me the while. For, in so doing, I seem to live my days over again with her who was every thing to me on earth. And in this, I not only find consolation, but sometimes feel a bright sunshine, like one of

her own smiles, warm the sepulchral chamber of my heart. Should my nephews and nieces read it, when I am again with her, they will the better know her worth, whose tender regard fostered their infancy in those dear islands where, with her, I found an earthly paradise, and lived in a sacred happiness without alloy." We are almost ashamed of doubting the truth of a narrative, written under feelings apparently so strong and so sacred as those, which breathe through this note; but unhappily the judgment must here correct the impulses of the heart, although we have no doubt that the reader will pursue the thread of this tale with almost as much interest, as if the facts were all authenticated by affidavit.

It would seem that from the earliest dawn of his reason, our hero had an inclination to visit foreign parts. He tells us that he was born in the village of Awbury, *as it was then called.* His parents were loyal and honest; he had neither pedigree nor learning to boast of; his principal inheritance was a stout constitution, a peaceable disposition, and a proper sense of what was due to his superiors and equals. After assisting his father, for a while, in the business of a small farm, he was placed in the counting-house of his paternal uncle, at Bristol, whence he was recalled, for some months, by the death of his mother. When at home on this occasion, his idle time was usually spent at the house of his former schoolmaster, the pastor of the village, the Rev. W. Goldsmith, whither he was attracted by the eyes of her who was destined to be his wife. He did not hesitate, however, to obey the summons of his uncle, who wished him to go to Virginia, as supercargo in one of his vessels. He acquitted himself of his commission with so much success, that his uncle at once took charge of his future fortune, and proposed to send him to Honduras to take the place of his cousin, who had been already established there, and to become a partner in the business. This proposal was gladly accepted by the youth, who had shewn himself to be "no fool;" but before he proceeded to carry it into execution, he got leave to pay a parting visit to his brothers and sisters at Awbury. His description of his journey, on this occasion, reminds us strongly of the character of Gil Blas, although the circumstances are so different.

'In a few days I finished with my uncle, and then made arrangements for paying the intended visit to my friends. I set out on horseback, with feelings of a very sober kind; and being alone, had much time for meditation as I rode on slowly. I looked back on the happy days of my boyhood; played with my fellows, in memory, on the green before the school-house; and called to mind some of the old people, and, among others, my honoured father, sitting beneath the venerable elm there, in its full maturity of three hundred years. I believed, then, that the world could not boast such a man, nor such a tree. I thought also, with pleasure, on my revered pastor and schoolmaster, who was meek and kind-hearted to all, and who managed to make his boys scholars without using either the birch or the ferula. He was, indeed, more anxious to teach us our duty than our Latin,

but he contrived to teach us both. The kindness of his nature seemed to kindle a kindred feeling throughout the school, so that we felt disposed to help each other, and did so, and lost nothing, but gained much in the brotherly task: he loved my father, and his family and ours were like one. The nearer I approached the village the more impatient I became to arrive; I thought on my sisters and their friends, his daughters, every moment, with increasing emotion. I gave Dobbin the spur, and gradually quickening my pace, came up to our gate at a brisk canter. My sisters received me most affectionately, and quickly sent for my brother, who happened to be out. He came, and the meeting was affecting; we saw ourselves all together, but our parents were no more with their children; we looked on the place where they were wont to sit, and wept.'—vol. i. pp. 8—9.

The introduction of the lad's affection (he was then twenty-two) for Eliza Goldsmith, is so natural, that it does not look at all like those early loves of which we read in novels. Having expressed a hope that fortune might so far favour him, as that he might in time be able to assist his brothers and sisters, the youngest, Maria, said that 'she would not wait the event of fortune-making, but would go with me. I will send for you dear Maria, said I, when I am fairly settled, if you then should like to come. I will go with you, Edward, she replied, unless you can prevail on Eliza Goldsmith to be your guardian angel. Though she said this playfully, and perhaps a little apprehensively, I felt as if electrified by the unexpected appeal; certainly I had always been sensible to a sentiment of a peculiar character for Eliza Goldsmith; I felt that it was not exactly like that which I bore to my sister Maria, though it seemed to connect their images in my thoughts. I had seen several beautiful and amiable women abroad, but they could not bear comparison with Eliza Goldsmith. Eliza's sweet smile was, in truth, always playing around me, and doubtless it was the memory of that sweet smile, so faithfully expressed, which had unconsciously fixed my affection.' This is all exceedingly beautiful for its simplicity, and the close resemblance which it bears to an unpremeditated story of true love. It was not a time to dissemble; there was no occasion for sonnets or for notes; the young adventurer could not impose any restraint upon his feelings in the presence of Eliza, and as her feelings were quite as much interested upon the occasion, it was soon agreed upon, that she should accompany him as his wife to Honduras. But he had still his uncle to consult in the business; the interview will serve to put the reader in possession of the characters of both parties.

'I arrived late in the evening at my uncle's, and was glad he was gone to the club; so, after taking tea quietly with my aunt, I retired to rest. In the morning we met at breakfast; the old gentleman was happy to see me, talked over the business of Honduras, told me the brig was getting ready, that we were to touch at Jamaica, land some of the cargo there, and take in lumber, with some other articles, for the Bay; and that his correspondent at Kingston would put me in the way to obtain a few useful things for my better accommodation at St. George's Key, where his son had resided for nearly a year, in little better than a negro hut; and so

forth. I heard him with a courteous attention, and then thought it right, for the purpose now nearest my heart, to say, "Dear Uncle, may I ask you one or two questions?" "Certainly, Ned! certainly! a hundred, if you like, so they be short ones." "Then, first, Uncle, how long do you suppose I may have to stop there?" "Till you make so much money, Ned, that you cannot spend it without coming to England: keep that in mind, boy: so make haste in your calling." "Well but, Sir, that may not be accomplished as long as I live." "Oh yes, Ned, I don't think thee hast a great stomach for wealth." "But, Sir, you wished my questions to be short; will you make the answers so? May I be five, or six, or seven, or ten years at St. George's Key?" "Yes, perhaps you may; not less than five or six years certainly." "Then, my dear Uncle, I should not like to live there a bachelor, and perhaps get into immoral connections, that would degrade me in my own eyes, and in the opinion of those I love." The old gentleman laughed immoderately, stood up, held his sides, and laughed and coughed, exclaiming at intervals, "Ned, you will be the death of me!" I knew not what to think of this; but my aunt made him sit down, saying, "Mr. Seaward, your nephew is right; I like his sentiments." "He is an ass, and you are a fool!" he replied, looking morosely at her; "I don't want any of your prudery and nonsense; I will talk to him." The old lady walked out and left us together. My heart sunk within me. In imagination, I had already beheld my dear Eliza living with me in ease and affluence, enjoying the bright sunshine of my prosperity, under the patronage of my uncle. A cloud now hung over me, which I expected to burst with a thunder-storm, the minute my aunt quitted the room. But my uncle was a wag in his way: he began to laugh immoderately again; then recovering himself, said, "Its better to marry than burn; eh, Ned?" and continued his laughing fit. He was then able to resume: "That's it, Ned, eh? but where is the wife to be had at so short a notice? We can't give an order for her —— Bale, No. 1, marked E. S., Ned, eh?" He then took another hearty laugh to himself, and became quiet. I was now at ease, being convinced there was no surly humour on his part, but the contrary, and thought this was my auspicious moment. I at once told him the whole affair of my engagement with Eliza Goldsmith. He heard me out, in a business-like manner; and after some pause said, "Well, Ned, it's your affair, not mine; and if you are bent on it, I'll do my part. How the speculation will turn out, thee don't know, and I can't tell thee; these sort of articles, that we take for better for worse, not being allowed to try the sample, don't always answer expectation; but thee may'st be more fortunate than some other people; and, as there is no time to lose, get thy business done; and, if thee likes, we will put her and thee in the manifest." He finished by shaking me by the hand, kindly and warmly, saying, "Ned! married or single, I will always be as a father to thee, boy!" I hope I thanked him as I ought: I am sure if I thanked him as I wished, I did thank him as I ought. He desired me to return the next day to Awbury, and finish my business.'—vol. i. pp. 16—18.

Matters were soon arranged for the marriage, and the "happy pair," attended by their dog Fidele, who would not be separated from his beloved mistress, set out for Honduras. In six weeks they arrived at Jamaica, (we write as if we felt we were treating real events,) and after making a short stay there to get a stock of

poultry and other things for the Bay, they proceeded on their voyage, and encountered, by a legitimate anticipation, the celebrated hurricane, which is recorded to have produced tremendous disasters in Jamaica and the whole Spanish main, in the year 1734. The near coincidence of this historical fact with the hurricane mentioned in the Diary, and which gave a colour to the future destiny of Seaward, is not the least remarkable trait of skill and talent, which we find exhibited in every part of this admirable story. It is well known that it happened after the hurricane months were over, and that it was one of the most frightful visitations of the kind, which had ever been experienced in those seas. A total blackness overspread the sky; it thundered incessantly, and the rain fell in torrents. The wind then rose suddenly, like an evil spirit from the deep, and raged with such fury, that the vessel seemed in an instant on her beam ends. The sails were blown to ribbons, though going right before the hurricane. Seaward did all he could to console his wife. '"God will preserve us, my honoured love!" said she; "I feel that we are safe, notwithstanding this dreadful hurricane: but," added she, pressing my hand and moving it to her lips, "if we should be drowned, we shall die together, and we shall not be separated: we shall meet, where we can part no more.!" Her feelings now overpowered her, and she fell on my neck and wept. I kissed away the tears from her eyes, saying, "we will trust in the Almighty."' The wind was at this time howling horribly, the sea all in a foam, the brig running, as the gale drove her, sometimes on one point of the compass, sometimes on another. The conclusion of this awful scene speedily arrives, and we could almost envy the pen which has here described it.

'We continued to be driven by the storm for eight or ten hours, I cannot tell in what direction; but about two or three o'clock in the morning, they called out, "Breakers, breakers! land! breakers!" I was below, with my wife, in the cabin. Being no seaman, I could do no good on deck; but, hearing this, I got up the ladder to the companion door. All was again fast down, and they could not open it; in fact, all hands were too much absorbed by the awfulness of their situation. In a few minutes the vessel struck, and we, who were below, were thrown violently on the cabin floor. The poor dog, our faithful Fidele, howled mournfully as he was driven to the other end of the cabin: this, at such a moment, had a powerful effect on us. "We are indeed lost!" said my wife, as she recovered a little from the fall she had just received. I did not now wait to console her by my words; I renewed my efforts to force the companion door, and get upon deck; but it was perfect darkness where we were, and I could not find any thing to add to my own ineffectual strength, nor could I make any one on deck attend to me; they could not hear me for the noise made by the howling of the wind and the breaking of the sea; yet I sometimes heard them, and could discover that they were cutting away the wreck of the mainmast, which lay over the side—making ready to get the long-boat over the gunwale, to escape, if possible, from the perishing vessel. I now became frantic; I knocked with my hands, and

hallooed with all my power, but to no purpose. By accident I stumbled over an empty stone bottle at the foot of the ladder, with the bottom of which I struck the companion door so violently, that I succeeded in arresting the attention of the captain. He unbolted it, telling me at the same time, "We are all lost!" but that the men were trying to launch the long boat, our only chance; for, although it was likely she would swamp in the breakers, it was quite certain the brig would go to pieces in a few minutes; and if Mrs. Seaward and I chose to go, we must be up in a second, for "look there!" said he; crying out at the same time, "another shove, lads, and she's all our own!"—the long-boat was launched; and I returned down the ladder with all speed. The brig was lying on her starboard side, the sea breaking over her bow and fore-chains; but, from the position of a rocky island to windward, she was pretty quiet abaft and to leeward, so that a boat might live under her lee; and I expected the captain would wait for us there a little. The moment I rejoined my dear wife, I urged her instantly to accompany me to the deck, telling her our situation. "No!" said she, "I will not stir, and you will not stir; they must all perish; a boat cannot endure this storm. Let us trust in God, Edward," continued she, "and if we die, we die together!" "It is done," I replied, "we will not stir." "Then tell them so," cried she, hastily; "and if you can lay your hand on the bread-bag in your way, it may be useful to them, if they survive this hour." I hastened to ascend, at which moment the brig seemed to right, and I was struck back by a column of water rushing down the companion, followed by the shutting to of its doors. The brig had swung off the point of the reef, and the sea then broke over the main-chains, the vessel being upright. I now easily succeeded in getting on deck, but no boat was to be seen; yet now and then I thought I heard the voices of the miserable crew at some distance on the brig's quarter; and sometimes I fancied I saw them, when the strong lightning's glare lighted up every thing around for an instant, leaving the immediate darkness greater. The brig soon took the ground again, on a reef within, and heeled over as before, which threw me down the ladder; the companion doors fortunately slamming to after me, as the sea instantly broke over the vessel fore and aft. My ever kind wife hastened to my assistance, but was herself thrown to the other side of the cabin. I was not hurt, so that in a little time I reached the place where she lay, and we crawled up together to windward, where we endeavoured to secure ourselves. More than an hour passed away with us, in dismal darkness below; but we enjoyed the light of God's presence; offering up prayer to him, in short but emphatical ejaculations, and he heard us: we felt the influence of his peace, and were resigned to his will!

'Our situation was awful; in all human probability, within one short hour we should be engulphed by an overwhelming sea. With arms folded round each other, we sat, endeavouring to keep our position, and so remained till the heaving motion of the vessel gradually subsided, and at length became scarcely peceptible; but she continued to lay over, nearly on her beam ends. I now again thought it right to reach the deck, and as the ladder had been lashed to its situation, it was not displaced, notwithstanding all the shocks the vessel had sustained. On ascending the ladder, I pushed open the lee half of the companion door, when a gleam of joy rushed upon me, on perceiving that the day had dawned, and that

the water to leeward was quite smooth. The brig now lying on the innermost part of the reef, I discovered high land a-head and a-stern, and a fine sandy beach a-breast of us, little more than a mile off.' I hastened below to my dear wife, into the dark cabin, exclaiming, "Come to me, my love; come on deck; it is daylight!" Without a word, she made her way to me, and ascended the ladder. On emerging from darkness into light, her feelings overcame her, and she poured forth her heart to God. After a few moments of abstraction, she crept down to the lee gunwale of the quarter-deck; "Where is the boat, and our poor companions?" she exclaimed; "I do not see them!" "Perhaps," I replied, "they are safely landed on yon beach, and will soon return to take us out of the vessel." I now looked earnestly around me; the mainmast was gone, but the stump was standing; the wreck of it had been cleared away; the foremast remained, but the fore-topmast had gone, and was hanging by its rigging forward; the booms were gone, the boats were gone, the gabbose, for cooking, gone, the binnacle gone: the hen-coops alone remained in their places; but all the fowls, and guinea-fowls, that were in the coop to leeward, were drowned: the ducks which were in the other coop survived, and also four fowls; yet these seemed more dead than alive. All was desolation on deck and aloft; but the day had dawned, and the morning smiled serenely on us, while a gentle calm spread itself over the ocean all around.'—vol. i. pp. 30—34.

This serene smile of morning, this hallowed calm after so tremendous a storm, reach our hearts, and we are prepared to follow the youthful pair of favoured adventurers with all our sympathies. Nothing was seen of the crew, who had all perished. Seaward having pumped out a great mass of water, the brig righted, and gradually drifted toward the unknown shore '*near* the Seranillas,' and a convenient inlet offering for that purpose, it found its way thither with marvellous success. A minute and highly interesting description is then given, of the operations to which the husband and wife had recourse, in order to establish themselves upon the island, which they found to be a second paradise in appearance, and wholly uninhabited. Some of the poultry and two goats had luckily survived the storm, and were safely landed. Poor Fidele was equally fortunate. Bags of biscuits, and stores of wine and spirits were found in the vessel, in abundance. Arrangements were made to dine upon one of the fowls, which were drowned in their own coops; but how was a fire to be obtained? Seaward bethought him of the large lens in the ship's spy-glass, with which he collected the rays of the sun upon dry leaves, and sticks, and soon produced a magnificent blaze. The fowl dressed on the embers was delicious. The ship was next cleared and rendered habitable, the strangers not yet venturing to sleep on shore. The scenery of the island was charming, diversified with wood, and rock, and field, and blessed with crystal streams. By degrees they became acquainted with it, extending their walks every day, in order to explore its resources. The whole of this part of the story must, we should think, have been written from actual experience; it could not have

been invented. The circumstances are so natural, and yet so little in the obvious routine of the imagination, that they must have been suggested by similar incidents in the story of a real shipwreck. One of the goats had a leg broken in the late storm, and it was Seaward's care to tie it up and cure it. This would hardly have been thought of by a mere novelist. Fidele, soon after, going on shore, turned up an Iguana, which proved excellent food, being as tender as a chicken. This is another trait of reality, trivial in itself, but tending materially to the completeness and beauty of the picture. We might enumerate many other occurrences of the same kind, which, taken together, give an appearance of probability to the tale, that is exceeded in no other production of the same class in our own literature, and indeed in no other that we know of.

The first Sunday after their arrival was peculiarly devoted to thanksgiving for their safety. 'The trunks were opened,' says the amiable narrator, 'and my beloved wife dressed herself as she would have done at Awbury on a Sunday; and I followed her example: we then sat down quietly, and I went through the morning service, she reading the lessons for the day. After this proper and consolatory exercise, we talked to each other about those dear friends we had left behind in England, and often with grateful tenderness reverted to the father of Eliza, to whom both of us were much indebted for the peace we now enjoyed; being separated from the gaieties of life, but having for our portion God and ourselves.' 'We enjoyed ourselves,' he adds, 'sitting arm-in-arm on the quarter-deck, feeling an internal happiness, that scarcely would have been anticipated in such a situation: it was that peace which the world cannot give, nor take away, and with which the stranger intermeddleth not.'

The diarist dwells with inexhaustible delight upon every little trait in his wife's conduct, upon this occasion; her fortitude, her cheerfulness, her industry, the smiles with which she encouraged his labours, and the sweet tenderness of language with which she rewarded them. Having drained the wreck of all the water which it contained, and having ascertained all the conveniences which the carpenter's chest, the cargo, and the ship's furniture could afford him, he proceeded, attended by his affectionate wife, and the useful Fidele, to select a spot in which the seeds of some fruits, which were in the brig, could be sown with the best chance of a good return. While they were walking through a thicket of thorny acacias, under a precipitous rock, the little dog, who had preceeded them, began suddenly to bark, and the noise was heard as if at a considerable distance. He suddenly appeared before them with another Iguana, but the peculiar sound of his bark, had led to an impression that there was an uninterrupted passage through the thicket. After some hours spent in clearing the way through the brushwood, Seaward found himself unexpectedly at the mouth of a cavern, which forms a very prominent object of curiosity, in

the subsequent pages of this veritable history. It was a natural excavation of considerable length and height: the floor was covered with the dung of birds; the summit thickly hung with pendulous stalactites, with shelving masses and nodules, of which the sides were also incrustated. Seaward, satisfied for the present with this discovery, returned, after having fixed upon a piece of ground, clear of the shade of trees, for putting in the seeds. Upon this excursion, both parties having found the inconvenience of their dresses, resolved to conform to their new circumstances: Seaward adopting the jacket and trousers of the sailor, and his wife a close bedgown, with a shawl wrapped round her head, as a turban. The goats and poultry were transferred to the cave, where the latter, especially, took up their residence with great glee. A tent was next erected on shore, which was soon exchanged for a wooden hut; they became, of necessity, their own boot-makers, tailors, and sempstresses, and in the clear stream washed their own linen, by beating it, after the ancient fashion, on a stone in the running water. They found fish in abundance in an arm of the neighbouring sea, and cocoa-nuts, and other fruits in the surrounding woods; and being satisfied that they were now alone upon the island, they occupied themselves constantly on shore, in administering to their present wants, in providing for the future, enjoying in the intervals the sweet happiness, which innocent labour and alternate rest seem capable of yielding, under almost any conceivable circumstances. The picture which is presented of their daily life, at this period, is enchanting. The open air, or the wooden hut, as the season permitted, was their eating apartment, the cabin of the brig their bed-room. After the toil of the day was over, they talked over what they had done with renewed delight, giving a thought, the while, to their dear friends in England. 'It was now time for our evening repast; and we sat down on the wooden platform, between the plank-house and the rock, with our table between us, each on a commodious chair, and our dear little dog in front of us, to our comfortable tea, in peace and quietness; perhaps, experiencing more real enjoyment, than the world's society with all its blandishments could bestow'! 'Yet we had a sigh and a tear for those we loved, and had left behind in our dear native village.' 'In this way we communed with each other, till the time for retiring drew near; when, fastening up our palace, and seeing our dumb companions repair to their retreat, we too, serenely and happily, bent our steps towards the brig.' Such was the life of paradise which they led. Their poultry now began to lay, their goats presented them with two kids, they beheld their husbandry thriving beyond their expectations, and they looked upon themselves as completely established in the island, scarcely entertaining a wish to be rescued from their solitary condition by a friendly sail.

Their happiness, however, was seriously interrupted for a season, by a discovery which Seaward chanced to make in his cavern. On

turning up the dung of the birds, which he used for the purpose of husbandry, he struck upon a piece of brass and leather, which, upon examination, turned out to have been the breast-plate and belt of a soldier. From this circumstance it was inferred that the place had been already visited, possibly by pirates or bucaneers; but no trace of a dead body having been discerned, nothing more was thought of the matter, until one day, Seaward, driving a peg in the side of the cavern, in order to hang upon it a peccary which he had killed, observed that the place into which he had hammered the peg sounded hollow. This was ascribed at first to fissures in the rock; but the echoes being much louder in one spot than in any of the others, he determined to explore this mystery. Mrs. Seaward was equally concerned in clearing up the matter, as she had no objection to the discovery of another apartment, which might serve for a larder. He accordingly took his hatchet, and striking all round the place where the peccary was hung, was convinced that there was a large hollow space behind it. A light was brought, and, to their amazement, an artificial appearance of inserted stones was evident. The dead body of the person to whom the breast-plate and belt belonged, might, they thought, have been here entombed. A sufficient number of the stones having been dislodged to admit Seaward's entrance, on thrusting in his head and shoulders he perceived a kind of chamber, dimly lit from a narrow fissure above, but which had not the power to shew him any thing within. The remainder of this extraordinary and rather romantic story, the author must tell in his own language.

'The floor of the place was covered deep with sand, which was quite dry, and for some time I could not discover any thing worthy of notice; but, on moving forward about three yards, I saw a collection of small canvass bags, ranged side by side, and behind them a long wooden box. Without stopping to examine their contents, I stepped back to the hole, and desired my wife to come in, telling her what I had seen. She quickly got through, following the candle and me; and opening one of the bags, I discerned, at a glance, some sparkling metal. "This is treasure," cried I. She instantly exclaimed, "may it please God to preserve us!" "From what, dearest?" I replied, tumbling out several large pieces of coin. "They are all full of dollars," she rejoined, "and of what use are they to us?" "Well, sweet Eliza," I replied, "they can do us no harm; we can leave them where we find them, if we please." "Just so," she answered. "However," said I, we will examine the box." The lid was nailed down, so it could not be opened without a chisel; we therefore quitted the recess till I should bring the necessary implement from the carpenter's chest, and returned to the plank-house. I held some pieces of the money in my hand, which had fallen out of the bag, and by the candle-light had appeared white: we then concluded they were dollars, but we now discovered by daylight that they were gold doubloons. I remarked this vast difference in their value to my dear wife. "Well," said she, "Edward, it is all the same to us, dollars or doubloons, or our own English farthings: we cannot send to market with money here. Your health, my honoured hus-

band, is our wealth, and God's blessing is our exhaustless mine! So I care nothing about these; only this, that I fear the discovery will be a source of great uneasiness, if not of misery to us."—"Very well, dearest," I replied, "if there be any more of it in the other bags, with you and God for my guide, I hope I shall not make a bad use of it, should I ever have the opportunity." "I hope—I believe you would not, my dear Edward," she rejoined, "but riches are a snare."—"My own Eliza," I answered, gravely, "bags of gold can be no riches to me where we are; they may as well be full of the sand that covers the floor."

'Here the dialogue ended, and with less haste about going for the chisel, I set about preparing dinner, in which my Eliza, cheerful as usual, assisted me; and we dined on the last corned quarter of the peccary, which was still very good, and the salt had drawn out the rankness of the meat that exists in its fresh state. "Now, my own!" said I, "let us go and inspect the box." She re-lit our candle; and I taking a chisel and mallet with me, we proceeded to the cave, and again entered the recess. I opened the box; it was full of all sorts of gold and silver articles: representations of the crucifixion; the Virgin and child, in highly wrought silver shrines; gold hilts for swords, large ear-rings of gold, some ingots of gold; and a considerable quantity of gold and silver tissue; and some silver lavers, and other costly things. My dear wife admired all these beautiful pieces of workmanship very much, making many appropriate remarks on the different articles; and when we had examined all, she gently said, "Dear Edward, let us now shut the box up, and the place in which it is also; these things do not belong to us. "Oh, very well!" I hastily replied, "as you please! I don't care a rush about them." In mutual silence, we stepped out of the recess, and I thrust in the loose stones again.

'After sitting down in the plank-house, and after a few moment's musing, I said, "My dear Eliza, we will let this matter rest for the present, and discuss it at our leisure; for I trust that whatever we may conclude to do, will have a blessing, and not a curse." "Don't let it perplex you, my honoured husband," she replied, "we will pray God to direct you." This affair was of too much importance to remain unsettled. I turned the doubloons over and over in my hand, and found on them the head of Carolus II., which, although looking as if just out of the mint, bore the date of 1670. "Eliza," said I, "when we look at the date of this coin, and consider the situation in which we discovered the belt, the probability is that this treasure has been here at least fifty or sixty years, and that there are no persons living to whom it belongs. Besides, most likely the persons who placed it where it is were buccaneers, who despoiled some Spanish vessel of it; the first owners, then, are doubtlessly killed. Hence it does not belong to any one; at least, not to any one that could, with the utmost diligence, be discovered. Therefore possession is the only right which, under such circumstances, can be set up. And it is a duty I owe to myself, and to you, and to all connected with us, though on distant shores, to endeavour to preserve this treasure, and to convey it to England if ever an opportunity should offer. With your consent and approbation, my beloved wife, I will act according to this reasoning." She did not answer me for some time; at last she said, "if those to whom it rightfully belongs cannot have it, I certainly see no just reason why you should not do as you propose, preserve it for your own use, and so apply it, should

the occasion ever present itself."—" Well, my dear Eliza, that is the principle on which I shall act; and on that principle allow me to lose no time in securing the fortune, which has fallen so wonderfully into our hands."

'The question was now set at rest between us, by which a great weight was taken off my mind; for my exemplary friend, as well as obedient wife, would never have uttered an assent to any measure not founded on moral propriety. It was but a few hours since I had discovered this hoard of gold; and, with all my efforts, I could not settle to my work as before. I continued in the plank-house, talking on subjects far from our little island, and I asked my sweetly attentive companion to give us some wine, which she did immediately; and I sat, and discoursed, and drank wine, till tea-time. She often smiled as I talked, but would not disturb my humour, and that visionary hour or two passed off very well. We fed our animals, and retired early to the vessel.

'Tuesday, 19th.—My sleep during the night was harrassed by strange dreams, so incoherent they could not be recounted, but all bore on the treasure in the cave. On waking, I mentioned them to my dear wife, though I really felt ashamed that the late matter had so completely engrossed my mind. After discussing the subject for an hour, she concluded by saying, " Well, my Edward, whatever you wish to do, I will join you in most cheerfully." And she said this with great emphasis, as she always did when she had made up her mind so to pledge herself. I received her assurance affectionately, and we left the vessel for the shore.

'After breakfast, I proposed that we should examine the whole of the bags with their contents; and accordingly, on entering the cave, I removed the loose stones from the breach in the wall, and we again found ourselves in the recess. I counted the bags, and found forty, each of them not larger than the top of a stocking; but, on reckoning out the doubloons from one bag, the result was five hundred; and on breaking the strings, which were quite mouldering, of some of the others, I found their contents to be the same. The bags themselves, also, were nearly rotten, although they lay in a bed of dry sand. " We have here," said I, " my dear Eliza, a corroborating proof of the length of time this money has been hidden in this place."—" Well," she replied, " but what are we to do with it?"— " You must make new bags," was my answer, " and I will make boxes to pack them in: and then we will leave them here, ready for any opportunity that may occur to remove them and us. For we may hope that, in the course of time, some providential vessel may hover near us, and give us means to return to our native home, to bless with our riches and our presence those whom we fondly love." " Ah! dear Edward!" she exclaimed, " it may indeed please God that we are to be the instruments of comfort to your family and to mine, and with these riches be a blessing to the poor." Thus saying, she embraced me tenderly.'—vol. i. pp. 216—222.

The next fortnight was spent in making new bags for securing their treasure; and the very different effect with which this employment was attended, from that produced upon their minds by their agricultural and domestic labours; the anxiety which now came upon them, the distaste which they began to feel for their former quiet and innocent occupations, are painted in the most natural and affecting language. 'On rising this morning,' says the

diarist, 'I, as well as my dear wife, could not help expressing a wish that we had never found the treasure; for it had discomposed our minds, and sadly thrown us out of the customary tenor of our employments.' However, they emptied the contents of the forty old bags into the new ones, which they had made, and found in each, exactly five hundred doubloons, and the whole being neatly packed in small wooden boxes, were removed to the plank-house. 'We were heartily glad,' adds the author, 'when the business was completed; and so sick were we of it, that I built up the wall again, shutting the whole in, without looking a second time into the great chest that contained so much gold in various shapes.'

Hitherto their cares and affections had been devoted to the business of rendering their abode in the island as happy as possible. Now their only anxiety was to descry a sail, which should enable them to quit it, and to take their treasure in safety along with them to England. One day, while breakfasting under their arbour-tree, they perceived a canoe hastening towards the shore, which, upon its near approach, was found to contain a party of negroes. Seaward received them in the most hospitable manner, and eventually they agreed to remain with him. They had escaped from a vessel which was conveying them to La Guayra, and thus formed the nucleus of a colony. They were all useful in different ways, one of them was so expert a carpenter, that a new and commodious dwelling-house was forthwith built by his assistance; another was a capital agriculturist, and the women, three in number, were all that could be desired as domestic servants. The industry of these negroes restored, in a great degree, the former felicity of Seaward and his companion. 'It gave us so much leisure, that we were able to read a good deal, and enjoy frequent walks, arm-in-arm, in intellectual converse: happy in ourselves, and happier still in seeing those around us happy.' It was about this time, September, 1734, he says, that the early part of this Diary was written from scraps of memoranda. He found inexpressible delight in recording the providential mercies which he had experienced. 'It was also sweet to me, to write down, again and again, the name of my ever-beloved Eliza, when I occasionally paid the tribute that is due to her heart and understanding.'

The mansion having been finished, the furniture in the brig was now removed to it, and the incipient settlement already began to assume a civilized appearance. How natural, how amiable are the feelings, to which the author gives expression at this stage of his career.

'It being now near one o'clock, I walked over to the plantation-house to dinner. My dear partner received me with smiles, and dressed as when in England. I flew to her arms as if we had met after a long separation. "My beloved Edward," said she, "how gracious is our God! how much happiness does he bestow upon us!" I felt the just tribute, with full

force. It was the sentiment that filled my own heart, as I hastened to embrace her. I saw her restored to her former gentlewomanly condition by his providence, relieved from toil, and all the menial offices of culinary labour. And, may I add, I saw a table covered with a clean damask cloth, laid out with all the conveniencies of European comfort, to which my eyes had long been strangers!

'While dinner was serving up, my Eliza took me into the store-room, to show me how well the people had arranged the casks; and herself and damsels the articles for house-keeping. I was much pleased with the order of every thing, and highly gratified with so goodly a sight. Rota sent in our dinner, as nicely cooked and served as if she had been apprentice to my Lord Mayor's kitchen. A fine fish at the head, a piece of boiled salted pork at the foot, a pumpkin pie on one side, and a roast white yam at the other; with capsicums, and vinegar, and mustard, and all the et ceteras. After giving thanks to the Giver of all things, we eat our dainty viands with an indescribable satisfaction; finding gratitude, now as ever, our sweetest sauce. When the cloth was removed, a fine melon, and a bottle of wine, decantered, were put before us; I took a slice of the fruit, and drank one glass of the wine to my dear wife's health. Not tarrying longer, we arose, and walked together to the plank-house; the path to which, through the goodly trees, was now well trodden: after sauntering agreeably through the wood, and lingering at the fountain, we sat down to rest upon the camp stools which were already on the platform. For some time we amused ourselves with feeding the poultry and pigeons, which flocked around us as if glad to see us; and also the armadillo, which had lately been again a prisoner in his crib.'—vol. i. pp. 289, 290.

Seaward bethought him, on perceiving from the promontory a Spanish coast-guard ship, that it was high time for him to plant the standard of England upon the island. A flag was forthwith hoisted, with due ceremony, and in a few days after, another vessel came in sight, which turned out to be from Norfolk in Virginia; and by means of which Seaward eventually proceeded to Jamaica, taking with him his wife and all his treasure, not excepting the large chest which, in the first instance, he had left unexamined. He then took measures for remitting his wealth to England, and for apprizing his friends of his existence.

'My dear wife and myself had, for some days past, made our beloved friends at Awbury the subjects of our conversation, and I had resolved that she should send a present of 500*l.* to her father, and I would at the same time remit an equal sum to my sisters and brother; and for this end I procured two sets of bills on the Treasury, for which I paid, as before, 288 doubloons 12 dollars, for the 1000*l.* sterling. The letter written by my dear Eliza, was replete with expressions of tender duty to her most worthy parent, and of affection to her sisters; but it overflowed with grateful love towards myself. She told them as much of our story as I thought might, with prudence, be at present disclosed: for, as yet, until our affairs were settled, there were many reasons requiring partial secrecy. She, however, told them Providence had bestowed an ample fortune on me; and that, if either of her sisters would marry, and come to Kingston, and not object to live with us where we lived, I would provide for that sister and her hus-

band. In the same strain I wrote to my brother at Awbury, telling him that a 100*l.* was for each of my sisters and 200*l.* for himself; and if he chose to marry, and he and his wife should come out to Jamaica, I would provide for them; and that he need not be uneasy about leaving his sisters, as I would allow each of them 50*l.* a year. I desired him to write to me, but not to wonder if five or six months should elapse before he received an answer, as my place of residence was some hundred miles from Jamaica; but that a vessel belonging to me would visit Kingston every two or three months, on business. I requested him to communicate with our friends at the parsonage, on our proposals, as Eliza had sent her father money, with an invitation to her sisters, of a similar nature to that which he now received from me. Our letters to Awbury, with their enclosures, were ready; and another letter to my uncle, informing him how I was getting on, as far as respected the preparations for re-equipping his brig. Likewise letters to Perry and Co., with the first of exchange for 5000*l.*, ordering them to invest it; and, also, duplicates of the letter written by the packet, with the second of exchange for 1000*l.*, remitted by that opportunity.

'The midshipman who had landed me from the ship, called on me today, according to promise, and I invited him to dinner. He seemed an honest unsophisticated youth, and amused us much by his droll phraseology. He said the captain expressed himself very handsomely on the present I had given the men, and had desired the purser's steward to lay the money out for them in vegetables. "But," continued the boy, laughing, "they would rather have had the cash to bouse their jibs up ashore." When the evening came, he desired to depart; but I persuaded him to stay till the morning, as I wished him to take charge of my letters to Captain James. He soon said "Yes;" and when morning came, I gave him my packets, together with a superb gold hilt for a sword, (the value of which could not be less than 50*l.*,) which I took from my reserved store, and sent with a separate note to Captain James, begging his acceptance of it, and regretting that I could not here get it mounted; but adding, that I hoped he would get it done in England, and send in the account to my banker's, who had my directions to pay the cost. When the midshipman took these things, I said to him—"My young friend, don't be offended if I offer you a doubloon, to lay in any thing you like for your mess;" but he objected to receive it, until my dear wife remarked—"You cannot refuse, because it is a present to your messmates as well as to yourself." He acknowledged the weight of this appeal, adding—"You are very kind; and as we hear you are very rich, I will no longer say so. When you went on shore," continued he, "the captain said to our first lieutenant, 'There goes a fellow worth more than his weight in gold.' Some took the speech one way, and some another; now, Sir, I would take it both ways—a good heart and a good purse! and they are two good things; that is, when they lay close aboard of each other." So, shaking me cordially by the hand, and my dear wife offering him hers, which was not her custom, he took his leave of us, apparently much delighted; perhaps, more with what he had said, than from what he had received, either by my present, or our joint courtesy. But if this pleasure did not arise from what he had said, my dear wife's had; that having been the impulse to her cordiality on his leaving us.

'The next day I received a note from Captain James, acknowledging the receipt of the letters, which he promised should be carefully delivered;

also that he would pay every attention requisite to the safe delivery of the money boxes to my bankers; and then he returned me his warmest acknowledgements for my very superb and valuable present; which, however, he must insist on having mounted at his own expense.'—vol. ii. pp. 31—34.

In the mean time he procured, for an adequate fee, a commission for the government of the Seaward Islands, as he now called them; but as a governor was nothing in the eyes of the lady, unless he had a fine uniform suitable to his station, (a very natural trait of the female character,) the uniform was accordingly ordered. The anecdote betrays the woman in an amusing manner.

'At my fond wife's request, a handsome suit of uniform, blue and gold, with a hat looped and handsomely laced, had been made for the Captain-commandant. "If those Spaniards," said she, "should ever intrude themselves into our bay, which they may do as friends; without an imposing uniform on your person, they might pay very little respect to your commission." I saw the force of the observation, and therefore the uniform was made.

'At the last visit of my hair-dresser, he recommended me to purchase of him an Adonis, a new-fashioned wig very much in vogue, instead of having my own hair tortured into the mode. I wished he had informed me of such a thing at first, as it would have saved me a good deal of time and torment. "But," said I, "I do not want any thing of the kind where I am going." My dear wife thought otherwise; and, smiling, desired him to bring the wig. He obeyed, with a proper box to hold it in, and all the requisites for powdering it up, when required. As it was my Eliza's pleasure, I made no more demur, but took it, and paid him twenty dollars for it. When he was gone, I said to her—"What am I to do with this mop-head, my Mistress-commandant, at Seaward Islands?"—"It is for my Captain-commandant, she replied, "when he has occasion to appear in state!" I smiled at her remark, but felt at the same time that it was dictated by good sense, and a just regard to the opinions of men.'—vol. ii. p. 51.

The commandant resolved to make the most of his new possessions, before he retired to England. Accordingly, having purchased two vessels at Jamaica, he filled them with negroes and other persons wishing to join the settlement under his command: he returned to it, and was soon joined by his brother and his wife's sister, who were already made one in the holy bands of matrimony. The same vessel which brought out these beloved relatives, conveyed also an assortment of supplies, which, in the true mercantile spirit of that period, his uncle had shipped for him, under the impression that as he had become so rich a man, he might very well afford to pay for many things which he did not want.

'The amount of the invoice was 480*l.*: but my uncle had not counted without his host; he had learned from captain Taylor that I had brought an iron chest well filled with money from Jamaica, although he could not devise how I came by it; neither could the Captain furnish him with any information beyond surmises. The story of our attack on the Guarda

Costa's boat, having been magnified so as to throw a wonderful light on the subject, my uncle in his letter says, (in that familiar phraseology, which he sometimes chose to use in writing as well as in speaking,)—"Eh, Ned! 'tis well thee didst not lose either life or limb in the attack on the *Galleon;* how much did come to thy share?—'Tis a secret, may be: thee must have got a pretty penny; did hear thou hast a large iron chest full, besides the schooner thou bought, and what didst send to Awbury: well, thou art a good-hearted fellow, Ned; and now thy brother and his wife wish to join thee, I will let Taylor take them out for 20*l.* a head, in his way to the Bay, as he tells me he can pop in on you, without going much out of his way; and I take upon me to send out an investment by him, of which thee mayest make good profit on them, if thou knowest how; but if thou wilt not take them, I may be loser. The amount, to be sure, is large, but if not convenient to pay ready money (for which will allow five per cent. discount), thee shall have credit for twelve months, till Taylor makes his next voyage." My uncle enclosed in his letter a counter-statement to mine, respecting the disbursements for the brig, and the prices of the things I had taken out of her while she lay a wreck; contriving to make the balance considerably more in his own favour than I had done; however, I resolved to let it pass, without objection or comment, and pay agreeable to his own statement. After breakfast, Captain Drake employed himself in taking an inventory of the things landed, and in superintending their removal to the great storehouse. Meanwhile, I was engaged in settling accounts with Captain Taylor; in doing which I took my uncle at his word, deducting five per cent. from the amount of the invoice; a subtraction, in truth, it could well bear. This being done, I gave Captain Taylor a set of bills on Messrs. Perry and Co. of London, for the amount of the invoice, and balance of the other accounts, for which I took his receipts.' —vol. ii. pp. 120, 121.

The colony being now established, we need not go further into the details of Seaward's proceedings, which were all attended with so much good fortune, that he found himself free to pay a long-looked-for visit to England, in 1736. We mention the date, in order to fix the time of the sketches of costume and society which we shall now introduce to the reader's notice. Upon the arrival of the governor and his lady in London, they were, in the first instance, to provide themselves with undress suits *à la mode.*

'Before dinner-time the milliner and mantua-maker arrived; and also a tailor I had sent for. After a long consultation, and much discussion with these important personages, all points were at length settled; and on Saturday evening our undress suits came home. On Sunday morning we prepared for church, a happiness looked forward to by us with pleasure ever since our arrival; and in truth we much needed some spiritual help through the ordinary means of grace, for we felt the high tone of devotional feeling much subdued since we quitted our intertropical paradise. My dear wife being dressed in the new mode, found great difficulty in walking with high heels, not having worn any for more than two years, and those were low compared with the present mode. Her farthingale, too, was cumbrous, and altogether she felt very uncomfortable; a little black hat with feathers being the only tolerable part of her attire. I had less to

complain of, the good taste of my Eliza having decided for me against lace. My suit, therefore, was a plain one, for which I was thankful; deep ruffles had been appended to my shirts at the breast and wrists, my knee and shoe buckles were handsome, and as I would not submit to the torture of a toupee, my head was accommodated with a morning peruke in tie, and a plain hat, with a silver loop and button. Thus attired, we attended divine service in a hired carriage, at the church of St. Martin-le-Grand; and on our return to the hotel, after having dined, we endeavoured to keep alive the good habit of reading the Scriptures.'—vol. ii. pp. 195, 196.

The great object of his ambition was to obtain from the minister, then Sir Robert Walpole, a grant of Seaward Islands, for which, of course, he was prepared to pay a sufficient consideration, in the way of douceurs, then so disgracefully common in all our public departments. Mr. Perry, one of his bankers, of the house of Perry, Child, and Co., undertook to assist him in this negociation, in which also Mrs. Seaward took a considerable part. It is not a a little amusing to contemplate them both in their carriage, in Cheapside, in those days, when the London cries must have been in all their glory.

'My Eliza was not tired waiting for me, but she was glad to see me again, and as I stepped into the coach, my eyes were met by her endearing smile. "My Edward," said she, "I thought I had lost you." As we drove back to the hotel, I would have recounted to her all that had passed between Mr. Perry and myself; but the noise of the wheels, and of carts, and other carriages, and of people bawling about the streets all sorts of things to sell, and chairs to mend, and bellows to mend, as if the crier himself had a pair of blacksmith's bellows within him, she could not make out a single sentence I uttered. I therefore covered my mouth with my hand, which diverted her a good deal, and placing my other hand around her waist to keep her steady, the rough-going coach jolted along, until at length we reached our quiet hotel.'—vol. ii. p. 199.

There is a good deal of character also in the following scenes of preparation, for going out to their banker's dinner party.

'After dinner, Mother Osborne, our hostess, came in, with many courtesies and apologies, saying there was a tire-woman without, she could recommend, and if the Lady Seaward would see her, she should feel obliged. (Mrs. Osborne was an unconscious prophetess.) My dear wife could not resist this; and where is the wife, under similar circumstances, that could? Madame Filibert was introduced, and she commenced her address in French. When she had proceeded for a considerable time with the complimentary prologue, in which "*milady*" and "*beaucoup d'honneur*," were repeated twenty times, my simple-minded Eliza told her she did not understand French; and therefore would only trouble her to show some of the head-dresses, if she had brought any with her, one of which, perhaps, she might take to oblige Mrs. Osborne. Two women were now called in, carrying a large covered wicker basket, out of which were brought indescribable things: they were placed severally on the table; and, to my great amusement, Madame Filibert took them up one after another, putting them on her own head before the looking-glass. One was *charmante*,

another *magnifique*, a third *superbe*; but the fourth—"*O milady, regardez celle là; c'est une tire tête unique. J'avois faite la meme pour sa majesté la Reine.*" It certainly was handsome, being made chiefly of gold tissue, but of a quality far inferior to that we had found in the cave. After some parley, my wife purchased it. "Now," said she, "Madame Filibert, is this the richest tissue of gold that is made?" The tirewoman answered in tolerable English, that nothing in Europe could surpass it; if she did not speak true, she would give it for nothing. "I will not tie you to your word," returned my Eliza, "but I will show you a piece of tissue, with which it cannot be compared." She then went up to the bed-room, and brought down a piece of the plain gold; two of the four being richly wrought. The tirewoman, at sight of it, expressed her astonishment, exclaiming "It was all gold! there was never any thing like it seen in Europe! it was certainly from Persia, or China, or the gold mines." She anxiously desired a little bit of it, which my dear wife would have given to her; but at my whisper that some possible mischief might come out of it, she politely declined complying with Madame Filibert's wish: so the business concluded with her by paying for the tire she had chosen; on which Madame, with her women, made their obeisance and departed. This scene afforded us abundance of pleasantry for the evening.

'On the following day we received an invitation to dinner from Mr. and Mrs. Child, and in consequence, care was taken that our dress-clothes should be brought home in time. When the day arrived, we dressed: my dear wife's brocade was rich, and no doubt highly fashionable; the hoop large; the ruffles were of blonde, and she wore the tire purchased of Madame Filibert. I had presented her with a diamond necklace and ear-rings, the price of which is the only secret I ever kept from her in my life; but she placed it to the right account, and accepted them, as I gave them, with feelings of deep regard. My suit was embroidered velvet, with white silk stockings, and a peruke in the best mode. As I took her hand to lead her down stairs to the carriage, she looked up at me with her own sweet smile, saying, "My Edward has given me a diamond necklace and ear-rings,—will he stop at the jeweller's, and give his Eliza a diamond ring also?"—"With the greatest pleasure, my beloved," I replied. The coachman was then ordered to stop on Ludgate-hill, at Harding's, where we both got out; and I was proceeding to choose for her a ring. "No, Edward," she said, "I must be selfish for once; it must be of my own choosing, and the finest brilliant I can find." In a little time she fixed her eye on a splendid gem, elegantly set, but not a lady's ring; then taking my hand, she put it on my finger, saying, "It is here I shall always love to see my brilliant:" then raising my hand to her lips, added to it a mark of her affection more precious than the gem itself.'—vol. ii. pp. 200—202.

The intelligent reader will hardly be surprised at the exposition which follows, of the conversation at the dinner table. The character of Gil Blas again breaks out in Seaward, in his intercourse with Mr. Powis.

'The company were numerous and somewhat gorgeously attired; the dinner was sumptuous; and the liveries of the servants vied with their masters in the richness of the lace on their coats. We got through the ceremonies pretty well; but felt no inclination to copy the tone of conver-

sation that was kept up afterwards. The subjects were low, and some of the expressions worse than low : the ribaldry of Fielding seemed to be the standard of wit, and some of the coarsest jokes of the Dean the signal for a general laugh; the ladies drank rather freely, and few of them were without a snuff-box. I perceived early in the afternoon, how much my dear Eliza was disgusted with the society around her, although the ladies commended her fine taste, and more than one gentleman told her she was an angel. In the evening Mrs. Child pressed her to take a seat at the quadrille table; and, although she knew little of the game, politeness obliged her not to refuse. In the course of the evening, a gentleman, Mr. Powis, who, with myself, had refused cards, engaged me in conversation. He talked on a variety of political subjects, with the merits of which I was totally unacquainted; I, however, listened with great attention, being glad of an opportunity to pick up information in any way; and, as I listened with attention, so I took care not to disclose my ignorance, but masked it by a well-timed assent, now and then adding a short, but, I hope, pertinent remark. He told Mr. Child the next day, I was one of the most sensible men he had conversed with for many years. The truth is, he went on flowingly from subject to subject for an hour, without my ever crossing his path; and, if I stopped him a moment, it was only to set him off again with increased vigour and self-approbation; and therefore, forsooth, I was the most sensible man he had conversed with for many years! A moralist might adduce a maxim, by no means contemptible, from this man's folly:—*It is easier to listen than talk yourself into some people's good opinion.* However, Mr. Powis took a fancy to me in consequence, and afterwards, if I am not mistaken, interested himself to serve me.'—vol. ii. pp. 202—204.

The efforts made by Mrs. Child and her friends to induce Mrs. Seaward to enter the circles of fashionable life, and to set up for a fine lady, are most happily described, but they savour more of the novel than any other portion of this production. We have a characteristic sketch of an interview between Seaward and Sir R. Walpole, and a probable, as well as an amusing account of the intrigues and bribes to which it was necessary for the former to resort, in order to obtain the object of his ambition, in which he at length succeeds. He and his lady are presented at court, where he receives the honour of knighthood; he is subsequently confirmed in the command of the islands, after which he pays a visit to Gloucestershire, purchases an estate, and wanders, with inexpressible delight, over the scenes of his own and his dear wife's childhood. His career, after this period, becomes less interesting. Returning to his islands, he becomes engaged in the war that broke out with Spain in 1739, and the strain of the composition is altogether changed. The scenes that enchanted us in the earlier part of the work no longer appear. They are lost sight of amid a variety of dangers and vicissitudes in which Sir Edward is involved; and after all his sufferings, he sees, with indescribable mortification, his islands surrendered at the peace to the crown of Spain. But although there be this striking difference between the earlier and latter portions of the work, we may assure the reader that his in-

terest in the tale will not grow cold. The spirit-stirring sounds of human contention, hair-breadth escapes, and sketches of the men who influenced the events of that war, though opposed in all things to the rural tranquillity and happiness which was the lot of our hero and heroine at the outset of their lives, nevertheless possess charms of their own, which do not lose by the contrast. We fully agree in the judgment which Miss Jane Porter has passed upon these scenes of battle, which she describes as 'admirable for their painting, both with regard to the events themselves, and the living personages to whom they introduce us—reminding us of the pictures of Hogarth and of Wilkie, and bringing before us the incident and the actors just as they were, simple, natural, and true to the fact.'

ART. V.—*The History of English Dramatic Poetry, to the time of Shakespeare: and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration.* By J. P. Collier, Esq., F.S.A. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Murray. 1831.

THIS work, which must have cost Mr. Collier a world of labour, supplies, in some degree, a desideratum that has long been felt in English literature. Several authors have incidentally touched upon the history of our dramatic poetry; but no one has hitherto attempted to trace it from its infancy upwards, so as to give us a complete view of that most interesting department of composition. Mr. Collier has here presented us with the commencement, or rather, indeed, with some of the materials of such a history; ascending to the origin of our dramatic productions, he pursues them down to the time of Shakespeare, doubtless with the intention of carrying forward his task to the period in which we live. He will thus be the historian, not only of the rise and progress of our dramatic poetry, but also of its decline; and it may possibly be reserved for him to make some suggestions for rescuing that branch of our literature, once so pre-eminent above all others, from its present deplorable state of degradation. Intimately connected with this subject, is the history of the different theatres, which have existed in London, or its vicinity: to these Mr. Collier has paid a degree of attention, that shews he was dealing with a favourite theme. Indeed, he must have devoted many years, (he says twenty), to the collection of the data from which his volumes have been framed. They every where indicate a most indefatigable, as well as a most successful system of investigation. Many facts that have hitherto lain concealed in manuscripts—and in manuscripts, too, from which dramatic information could hardly have been expected—are here produced and rendered available, which had either been unknown to Malone, Steevens, Reed, and Chaloner, or had been neglected by them. These facts have been carefully gleaned from documents which the author found in the State-paper

and Privy Council Office, and in the Chapter House, Westminster, —documents, amongst which were unopened patents to different companies of players, accounts of royal revels, and books of the domestic expenses of our kings and nobility, which had hitherto been wholly unexamined. In the British Museum, also, though open to authors who have written upon this subject, many manuscripts have been placed in requisition by Mr. Collier, which had been passed over with very little notice by his predecessors. 'From the Burghley Papers,' says the author, 'scarcely a single fact had been preserved, although nearly every volume contained matters of importance; and the Harleian, Cottonian, and Royal MSS. had been only cursorily and hastily inspected. In these I met with letters from, and concerning, our most notorious poets, the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakespeare; and in a Diary kept by an intelligent barrister, who lived while our great dramatist was in the zenith of his popularity, I found original and authentic notices and anecdotes of him, Spenser, Johnson, Marston, and other distinguished authors of the time. It occupied me some years to go through the voluminous collections in the Museum; but I never had occasion to regret the mis-spending of a single hour so employed.'

From the nature of the materials, it would have seemed to us that Mr. Collier might have comprised the whole, with great advantage, under the single title of a History of Dramatic Poetry. He has, however, broken his subject into three divisions:—1st. Annals of the Stage;—2nd. A History of Dramatic Poetry;—and, 3rd. An Account of Theatres and their Appurtenances;—thus separating, most unnecessarily, topics which might have immediately followed each other, with equal convenience to the writer and the reader. The annals might very easily have been interwoven with the history; and the details connected with the theatres would have served to diversify the other portions of the matter. One of the consequences of the present arrangement is this,—that the author is obliged, occasionally, either to repeat in brief what he had already written in an extended form, or to have frequent references to it, which are unsatisfactory to the reader, as they serve to perplex his mind and to augment his labour. In another point of view Mr. Collier has materially injured his work, by the injudicious disjunction of topics which seemed to have been naturally allied: for it has prevented him from giving to his labours that digested and compact form, which is essential to a composition intended to take a place in the standard literature of the country. He has, indeed, in the volumes now before us, gathered together a multiplicity of new, interesting, and authentic facts, of which some able successor may avail himself in the preparation of such a composition; but he ought to have executed it himself. His style never reaches any degree of dignity. He writes always clearly, but, at the same time, in the hum-drum manner of a compiler of anti-

quarian lore, who is much more anxious about the intelligence which he has to disclose, than about clothing it in the most permanent form of expression.

Perhaps the most valuable part of Mr. Collier's researches will be considered to be that, in which he treats of the Miracle-plays, sometimes, and not erroneously (as he thinks), called Mysteries, as the source of our national drama. He conceives, with a great degree of probability, that we are indebted for them to France. He traces the connexion between them and the Moral plays, or Moralities, represented by allegorical personages, which finally superseded the Miracle-plays, and shews how the Moralities, in turn, gave way to Tragedy and Comedy, by the gradual introduction of characters existing, or supposed to exist, in actual life. This course of observation leads him into an elaborate review of most of the principal moral plays in our language, whether printed or manuscript, amongst which the reader will find some very curious specimens of the imaginative powers of our ancestors. He next traces the growth of Tragedy and Comedy from their birth, to the period of their maturity under the auspices of Shakespeare, a view of his subject which has led him into a field that had been almost unoccupied, the examination of the predecessors and earlier contemporaries of that matchless ornament of our country. The inquiries of Mr. Collier have enabled him to refute the assertion of Dryden, that Shakespeare "created the stage amongst us;" to shew that 'in truth it was created by no one man, and in no one age; and that whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, when he began to write for the stage, our romantic drama was completely formed and firmly established.'

It will, perhaps, be new to some of our readers to learn, that there is well-authenticated evidence of the performance of Miracle-plays in England, so early as the period intervening between the years 1170 and 1182. In the course of time the cities of Chester and Coventry became famous for these representations, which were generally taken from Scriptural subjects, and occasionally from the lives of the saints. It is recorded, that when the Emperor Sigismund (1416) came to England for the purpose of mediating a peace between this country and France, he was magnificently entertained at Windsor; and amongst other exhibitions got up for the occasion, was a kind of play, founded upon certain traditional or fabulous incidents in the life of St. George; consisting, first, of the arriving of the saint, and an angel fastening on his spurs; secondly, St. George riding and fighting with the dragon, with his spear in his hand; and thirdly, to use the quaint language of the chronicle in the Cottonian collection, "a castel, and Seint George and the kynges daughter ledying the lambe in at the castel gates." It does not appear, however, whether this exhibition was carried on by means of performers, or by show of puppets or other figures, assisted by scenery. There seems to be no trace of the

existence of itinerant players before the reign of Henry VI. During that reign, and after it, they are frequently mentioned, sometimes as minstrels, sometimes as servants of the king or the nobility. The Drury Lane performers still retain the title of His Majesty's servants. At no period do dramatic performances seem to have been much approved of in the city of London. In the year 1576, we find the Lord Mayor and Corporation remonstrating strongly against them, in an address presented on the subject to the Privy Council, when the following remedies were proposed, though not sanctioned, by the latter body, probably in consequence of the favour in which such entertainments had always been held by the aristocracy.

'"That they hold them content with playeng in private houses at weddings, &c., without publike assemblies.

'"If more be thought good to be tolerated, that then they be restrained to the orders in the act of common Counsel, *tempore* Hawes.

'"That they play not openly till the whole death in London haue ben xx daies vnder 50 a weke, nor longer than it shal so continue.

'"That no playes be on the sabbat.

'"That no playeng be on holydaies, but after evening prayer, nor any received into the auditorie till after evening prayer.

'"That no playeng be in the dark, nor continue any such time but as any of the auditorie may returne to their dwellings in London before sonne set, or at least before it be dark.

'"That the Quenes players only be tolerated, and of them their number, and certaine names, to be notified in your Llps. lettres to the L. Maior and to the Justices of Middx and Surrey. And those her players not to divide themselves into several companies.

'"That for breaking any of these orders their toleration cease." '—vol. i. pp. 225, 226.

In consequence of the aversion of the corporate authorities from these diversions, probably on account of the loss of time and money which they caused to the city apprentices, the players withdrew from the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction altogether, and erected, in the precinct of the dissolved monastery of Blackfriars, a theatre, which is said to have been one of the most ancient of English playhouses. Another building, called "The Theatre," *par excellence*, was constructed in Shoreditch, near which was established a third, under the name of "The Curtain." An old satirical epigram, which has been preserved in manuscript, shews the feelings with which the actors of the day contemplated the hostility of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London.

'"THE FOOLES OF THE CITTIE.

'List unto my dittye
'Alas! the more the pittye,
'From Troynovaunts olde cittie
'The Aldermen and Maier
'Have driven eche poore plaier:

'The cause I will declaer.
'They wiselye doe complaine
'Of Wilson and Jack Lane,
'And them who doe maintaine,
'And stablishe as a rule
'Not one shall play the foole
'But they—a worthye scoole.
'Without a pipe and taber,
'They onely meane to laber
'To teche eche oxe-hed neyber.
'This is the cause and reason,
'At every tyme and season,
'That Playes are worse then treason."'—vol. i. p. 231.

The dramatic art had already been, in various ways, gradually extending itself over other parts of the kingdom. At Court it had been highly favoured, and placed under the special protection of the Master of the Revels, whose business it was to provide plays and shows for the royal family and their guests. The Inns of Court were also famous for their theatrical exhibitions. Gray's Inn outshone all the others in the splendour and excellence of its entertainments, which were carried on in the Hall. Even in the liberties of the city, however, the actors were not without opponents. Upon the occurrence of the slightest accident to a city apprentice, their theatres were threatened to be pulled down by the corporate authorities. A very remarkable petition, to which the immortal name of William Shakespeare is appended, and which appears to have been presented to the Privy Council in 1596, shows the difficulties under which the Blackfriars Theatre then laboured, discountenanced as it was by the prejudices of the age.

'The Blackfriars Theatre, built in 1576, seems, after the lapse of twenty years, to have required extensive repairs, if, indeed, it were not, at the end of that period, entirely rebuilt. This undertaking, in 1596, seems to have alarmed some of the inhabitants of the Liberty; and not a few of them, "some of honour," petitioned the Privy Council, in order that the players might not be allowed to complete it, and that their farther performances in that precinct might be prevented. A copy of the document, containing this request, is preserved in the State Paper Office, and to it is appended a much more curious paper—a counter petition by the Lord Chamberlain's players, entreating that they might be permitted to continue their work upon the theatre, in order to render it more commodious, and that their performances there might not be interrupted. It does not appear to be the original, but a copy, without the signatures, and it contains, at the commencement, an enumeration of the principal actors who were parties to it. They occur in the following order, and it will be instantly remarked, not only that the name of Shakespeare is found among them, but that he comes fifth in the enumeration:—

'"Thomas Pope,	"William Shakespeare,
"Richard Burbage,	"William Kempe,
"John Hemings,	"William Slye,
"Augustine Phillips,	"Nicholas Tooley.

'This remarkable paper has, perhaps, never seen the light from the moment it was presented, until it was very recently discovered. It is seven years anterior to the date of any other authentic record, which contains the name of our great dramatist, and it may warrant various conjectures as to the rank he held in the company in 1596, as a poet and as a player. It is in these terms:—

'"To the right honourable the Lords of her Majesties most honourable Privie Councell.

'"The humble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servaunts to the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine to her Majestie.

'"Sheweth most humbly, that your Petitioners are owners and players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and libertie of Blackfriers, which hath beene, for many yeares, used and occupied for the playing of tragedies, commedies, histories, enterludes, and playes. That the same, by reason of its having been so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that besides the reparation thereof, it has beene found necessarie to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto. That to this end your Petitioners have all and eche of them put down sommes of money, according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their qualitie of stage-players; but that certaine persons (some of them of honour) inhabitants of the said precinct and libertie of Blackfriers have, as your Petitioners are infourmed, besought your honourable Lordshipps not to permitt the said private house any longer to remaine open, but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injurie of your Petitioners, who have no other meanes whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their qualitie as they have heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season your Petitioners are able to playe at their new built house, on the Bankside, calde the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriers; and if your honourable Lordshipps give consent unto that which is prayde against your Petitioners, they will not onely, while the winter endures, loose the meanes whereby they now support them selves and their families, but be unable to practise them selves in anie playes or enterludes, when called upon to perform for the recreation and solace of her Ma^tie^ and her honourable Court, as they have been heretofore accustomed. The humble prayer of your Petitioners therefore is, that your honourable Lordshipps will grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun; and as your Petitioners have hitherto been well ordered in their behaviour, and just in their dealings, that your honourable Lordshipps will not inhibit them from acting at their above namde private house, in the precinct and libertie of Blackfriers, and your Petitioners, as in dutie most bounden, will ever pray for the increasing honor and happinesse of your honorable Lordshipps.'"—vol. i. pp. 297—300.

Mr. Collier has gleaned together two or three new facts relating to Shakespeare, one of which ought to have been omitted for its indecency. Indeed we must remark that the enthusiasm of the antiquary often prevails, in the author of these volumes, over the

gravity of the moralist. He acts, in general, under the feeling, that he would not be justified in suppressing an anecdote which he had discovered to be authentic, and which had not been published before; and this feeling, he seems to think, affords a sufficient apology for expressions and allusions of the coarsest nature. We do not agree in the propriety of the rule which he has laid down for his guidance; we can never be induced to believe that any department of literature, whether it be history, or the drama, poetry, or biography, can be benefitted at the expense of modesty. One trifling question, with respect to the time when "Twelfth Night" was written, Mr. Collier has been enabled to settle.

'The period when he wrote his *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, has been much disputed among the commentators. Tyrwhitt was inclined to fix it in 1614, and Malone for some years was of the same opinion; but he afterwards changed the date he had adopted to 1607. Chalmers thought he found circumstances in the play to justify him in naming 1613, but what I am about to quote affords a striking, and at the same time a rarely occurring, and convincing proof, how little these conjectures merit confidence. That comedy was indisputably written before 1602, for in February of that year, it was an established play, and so much liked, that it was chosen for performance at the Reader's Feast on Candlemas day, at the Inn of Court to which the author of this diary belonged,—most likely the Middle Temple, which at that date was famous for its costly entertainments. After reading the following quotation, it is utterly impossible, although the name of the poet be not mentioned, to feel a moment's doubt as to the identity of the play there described, and the production of Shakespeare.

'"Feb. 2, 1601 [-2.]

'"At our feast we had a play called *Twelve Night, or What You Will*, much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad."

'At this date, we may conclude with tolerable safety that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* had been recently brought out at the Black-friars Theatre, and that its excellence and success had induced the managers of the Reader's Feast to select it for performance, as part of the entertainments on that occasion. There is no reason to suppose that any of Shakespeare's productions were represented for the first time any where but at a theatre. The *Comedy of Errors* noticed in the preceding extract, was no doubt also Shakespeare's work mentioned by Meres in 1598, and not the old *History of Error* performed at Hampton Court in 1576-7. The *Menechmi*, likewise spoken of, was of course the play of Plautus, as translated by W. W., and printed in 1595. Should the Italian comedy, called *Inganni*, turn up, we shall probably find in it the actual original of *Twelfth Night*, which, it has been hitherto supposed, was founded upon the story of *Apollonius and Silla*, in Barnabe Rich's *Farewell to Militarie Profes-*

sion, twice printed, *viz.* in 1583 and 1606. It is remarkable, that this is the only notice of a play throughout the diary; and although the author of it went much into company, he does not appear on any occasion to have visited a public theatre. He was very regular in his attendance at church, both at the Temple and St. Paul's, and inserts long accounts of the preachers and their sermons.'—vol. i. pp. 327—329.

It would appear that the Queen (Elizabeth) was a strenuous patron of every kind of theatrical entertainment, and all sorts of sports. Plays, interludes, masks, and the performances of tumblers, were frequently exhibited for the amusement of her court; and she even condescended, occasionally, to draw mottoes from the Wheel of Fortune, a favourite game of the day. We are told, that on going to dine at Sir Robert Cecil's house, in the Strand, Her Majesty was much gratified by the representation of an extempore piece, in which a contest for superiority of station was carried on by a maid, a widow, and a wife, the scene terminating in favour of the former, out of compliment to the virgin condition of the Queen. On the same occasion, a Turk solicited admission to Her Majesty's presence, without the usual preliminaries of etiquette; the stranger was admitted, and conversed with Her Majesty in various languages; and, in token of his admiration of her wonderful talents, presented her with a rich mantle. This was another scene, concerted for the gratification of her vanity, by Sir Robert Cecil. A retrospective view of dramatic performances, and of the history of the theatres in existence at the close of Elizabeth's reign, presents us with a brief summary of much that Mr. Collier has collected upon these subjects.

'The earliest performances in London, after the disuse of Miracle-plays and the decline of Morals, took place upon "scaffolds, frames, and stages," erected in the yards of "great inns." The Orders of the Corporation of 1575, from which I quote, were directed against such exhibitions, mainly on the ground, that chambers, adjoining the galleries that surrounded the inn-yards, were made the scenes of great immorality. Those orders contain nothing regarding any buildings appropriated to theatrical representations, because such as then existed were not within the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen: the inn-yards, to which their objections are confined, were within the limits of the city. We have seen that, in 1557, the Boar's Head, Aldgate, was used for the purpose of representing a piece called *A Sack full of News*, and Stephen Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions the Bell-savage, on Ludgate-hill, and the Bull, as inns at which dramatic performances took place.

'Malone quotes the same author's *Playes confuted in five Actions*, to shew that "about the year 1570, one or two regular playhouses were erected;" but that tract was not printed until full ten years afterwards, and it serves to fix no date. Although Malone was not aware of the existence of any earlier authority on the point, he was probably right in his conjecture. In 1575, at least, there must have been several "regular play-houses," not indeed in London, but in its immediate vicinity. In that year, it has been shown, that the Queen's Players presented a petition to the Privy Council, praying authority to perform within the city, "the season of the

year being past to play *at any of the houses* without the city." The season for performing in the suburbs was the summer, when people could walk out to the play, or go thither in boats, and in the winter the actors were anxious to be allowed to exhibit within the walls.

'The Queen's players inform us, that there were "houses" for the purpose, but they mention none of them: we first learn the names of two from John Northbrooke's *Treatise, wherein Dicing, Davncing, Vaine Playes or Enterluds, &c., are reproved*, which was licensed, and therefore ready for the press in 1577. They are there called "the Theatre" and "the Curtaine;" and that they were both situated near each other in Shoreditch, we know from the first edition of Stow's Survey, 1599, although Malone, Chalmers, and others, from consulting only later impressions, have confounded "the Theatre," with the play-house in Blackfriars. Recorder Fleetwood, fifteen years before Stow's Survey was published, in a letter to Lord Burghley (cited in the preceding Annals of the Stage, under the transactions of 1584), also speaks of a circumstance that had occurred "very near the Theatre or Curtain," as if they were contiguous. "The Theatre" was called so emphatically, as a place devoted to the exhibition of dramatic representations; and "the Curtain" was so named, probably, on account of the sign there hung out, indicative of the nature of the performances within.

'The Blackfriars Theatre was erected in 1576, by James Burbadge and others, who had obtained the patent for playing in 1574. They commenced this undertaking in the liberties, in consequence of the Orders of the Lord Mayor and Common Council of the city in 1575, excluding players from all places within their jurisdiction. It is not mentioned by John Northbrooke, either because it was not finished when he wrote, or because it was a private house, and not so liable to objection as the two theatres he names. Stephen Gosson speaks of the Blackfriars in his *Playes confuted in five Actions*, printed about 1581. It continued in its original state until 1596, when it was in the hands of Richard Burbadge, Shakespeare, and others, and when it was enlarged and repaired, if not entirely rebuilt.

'A theatre also existed at an early date in the liberty of the Whitefriars, and perhaps it owed its origin to the same cause as the Blackfriars, although we have no trace of it at that period. Malone cites Richard Reulidge's *Monster lately found out and discovered*, printed in 1628, to show that the Whitefriars Theatre was in being in 1580, but that author speaks very loosely and uncertainly on the point. The probability is, that it was built in 1576.

'Paris Garden was used for the baiting of bears, and other animals, in the reign of Henry VIII., but we can only conjecture as to the date when it began to be employed also as a building for the exhibition of plays. Thomas Nash, in his *Strange Newes, &c.*, printed in 1592, mentions the performance of puppets there; and Dekker, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602, asserts that Ben Jonson had acted there.

'As early as 1586, there was a playhouse at Newington Butts, for the amusement of the citizens who went thither in the summer; and we find from Henslowe's papers, that many popular plays were represented at that theatre in 1594.

'The Rose Theatre on the Bankside, not far west of the foot of London Bridge, was probably constructed prior to 1587. It was repaired extensively by Philip Henslowe in 1591, and was in the possession of the Lord Admiral's company of players in 1593.

'The Hope Theatre, near the same situation, was possibly constructed about the same time, but the information regarding it is still more scanty and inconclusive.

'The Globe on the Bankside, which also belonged to the Blackfriars' company (the first being used as their summer, and the last as their winter house), was built in 1594: at least, we may pretty safely infer that such was the date of its origin, by the discovery of a bond, dated 22nd of December, 1593, given by Richard Burbadge, for the due performance of covenants, on his part, connected with its construction. Here, and at the Blackfriars' Theatre, all Shakespeare's plays were first performed.

'It seems probable, that the Swan was not built until after the Globe: theatrical representations took place there in 1598.

'The last theatre erected while Elizabeth was upon the throne, was the Fortune, in Golding-lane, Whitecross-street. It was projected by Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn in 1599, and it was finished before the close of the year 1600.

'The foundation of these theatres can be certainly traced prior to the year 1600; and we hear of others early in the reign of James I., which, possibly, were erected before the demise of Elizabeth, although we are without any conclusive evidence upon the point. The children of St. Paul's also, at an early date, acted plays in the room appropriated to their education; but, independent of this, and some other infant companies, (the rise of which is noticed under the proper head hereafter,) it appears certain, that between about 1570 and 1600, no less than eleven places had been constructed for, or were applied to, the purpose of dramatic exhibitions. They were these:—

The Theatre, built about	1570
The Curtain	1570
The Blackfriars	1576
The Whitefriars	1576
The Newington Theatre	1580
The Rose	1585
The Hope	1585
Paris Garden Playhouse	1588
The Globe	1594
The Swan	1595
The Fortune	1599

'Although an attempt was made, on the building of the Fortune in 1599, to limit theatres to only two, it seems to have entirely failed; and at the death of Elizabeth, most, if not all the theatres above enumerated, were open. The employment of inn-yards for the performance of plays was discontinued, as regular houses of the kind were established.'—vol. i. pp. 338—343.

We have already alluded to the masks and other theatrical exhibitions, which were occasionally given by the Inns of Court. It appears that they all joined, on the 3rd of February, 1634, in the presentation, with extraordinary splendour, of a mask called "The Triumph of Peace," written by Shirley, the scenes and machinery of which were invented by Inigo Jones. The whole expense of the entertainment, which was performed before the King (Charles I.) and Queen, exceeded the sum of 11,000*l.* A private letter which Mr.

Collier has discovered, written by Justinian Paget to his cousin Tremyll, establishes the fact, that this mask afforded so much pleasure to the Court, that it was repeated before His Majesty at Merchant Tailor's Hall.

'"I have sent you a booke of our Masque, which was presented on munday last, with much applause and commendation from the K and Queene and all the spectators. The K and Q supt that night at Salisbury House, and there saw us ride in the streetes, after which they presently went by water to White-hall, and there saw us again from the long gallery at the upper end of the tilting yard. When the masque was ended, we all kissed the K and Queenes hand, and then were conducted by my Lord Chamberlain and other Lords to a rich banquet, whether the K and Q came, and took a taste, and then graciously smiling upon us, left us to the sole enjoying of that well furnisht table, with strict command that not any should touch a bitt but ourselves. The next day the K sent for our Marshall, Mr. Thomas Dorrell, of Lincolns Inn, and Knighted him. And being much pleased and taken with the sight, hath sent to us to ride againe on Tuesday next to Merchant Taylers Hall, in the same manner as we rode to White-hall, and there to meet his Maty at supper, and to present our Masque. Sir Henry Vayne, and other great travellers say they never saw such a sight in any part of the world.'"—vol. ii. pp. 60, 61.

In the same year was acted, for the first time, Shirley's "Gamester," the plot of which, it is stated in Sir H. Herbert's Register, was furnished by the King, who, throughout his reign, afforded the utmost encouragement to the drama. During the Commonwealth, the theatres were, for the most part, closed; all such vanities having been discountenanced, by the puritanism which then ruled the councils of the state. We need hardly say, that at the restoration the English drama was revived in all its splendour.

It will be unnecessary for us to follow Mr. Collier through his reviews of the various Miracle-plays, of which manuscript and printed copies have been placed in his hands. He has been enabled, by the various resources from which he has had the good fortune to receive assistance, to furnish the most complete account that exists in our own, or perhaps in any other language, of these ancient and curious performances. We shall content ourselves with the piece entitled "Creation of the World, Rebellion of Lucifer, and Death of Abel;" referring to the work itself those readers, who may desire further acquaintance with the subject.

'The first Play, or Pageant, of the Widkirk collection, includes the Widkirk Creation, with the rebellion and expulsion of Lucifer and his adherents. The Deity thus commences:

'"Ego sum alpha et o:
"I am the first the last also,
"Oone god in majestie,
"Mervelus of myght most,
"Fader and son and holy goost,
"On god in trinyte."

'The work of creation is then begun, and after the cherubims have sung,

the Deity descends from his throne and goes out: Lucifer usurps it, and asks the angels

'" Gay felows, how semys now me?"

The good and bad angels disagree as to his appearance; but the dispute is terminated by the return of the Deity, who expels Satan and his adherents from heaven. Adam and Eve are then created in Paradise, and this piece ends with a speech from Satan, lamenting their felicity. Of the temptation and fall of man we hear nothing, the second play relating to the murder of Abel. It is opened by Cain's ploughboy, called *Garçon*, with a sort of prologue, in which, among other things, he warns the spectators to be silent. It opens thus:—

'" All hayll, all hayll, both blithe and glad,
" For here com I, a mery lad.
" Be peasse youre dyn, my masters bad,
" Or els the devill you spede.....
" Felowes, here I you forbede
" To make nother nose ne cry:
" Whoso is so hardy to do that dede,
" The devill hang hym up to dry."

'Cain enters with a plough and a team, one of his mares being named "Donnyng:" he quarrels with the *Garçon*, because he will not drive for him, after which Abel arrives, and wishes that "God may speed Cain, and his man."—Cain replies unceremoniously, desiring his brother to kiss the least honourable part of his person. The murder afterwards takes place, and Cain hides himself:—

'" *Deus.* Cayn, Cayn!
" *Cayn.* Who is that callis me?
" I am yonder, may thou not se.
" *Deus.* Cayn, where is thy brother Abell?
" *Cayn.* What asks thou me?—I trow, in hell;
" At hell, I trow, he be:
" Who so were ther then myght he se."

'Cain, having been cursed, calls the boy and beats him "but to use his hand:" he acknowledges that he has slain his brother, and the boy advises running away, lest "the bayles us take." This is followed by some gross buffoonery, Cain making a mock proclamation "in the King's name," and the boy repeating it blunderingly after him. Cain sends him away with the plough and horses, and ends the pageant with a speech to the spectators, bidding them farewell for ever, before he goes to the devil.'—vol. ii. pp. 157—159.

After treating very copiously of the Miracle-plays, the author follows up the history of the drama through the "Moralities," to the period when it became conversant with the real or supposed characters of actual life. He then proceeds to give a full account of the dramatic predecessors of Shakespeare, which is characterized by his wonted research, and great critical acumen.

The most popular portion of the work is, however, compressed in a few pages towards the close of the third volume, in which many interesting chit-chat details are collected concerning the perform-

ance of plays. From these particulars it would appear, that the dramatic representations which were carried on in the inn-yards in the city, as well as in the public theatres afterwards, generally took place in the day-time. At the public theatres, such as the Fortune and Red Bull, the prices of admission varied from sixpence to twopence, the latter being in general the rate for the galleries. In the time of Shakespeare, the price of admission to the best boxes was one shilling. It was the practice of the day for young men of fashion to sit upon the stage, upon a stool or tripos, for which the same sum was commonly paid. At this period it would seem, that moveable painted scenery had not been much, if at all, used in the theatres. Steeples, rocks, tombs and trees, and other such articles, were, however, frequently introduced upon the stage, and the gods and godesses were lowered from their heaven, and elevated to it, by means of pullies. If it had not been convenient to represent to the eye a town or a house, the name was simply written upon a board, and that was deemed sufficient. Until after the Restoration, the curtains, which were usually composed of arras and worsted, ran upon a rod in front of the stage, and opened in the centre. The stage, in which there were trap doors, was usually strewed with rushes; upon extraordinary occasions it was matted. Each theatre had a sign outside it, and when the performances were about to begin, and while they continued, a flag was hoisted at the top, to give notice. Inigo Jones is said to be the first inventor of moveable scenes in this country, which do not appear to have been frequently introduced upon the stage until the reign of Charles I. Even then the custom continued of writing in large letters upon the scene, not only the name of the place in which the action was laid, but also the title of the play. In the regular theatres, the performances commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon, and seldom were extended beyond the period of two hours, only one dramatic piece being represented, which was generally followed by a jig, "the more cheerfully to dismiss the spectators." The jig was not a mere dance, in the sense which we attach to the term. 'It seems,' says Mr. Collier, 'to have been a ludicrous composition in rhyme, sung, or said, by the clown, and accompanied by dancing and playing upon the pipe and tabor.' In the earliest period of the stage, the announcement of the intention to exhibit theatrical performances was made by sound of trumpet, by persons called vexillators, who were employed for that purpose. The same purpose was accomplished by beat of drum, a practice which we ourselves witnessed in the country, not many years ago. Soon after the invention of printing, however, bills were introduced. Dramatic poets, many of whom were also actors, were admitted into the theatres gratis. When plays were first printed, those in blank verse were printed in the form of prose, in order to economise the page, and render the book saleable at a popular price. The copyright of a play was, in 1612, about £12, and at that

period, those who were ambitious of having a play dedicated to them, paid £2 for the honour. The actors, at least the principal members of the company, were generally share-holders, and the profits of the establishment were divided amongst them by way of salary. Music seems to have been introduced into theatres from a very early period.

ART. VI.—*An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man.* In three volumes. 8vo. By Thomas Hope. London: Murray. 1831.

IT was pretty generally known in the literary circles, that for several years before his death, Mr. Hope had given himself up, without a thought of any other occupation, to philosophical and metaphysical pursuits, and that it was his intention to present to the world the result of his labours. There was something more than commonly interesting in the expectations which were formed, from the application of such a mind as his, to subjects which now so rarely engage the attention of learned men, and which have, hitherto, been treated in an unsatisfactory manner. The spectacle of a gentleman of distinguished rank and ample fortune, who had already gained an enviable celebrity in letters, who was surrounded by all the luxuries which this life could bestow,—a splendid country seat in the bosom of the most enchanting scenery; a wife whom he worshipped, a family which he tenderly loved; society of the most intellectual, as well as the most fashionable description; an extensive library; numerous works of art of the most exquisite character,—the spectacle of a highly accomplished individual, thus withdrawing from the most attractive scenes of life, and devoting himself with ardour, for many years, to the contemplation of the origin and prospects of his fellow-creatures, was calculated greatly to augment the general curiosity, and to prepare us to receive a bequest, made under the solemn sanction of the tomb, with the greatest respect.

'I have already,' says the author, in his Introduction, 'during the best period of my existence, not only sacrificed social enjoyments to recluse studies, but, moreover, in doing so, greatly impaired my health, and thus lessened my chance of a prolonged existence. I may thus with reason apprehend that by trying to do much better than I have thus far done—by delaying for that purpose much longer to communicate the fruits of my labours—my days may come to an end before my task is completed. I therefore prefer publishing what still remains full of flaws and imperfections, to what, more elaborately finished, might only be doomed to follow me to the grave.' Hence it is impossible not to give Mr. Hope credit, for the utmost sincerity of desire to promote by his labours the general welfare of mankind. Indeed, whatever we, or others, may think of the moral tendency of many

of his opinions; however inconsistent they may be with the facts disclosed, and the doctrines inculcated, in the Sacred Writings, we should deeply wound our own feelings, were we to animadvert upon the very peculiar theories which are maintained in this treatise, in the language of severity. If they be wrong, it is evident that the author strenuously and uniformly endeavoured to be right. There was not a particle of malignity in his disposition. Though he broaches opinions, often at variance with those which are entertained upon the authority of Holy Writ, and though his ideas, upon many points of doctrine, be distinct from those, which the Redeemer came on earth to establish, yet we may say with truth that Mr. Hope always writes in the spirit of a Christian philosopher. His charity is unbounded, and knows of no distinction of persons. He holds out motives for the cultivation of virtue and for aversion from vice, which, to many minds, may carry the force of conviction. Those motives are not founded upon the basis of religion; and so far they must be considered not only imperfect, but liable to condemnation. At the same time, we must acknowledge how very different the work of such a writer as this is from those of a Rousseau, or a D'Alembert. Though Mr. Hope seems to have believed that we might have discovered all it would be useful to us to know, concerning our origin and prospects, and might have fixed upon adequate rules of moral conduct, though we had never received the Bible, yet he would deprive us of none of the consolations which the sacred volume affords. An enthusiastic, and, perhaps, too curious an inquirer, in a sphere bounded on all sides by clouds and darkness, he would seek to lead us to the same results as the Bible does, though by a path of his own formation, or rather, as he thought, of his own discovery. His object was at least amiable, if it be not worthy of praise and imitation. But we shall more than once have reason to lament his want of success in attaining it, and to pity that excessive pride of a fine intellect, which, attempting to execute things far beyond the scope of its limited powers, falls from its towering height, confounded by its ineffectual struggles, and debased by them almost to the wretched state of madness. Gratuitous hypothesis supplies the place of ascertained data; imagination of reason, chimera of inference, and wild and visionary abstractions are set down as consistent and practical theories. The author tells us that he believes in revelation, yet he thinks that the men through whom revelation was made, might be deceived, or might deceive, as he cannot suppose that they differed in any respect from himself. Solicitous, therefore, as he was, that his life here should be prolonged to a happier existence hereafter, he sought ground for his belief of a future state, not in revelation merely, but 'in the unerring course of that nature which, when rightly viewed, admits of no deceit.' In other words, he was of opinion, that natural religion was a much safer one than the religion of the Scriptures, and he conceived that his own reason,

acting by reflection on the objects around him, would arrive, ultimately, at the same results, as those to which revelation points, with this difference, that his conclusions would be more satisfactory and more certain, because they would be attained by the exercise of his own intellectual powers.

Such being the course which he proposed to himself to pursue, he sets out with making an admission, which destroys at once the whole foundation of his theory, namely, that he advances nothing as an absolute certainty. 'That,' he very truly says, 'of which man may be actually certain, amounts to very little!' If this be so, what greater satisfaction, what greater certainty can be attained, by means of the human intellect acting independently of revelation, than in conjunction with it? At most, he admits, our circle of knowledge that is free from error, is limited to sensations of mere time and space—of quantity and number—of touch, taste, smell, hearing, and sight. Even with respect to these sensations, many philosophers have doubted whether we really do acquire any thing like certainty. The sensations of time and space, we submit, are more liable to error than almost any other that we experience. Those who are pleasantly occupied, think and feel that their hours are minutes; while the idle and unhappy believe that their minutes are hours. As to sensations of space, what can be more deceptive than they? not to speak of the variations of taste and smell, which, to different persons, convey so many dissentient ideas, that it is ludicrous to speak of their 'amounting to certainty.' Certainty is truth, and truth is uniform. But if the taste, for instance, tell one man that an object is agreeable, and another that it is disagreeable, there is here no uniformity, no truth, no certainty. Such is the miserable basis upon which this philosopher erects the fabric of his speculations.

As a very natural consequence of this process, instead of bringing his arguments to a fixed and invariable conclusion, he confesses that more than once he had drawn ultimate conclusions, 'wholly opposite to those which he had previously expected to establish!' Instead however, of favouring the world with the conclusions so drawn, he preferred going back to his premises, and remodelling them in every part, until, at length, the system of his reasoning assumed an appearance of consistency, at least, whatever may be said of certainty. We are astonished that the experience which Mr. Hope thus acquired of the fallibility of his own mind, did not convince him that it was incompetent, as every mind must be, unaided by revelation, to deal with such a subject as that which he proposed for examination and developement. 'Whatever system' he says, 'I might already, through dint of much labour, have reared, has again been unhesitatingly sacrificed to the love of truth, the moment that truth seemed to lean on the side of another system, opposite to the former, more probable and better founded. Even when I had, as I thought, attained the very conclusion of my

arduous task, if some new light arose and was reflected back on the parts more early and more fundamental of my theory, so as to give them a new and a different aspect, I have retraced all my steps, retrograded till I again reached the doubtful point, pulled asunder piece by piece the whole superstructed fabric, and, with the new materials added or substituted to the former, remodelled my entire work.' This is an ingenuous acknowledgement, made by a philosopher of a very high order of intellect. But what a picture does it afford us of the limited and erring faculties of the human mind! Yesterday one doctrine, that seemed well established by innumerable reasons: to-day the whole is swept away by a new light that breaks in upon the understanding, and a new system is reared, which is destined the next day to give place to another! What *certainty*, nay what faith, what hope of a future existence, can any man in his senses think of founding upon such a fluctuating basis as this? Let us further hear the admissions of this author, who has ventured to touch upon so mighty a theme.

'A slow and short-sighted mole, creeping underground in the dark, as is each human being, when engaged in the contemplation of objects so high and distant as those here submitted to the reader, I have been content with groping my way, as I was fitted to do, earth to earth. From each truth which I fancied I had mastered, I have advanced the next step only with the utmost caution. When I found myself inextricably arrested in my progress in one direction, I have wriggled round, or turned back, till I found, in another different direction, more to the right or left, another path more circuitous, but more wide, through which I could perceive and pursue the light.

'Ever continuing, in common with all other things created, to move on in space with that intangible point in time called the present, from a past already gone by, to a future not yet come; ever only able from the fleeting perceptions of that fugitive and unfixable present, to infer the past, in its turn, to conjecture the future, I have yet dared, from the small number of events simultaneously and successively experienced by my diminutive self, to draw inferences respecting surrounding things, as remote, one way, as the first creation of matter, and the other, as the final destination of man. If I have dared too much, my work itself will condemn me.'—vol. i. pp. 26, 27.

The course of argument which the author adopted as best fitted for his purpose, necessarily led him into a very extensive examination of physical phenomena, with respect to which, as he was no experimentalist himself, and very little of a natural historian, he depended almost entirely upon the researches of others. For a knowledge of the faculties and movements of the mind, he trusted to his own experience. Having collected as many data as he thought necessary under both these heads, external nature, and the internal faculties of the intellect, his next care is 'to fix the eye more on the unbroken connexion between the different parts of the universe of matter and of mind, than on the distinction of certain of these parts from others.' Thus 'by diving one way,' he adds,

'somewhat deeper than I think has yet been done into the origin of things created, and, by penetrating the other way somewhat further than has yet been attempted, into their furthest, yet unborn consequences and developements,' he hoped 'to display, somewhat more extensively than has yet been attempted, the relations that really exist between all the different external objects, more proximate or more remote, of our feelings and of our thoughts; between those productions of the great primitive cause of all known effects that are earlier, and those that are later; between those that are nearer to, and those that become more distant from, that first cause itself; between the past, the present, and the future, unto their furthest limits.' In other words, if we rightly comprehend this obscure passage, the author set out with the hope of gathering from his own mind, and from the contemplation of external objects, without any assistance from Scripture, arguments sufficient to convince him of the certainty of a future existence: or, as he elsewhere much more clearly expresses his intentions, 'to trace the origin, the vicissitudes, and the final destination of man.'

'But' he observes, 'the very globe on which man first arises, is not a distinct and separate whole. It is only a late, a small, a remote part of an universe of things created, comprehending millions of other globes earlier and larger than our mole-hill, to many of which it is only a mite, and to some of which it owes its own later existence; and that of all the entities of which it becomes gradually composed; nay, to all of which it remains to a certain degree subservient; in so much that we can only of the origin and prospects of the entities that arise on its surface, form a sound judgment, by casting our glance constantly both forward and backward on all the other globes by which we are surrounded.'—vol. i. p. 38.

The theme is undoubtedly well worthy of all the labour which the author has bestowed upon it. But we shall find that he who deems the Scriptures superfluous, for the disclosure of one momentous truth, will not be very apt to submit his understanding to them, upon other points of doctrine and rules of conduct. Having rejected the light of revelation as to the future destiny of man, and imposed upon himself the task of discovering that destiny by the aid of the little lamp which flickered in his own brain, he would, as a matter of course, inculcate, with respect to the essential points of religion, theories which he had borrowed, rather from profane than from sacred antiquity, from the disciples of the Academy rather than from those of Gethsemane, and Mount Olivet.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Hope's work is an impious one, that it is atheistical, and inculcates infidelity and vice; very far from it. The whole scope and tendency of this dissertation is to induce man to believe in the existence of a God, and to practice virtue, as being the only means of our attaining happiness both here and hereafter. But the misfortune is, that the author treats man as if he had been left without any divine light to lead him to truth, or to teach him that he is to practice virtue, not merely be-

cause it is expedient for his own happiness that he should do so, but because it is a homage which it is his duty to render to his Creator. Mr. Hope conceived that he might frame a system of belief, grounded upon human reason, which would have the same results, so far as man is concerned, as faith founded upon revelation. But the difference between the two is fraught with the most extensive consequences. For although we might, under Mr. Hope's guidance, avoid evil, and raise our minds to the contemplation of the Deity, we could learn nothing from such an instructor of the great system of Christianity, which teaches a morality altogether unlike that which mere philosophy can inculcate. He treats of the cardinal virtues of faith, hope, and charity, as *rationally* understood; that is to say, as arising out of his arguments and reflections, and not out of the lessons which the REDEEMER has taught us with so much divine simplicity, and for the practice of which HE has given us such exalted motives.

Mr. Hope's notion of the Deity is, however, if we rightly understand it, very peculiar. He expresses his belief, 'that all modifications of an intellectual nature which we behold, arise partly out of prior modifications still merely *physical*;' and that these latter must arise out of modifications of space and time, of which, he says, 'I call the first cause and author Jehovah, God, the Deity!' He then goes on to say, that all creatures of the Deity are integral parts of itself, or, in other words, that we human beings, for instance, are so many peculiar forms which the Deity successively assumes, 'not only to make, but, in our name and under our appearance, to receive, the peculiar sensations, and even for a time to experience the peculiar ignorance or lack of sensation to which we creatures are liable.' According to this doctrine, the Deity, in the first place, would be occasionally reduced to the limited and imperfect state of our intellect, which is contrary to his attributes of omniscience and perfection; and we, instead of having been created, as the Scriptures inform us, to the likeness of God, are, as Mr. Hope expresses it, 'all parts of the Deity.' This doctrine is not indeed new; but we think it is a little startling: for, if we be portions of God, how can we err? what becomes of our free will? why was it necessary that we should have been redeemed?

But this is not the only startling part of Mr. Hope's theory. Another principle, which runs throughout his dissertation, is this,—and it may be considered as a corollary from the one above mentioned,—that all mankind, or, as he expresses himself, 'the higher genera on this globe, now in reality separated, and forming individuals distinct from each other, are hereafter to be united and to constitute but one individual, or one continuous whole, of which we can here only form in our mind an abstract idea or representation.' Indeed, he adds, 'the generalizations formed here, will probably only prove anticipations of the state of things we may really expect to experience hereafter; and thus all the evils which on this globe result

from minor individualities, distinct and separate from, and interfering with, each other, will, in another world, be corrected and removed.'

This doctrine is intelligible enough, and perhaps reconcileable to our previous notions, imperfect as these may be. But we confess that when the author, endeavouring to escape beyond the visible boundaries of sense, attempts to explain the exertion of that power, which he calls propulsion, as differing from attraction, or gravitation, we cease to understand the ideas which he wishes to convey. His style is so vague and obscure, his sentences so long, and his words thrown together with so little attention to arrangement, that of all that he has written upon this subject we can comprehend little more than this; that there is neither gravitation nor attraction in matter, but that what natural philosophers have deemed such, is nothing more than the result of an impetus, which was originally given to matter, by the Almighty standing 'at the outskirts of space.' We are free to own that we cannot understand what is meant by the outskirts of space, for we have no idea of the space of the universe being bounded by a coast, upon which the Almighty, taking his stand, should propel into the void a ball of matter such as our globe. This propulsion the author describes as subsequently divided into *rays* of gravitation, to which he gives a centripetal and centrifugal direction, and upon these he expatiates in language, which, we are sorry to say, appears to us to make a much nearer approach to that of the maniac, than to that of the philosopher. It never has fallen to our lot to wade through such a mass of incomprehensible jargon, as that which Mr. Hope has poured out upon this subject. We must, in our own defence, lay a specimen of it before the reader, as our justification for passing over the whole of this portion of Mr. Hope's system.

'That gravitation of a centripetal sort, from a wider external circumference converging to a more confined internal focus, when by an opposite internal gravitation arrested, repelled, and made to recoil, with that other produces a later gravitation of a centripetal sort, from a narrower internal focus again diverging outward to a wider and more external circumference, appears, since, after converging gravitation has from on high made vapours descend till round the earth they collect and condense in clouds, the centripetal gravitation again from the earth recoiling, keeps these clouds at a certain distance from its body suspended or rather supported over the same, without approaching nearer; and since, even after converging gravitation has from on high driven fluids down till they be in their further lapse by the solid earth arrested, they will, by later gravitation from that earth recoiling, again be made to rise to a certain height above its surface, as we see in jets d'eaux; and since, where centrifugal gravitation from on high driving fluids down is by solid bodies interposed between this gravitation and the earth, so arrested as only to make these fluids reach the upper side of these bodies and there remain, the centrifugal gravitation, from underneath recoiling upward, is by this arrestation of the converging force from on high, left at liberty to act with so much more power than before, as to

drive other fluids from the earth upwards, till they are arrested by and made to cling to the undermost surface of those very intervening solid bodies, of which the upper surface arrested the fluids from on high; and since gravitation, from the outside of a hoop from its rapid circular motion so drawn in, as by recoil from its prior converging and centripetal direction to be within that very hoop again driven outward in a centrifugal direction, will drive and press a glass filled with water outward till it reach the inside surface of the hoop, and during all the later successive circular motions of that hoop, sufficiently rapid to keep up this pressure from within, while from without the further divergence of the glass of water is stopped, continues pressing the cup and making it cling to the inner surface of the hoop; and since a solid body, by centripetal gravitation from on high driven to the solid surface of the earth with such impetus and velocity as not to let the force of gravitation, intervening between itself and the earth, escape sideways before it be greatly compressed, will again, by the subsequent dilatation of that intervening portion of gravitation, be made to rebound to a certain height before that intervening gravitation, by making its escape laterally, leaves the body a second time to fall to the ground without again rebounding; and since a solid body, by side-long gravitation cast forward laterally in the same way till the gravitation intervening between that body and a solid wall be compressed in a very small space, will equally, by the subsequent dilatation of that compressed gravitation, increasing in proportion as the pressure from behind on the moving body by dilatation becomes weaker, again makes that body rebound. And since where gravitation of a centripetal sort has by narrow tubes its further descent and pressure downwards so interfered with, as to leave gravitation of a centrifugal sort ascending from the earth, when ascending through these tubes, more unobstructed play, this gravitation of centrifugal sort forces liquids through these tubes upward, by what is erroneously called capillary attraction, in a direction opposite to that of centripetal gravitation; and since, where tubes even wider than those already calculated to disturb the straightforward movement of converging gravitation, the aperture from above is by a solid body unprotected from the influx of that gravitation, the centrifugal gravitation from underneath attains in these tubes an unimpeded power so much greater still, as even to force up in them large columns of fluid; as we see in pumps; and since heavenly bodies, from great distances by gravitation driven towards others, when approaching nearer to these others, are again by opposite gravitations from them proceeding outward, repelled and made to retrogade; and finally, since round Saturn we see a solid ring detached from its body, which yet during the movements of the planet is constantly, by the gravitation from its nucleus radiating outwards, on all sides equally repelled, and on all sides kept at an equal distance from its surface.'—vol. i. pp. 146—149.

It seems to be a part of the author's theory, that cold is not a mere privation of heat, but a positive attribute of itself, produced by certain modifications of gravitation, or rather indeed by a sort of electricity which is the result of those modifications, and by which heat is also produced, by means of its combining and decombining power. We cannot undertake to explain how this is done,

nor can we follow the author through the history of the various modifications which he assigns to gravitation, electricity, substances and bodies, gaseous, liquid and solid. His theory of light is scarcely more intelligible. He holds that before light existed, objects might have been visible to senses such as ours, and that it is neither the offspring, the necessary companion, nor the parent of heat. Metals, for instance, often give out heat without light; snow and other phosphorescent substances, intense light without heat. In attempting to explain the origin of light, the author has left behind him a memorable example of the blindness, the confusion, the miserable weakness of the human understanding, when it sets itself up as capable of supplying the place of revelation, or of dispensing with its assistance. Instead of receiving with becoming faith, the sublime language of Holy Writ, "And God said, let there be light, and there was light," Mr. Hope took it upon himself to shew how, and in what manner light was made. 'Probably,' says this proud philosopher, 'after gravitation converging and centripetal had first formed those distinct foci, the cradles and seats of future worlds; and had on its return outward from these seats in a centrifugal direction, with fresh gravitation centripetal, in the vast surrounding regions of space formed the stores of electricity—the first materials of light—further gravitation of a converging sort hying to these foci, of this electricity and this light thus far diffused in an imperceptible state in the regions of space, from all sides drove portions to and compressed them round these foci in those denser masses which first lit up these sites of future globes, rendered them visible, and, when from these again emanating outward, caused them to become perceptible to distant beholders, as soon as any such beholders arose to contemplate them.' What nonsense men may write under the protection of a "probably"! With respect to colours, Mr. Hope holds that rays of light, which come to the earth tinged with different colours, are not originally, that is to say, at the point of emanation, so distinguished from each other; but that all light is originally white, and that in its progress from the luminous object, electricity, (which is his god) endows it with the colours which it is seen to possess. So also, according to his theory, savours and odours '*probably* arose out of the force of radiant electricity.' Electricity moulds substances in a gaseous form, makes them liquid, or solid, imparts to them the property of sound, and, in short, governs all nature.

Mr. Hope professes great respect for the Scriptures in general, and says, that the author of Genesis was much better acquainted, than the vulgar herd of men, with the real data of physics and metaphysics. He could not, however, bring himself to believe that Adam and Eve were literally the first created of human beings, or the only individuals from whom all the varieties at present existing on this globe are descended. As to the state of innocence in which Adam and his consort are said to have lived at first, it

was a state rather of ignorance, according to Mr. Hope; and if they had not fallen into sin, death, nevertheless, must have been their portion, inasmuch as the development which had already taken place of the globe itself, and of the organic and inorganic entities, vegetable and animal formed upon it, must have necessarily produced the appearance of evil, decombination, and death, whether Adam and Eve had or had not sinned. And as to the sin of Eve, she could not have avoided it. It was the natural consequence of her ignorance, as she knew not, and could not have suspected, the consequences of what she did. In short, Mr. Hope finds no difficulty in limiting his belief in the Scriptures to those precepts only which have an influence upon human conduct. The other portions of the Sacred Writings he understands in a literal or an allegorical sense, according as they are in harmony with, or at variance from, the ordinary course of nature. Thus, in the same way as light was not created, but produced by gravitation and electricity, neither was man nor were animals created, in the sense of Scripture, but produced by 'the meeting and combination of substances, before inorganic and lifeless, in peculiar and relative proportions.' But before we go into this part of the subject, we shall extract some observations of the author, upon the period in which God is stated in the Bible to have made the world. Although they are framed in that spirit of disbelief which pervades this work throughout, they are worthy of attentive consideration.

'Among the beliefs only founded on certain expressions in Genesis, misconstrued or misunderstood, and, as applied in their literal sense, contrary to the course of nature, seems to me to be that of the whole work of the creation having been achieved in six days, like those days of which, in the more central regions of the globe, seven complete what we call a week; and of the seventh day having by the Author of that creation himself been devoted to a period of rest from his labours, like that repose which man seeks in order to recruit himself after his toil.

'In the first place, the Hebrew word, translated in modern language by that of day, only means an indefinite period; and therefore cannot be accurately rendered by that of day, which signifies a definite period; and should in this instance be the less understood as having a meaning synonymous with that of day, since, firstly, the earlier works of the creation, achieved in certain of those periods, were said to be achieved prior to the period when time could, by the creation of the sun, be divided in what we call days and nights; secondly, in different parts of the globe the sun itself causes the length of single days to vary from a few hours to half a year; and, thirdly, the things said to have taken place during the period designed by the term day, are described as having occurred during the interval between the evening and the morning, which we call not day but night: not to add that the work of the creation, so far from having, after going on uninterruptedly for six days, been suspended on the seventh, that work has not yet, as far as we know, from its first commencement to this day been suspended for a single instant; that the very act of adding to former periods of time, to former days, a new period of time, a new day,

whether of labour or rest, implies a new act of the creation, and a new act of the creation teeming with as many other new acts of that creation, included in it, as there are new objects of nature produced in that single one; that that day which to man may be a day of comparative rest from the voluntary labours of the mind and of the body, must remain to God, who still continues to support that mind and body, as well as all else, a day of labour; that to God—if to him the creation, the upholding, the ruling of the things perceptible to man, be a labour—while nature goes on, while things perceptible have their course, while day continues, while the formation of entities proceeds, while the emanation of fresh time ceases not, there can be no rest from his labours, in the human sense of the word; that only when the advancement of the universe is entirely stopped, when nature herself stands still, and when time ceases to flow, God can be said to rest, in the sense in which the word rest is understood by man; and finally, that the very want—the very need—of such rest from his voluntary labours of body and mind as man can enjoy is a proof in that man of a weakness, unknown even to the more primary productions of God, and wholly inadmissible in God himself.'—vol. ii. pp. 3—5.

After stating and doubting in this manner several other beliefs derived from the Scriptures, the author proceeds to give his account of the origin of all organic bodies. Without telling us how the liquid itself was produced, he supposes what he calls the aggregates of substances to have been originally in a liquid form; certain molecules in those substances then cohere, and become a mineral, a vegetable, or an animal, through the instrumentality of Electricity! The formation of the mineral, or the vegetable, or the animal, depends on the proportion of the particular elements which enter into their combination—a particular quantity of nitrogen being always necessary for animal production. Mr. Hope denies the doctrine of the circulation of the blood; that is to say, he denies that there is a return of the same elements, unchanged in quantity and quality, to the identical place from which they started. He believes that there is a certain movement of the blood, but that it is constantly depositing on its way some portion of its own substance, the loss of which is as constantly supplied, and thus the same elements never return to the same place. He enters at considerable length into the subjects of anatomy, sensation, and mind. Mind, he describes as 'the faculty, where we have felt from without certain *feels*, or seen from without certain sights, of again, without their cause again coming directly from without, experiencing repetitions of such feels or of such sights.' This faculty, or this power of calling up ideas, exists, he thinks, in matter, and thus far he is a materialist; but then he is of opinion that matter is not perishable. His theory, therefore, militates in no degree against the immortality of the soul, which he describes in forcible language in a very eloquent sketch of the progress of death.

'Some entities of a sentient sort, such as zoophytes, have no internal alimentary canal whatever. In them, as in vegetables, of external elements, the influx, circulation, and efflux is entirely through the pores at

the external surface. In them also the whole of the obstructions which impede indefinite extension and duration must begin solely at that external surface. In those higher brutes, and in human beings in which somewhat later, by the partial pressure of outward air on the external surface, part of that surface is doubled inward and indented into an alimentary canal—into a stomach and lungs—the coats of these internal parts are, like those of the external surface, throughout lined with pores, at which later and more circuitously, of a branch of the external elements begins a regular secondary influx, circulation, and efflux.

'Of external elements, the continued efflux begins first in the external integuments and pores—in the muscle of the body and limbs—to produce a density which by degrees impedes their power of suction and of taking in fresh fluids. These fluids then begin to be absorbed more feebly, in less quantities, and in smaller proportions, relative to the organs whose elements are within decombined, and thence again driven out. Less lymph, less chyle, less blood veinous and arterial are formed, and made to replace the fluids already evaporated before, and to afford matter for farther evaporation. In the external parts a general lessening of swell, of elasticity, of vigour, a general wasting, debilitation and torpor become visible. Less filled, they lose their tone, their power of resisting pressure; and while the body of the limbs becomes flabby and yielding, the joints, less lubricated, become stiff and rigid. The external skin, less alive, and therefore more tardy in shrinking than the parts within, begins to hang about these latter loosely and in wrinkles; and that skin, no longer moistened by an insensible perspiration, becomes dry and parched.

'For a time the internal pores of the alimentary canal still continue to perform their office. The breathing continues unimpaired, the appetite good. As external absorptions lessen and become weak, those within seem alone to fulfil the whole task of supplying their place: but the time comes when these also begin to fail; the breath becomes short, the appetite enfeebles, the digestion becomes weak.

'We have thus far only described the decline of the fundamental vital parts external and internal.

'At the external surface, less blood from within drawn out, and less elements from without pumped in, combine in less of that nervous fluid, which feeds and causes sensations in the organs of sense. These organs receive of external modifications, impressions less vivid and less frequent. They lose their acuteness. That pleasure which before they afforded, unsought and without effort on our part, they now only reluctantly, and when studiously their impressions are sought and are dwelt upon, continue to afford. Sensations of touch, which before would set the frame on fire, and produce a thrill of pleasure, now glide over the body unheeded; delicate wines and rich viands sooner pall upon the taste, and more want the stimulus of spice and relishes; the perfume of the rose and jasmine no longer fill the sense with gladness—the balmy breath of spring no longer produces ecstacy in the spirits. The most heavenly music, though still approved and relished by the scientific ear, would no longer vibrate in the mind, nor, after ceasing to strike the sense, continue to haunt the memory. A fine view would only be beheld with calm content—a handsome female, like a beautiful vision. We would seek the charms of internal objects from recollection of the feelings they once had inspired, more than from the idea of their occasioning fresh raptures.

As the internal vital parts would retain their moisture and tone longer than the external surface, so would the internal organs of the mind retain their succulence longer than the external organs of the sense. As we received fewer present sensations from external objects, we would from a greater distance in the memory recall past sensations, and in the imagination anticipate future sensations. Those of infancy, during the period of youth and manhood laid by, or eclipsed by other more vivid perceptions of passing objects, would, when that present began to lose its charms again, with more minuteness be summoned up; those of old age would inspire greater solicitude; all the mental lumber of past times, long laid by and forgotten in the furthest recesses of the memory, in order to give way for the enjoyment of more recent events, for the forming of more proximate projects, would again be revived, be dragged forth into sight; we would be more sluggish in action, but more intent on contemplation. The travelled man, who at different periods of his life had visited the same scenes, performed the same actions, would be astonished to find that on reverting to his recollections of past times, the first and most distant in date were those that presented the impression most minute and most vivid. Even he who had never stirred from home would not be capable of travelling far back in space, at least travel back in time, further than he had done during his middle age; and, in proportion as in reality he proceeded further forward, would in imagination retrograde further. The first dawn of life, dimmed during its mid-day glare, would in its evening again acquire a dusky clearness, and from afar spread forth a new twilight. We are struck late in life again to behold in our mind the events of our childhood, long consigned, as we thought, to irrecoverable oblivion, re-appear like flitting phantoms. Of friends long gone by the spirits again start up, again hover before our eyes, again converse round our couch.

'If we still, from old habit, busy ourselves with the living, it is only as they are going to replace us. We toil for their benefit, their pleasure, their recollection of us—the name we shall bear on their lips, the feeling we shall leave imprinted in their hearts. If we still give our attention to trifles, it is to trifles which to them will seem of importance. It is about the permanence of our fame, the interests of our posterity, the completion by others of the works by us begun, that we feel solicitous. But while in infancy each day, filled with a thousand minute objects, seems to us a year, every year as we advance, on retrospection, seems a shorter hour. It follows its predecessors with more rapid strides. Yet the long and frequent sleep which shortens the real sentient existence in infancy, in age is become a light, uncertain, oft-interrupted dose.

'After the body had begun to weaken and the sense to blunt, the mind would still for a time preserve its brightness, like a flame that burns clearer as the fuel that supports it is consuming. Concrete ideas would more run into abstract thoughts, mere facts more into inductions: thoughts would only be prized as they led to inferences; and as fewer new ideas would occupy the mind, the old ones would become more methodised, and be arranged in more lucid order.

'Presently, however, our cerebral apparatus would begin to partake of the general debility of the body. The cerebral fluid, becoming torpid, would cause the imagination to stagnate; the very memory, the storehouse of the mind, would fail. We would forget, first names, next facts; at last we would perhaps fall into complete dotage. We would, in very midst

of our friends, cease to recognise their voice. Of the brain, fast sinking, the ducts, no longer moistened, would dry up, and, like the wasted kernel of a nut, begin to rattle in their case. But it is lamentable to think, that often the cessation of drain by the mind may for a time again, by leaving the body better supplied, prolong and restore to their functions the organs of mere vitality.

'The organs of sense, long dimmed, would at last, one by one, entirely lose their faculties; they would depart in the inverse order of their arrival. Loss of sight and of hearing would loosen and remove the ties that attach us to external objects; palsy would cut off our communication with them. The organs of reaction outward, first in the ovum only by pressure of its integuments from without huddled together, would now, by failure of support from within, again collapse; the hand would no longer afford a firm grasp, or the feet give a firm support. The one would tremble, the other totter under their load. The very stays of the body, the bones, would waste away, would become spongy and brittle. The teeth, no longer pressed in their sockets, would drop out of their sheaths; the hair assume the hue of winter.

'Brutes, when the torpor of sleep, of hibernation steals upon them, fly the light, hide themselves from the aspect of their comrades in dark places. Such they retire to at the approach of death. Hence, while such numbers die every hour, so few with their corpses strew the ground.

'Man is suffered to make his exit less quietly: friends surround him; watch his last breath; seem anxious to know when it takes its flight, whither it shapes its course.

'Finally, all other suction of external elements by the body ceases: all circulation stops. The extremities become cold and stiff, while in the vitals alone the blood still for a few moments retains its fluidity. The very exsudations, unable for want of vital warmth to evaporate, fall back in clammy sweat on the skin. From the lungs, exhalations no longer perceptibly pass the lips. The icy hand of death grasps the very heart. The last spark of life becomes extinct: the last drop of blood congeals: the last movement stops: the machine, so curiously formed, once so sensitive, is become a mass of mere lifeless clay.

'Seventy years or thereabouts is the period usually allotted to man for the performance of this awful round, from birth to extinction, from life to death; when regularly performed, when not hastened by accident or by disease. In that short period he takes leave of all his vast views, his wide prospects on this earth.

'But death is not always followed immediately by the entire dissolution of the elements so combined as to produce life. Where heat and humidity are wanting to bring about their total separation, their internal forms still long endure after the spirit is fled. At last, however, all must decombine, and what first came from higher globes in the shape of radiance, in shape of radiance reverts to higher globes. There, probably, the elements of this existence recombine in a form more extended, more durable, more perfect: capable of enjoying greater bliss, and liable to suffer less pain.'—vol. iii. pp. 52—60.

Having traced the animal history of man from his origin to his dissolution, we may be permitted to ask, if the first specimens of our race upon this globe were, as Mr. Hope maintains, formed by

exhalations from the earth, met and fructified and organized by various elements descending from on high, how happens it that men are not created after this fashion in modern, as well as in the primeval, ages of the world? For although he holds that man, once formed in this manner, had the power of propagating their kind, yet, as the same exhalations are still raised from the earth as in the days before the flood, and the same elements are still coming down from heaven, we should suppose, that if the theory were correct, its practical consequences would still be visible.

The author next proceeds to treat of man as a civilized being, and gives a very charming picture of his progress in art, from the rudest beginnings to the most specious miracles of his ingenuity,—from the hut to the palace. This subject leads him to that of the division of property, and of labour, liberty, slavery, the arts of modelling, moulding, chasing, carving, painting, pantomime and the drama, the art of language, oral and written, arithmetic, algebra, money, and the different forms of government. To these varied topics succeeds that of religion, of the origin and progress of which he gives a brief and spirited account, in which, however, we must observe, parts of the Old Testament are characterized merely as the writings of Moses, and frequent sneers are indulged against the angels and prophets of the Hebrews. The nature and causes of evil next occupy the attention of the author. Evil he considers to have had its origin in physical causes, and not, as the Scriptures say, in the sin of Eve; and, in support of this opinion, he traces the revolutions which this globe would appear to have undergone, before it was fit for the reception of rational or even sentient beings. Upon this part of the subject the author has many peculiar and some very fine ideas. He holds that our globe was formerly situated much nearer to other planets and to the sun, than it is at present, the proof of which is, that the remains of vegetables and animals, which are known to thrive only in the tropics, have been found near the poles. It would appear, also, that the earth had been nearer to and more pressed upon by other planets, from the traces of violently agitated seas, which are to be found upon our highest mountains. It is the author's opinion, also, that the rotation of the globe round its own axis was originally perpendicular to the plane of its orbit round the sun, and that its declination from that movement, to its present oblique one, was caused by the passage near it of some planet or comet. After showing the connexion that exists between the physical character of the earth and physical and moral evil, the author proceeds to develope, at some length, the principal doctrine of his whole system, which teaches, that all mankind are hereafter to be united in one single individual, —and to answer the objections that might be brought against it. Amongst these we naturally are startled at first by the question, are the good to be united with the bad, the Lucretias with the Messalinas, all the sinners with all the saints? This question the

author answers affirmatively, for he maintains unequivocally that God is the author of all the actions of men, that therefore they are not responsible for them, and that therefore there will be no punishment hereafter, but eternal happiness for all! This is the grand conclusion at which he arrives, and here his work may be properly said to have reached its termination. But by way of increasing the interest of his volumes, he adds a few chapters upon the natural and acquired characters of some of the higher human races, as he calls them, and upon the subject of beauty. These chapters display, as usual, a most extensive course of reading and habits of profound thought. It was his intention to have treated those topics more at large; but he had already received warnings which urged him to abridge his labours as much as possible. 'Time, however,' he observes, in a spirit of philosophy that almost resembles religion, 'begins to run short: my hour-glass empties fast. Obliged to hold myself in readiness for my own no longer very distant departure from this irksome scene of bustle and disquiet, I shall not tarry long on the detail of these incidental contemplations.'

ART. VII.—*Letters to a Young Naturalist on the Study of Nature, and Natural Theology.* By James L. Drummond, M. D. Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Belfast Academical Institution, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 342. London: Longman & Co. 1831.

AMONGST the many improvements which a more diffused and liberal system of education is every where producing around us, there are none to be contemplated with greater satisfaction, than those which serve to render mankind familiarly conversant with the works of nature. It is, indeed, truly wonderful that those works, enchanting above all the miracles of art for their number, their variety, their beauty, and their harmony, should ever have been neglected in any nation, whether savage or civilized. Were we to awake in the middle of the night, and looking out upon the sky to see it illumined for the first time by the full moon, we should remain to gaze upon it with intense admiration, and follow it with trembling delight through its path in the heavens, until it faded away from our eyes in the lustre of morning. How astonished should we not be, were we, in like manner, to behold but once or twice in our lives, the myriads of worlds, which we call stars, suspended in the canopy of azure, that spreads above us, like so many golden fires, to light and beautify our world. To descend to lesser things, what should we think, if now, for the first time in the course of ages, the summer were heralded by groups of those winged insects, which, under the name of butterflies, shine in all the colours of the rainbow, and perform their evolutions with so much apparent enjoyment among the flowers which ornament our gardens and our fields? We should be lost in astonishment at the uniform elegance and taste, the variety and splendour of the style in which their

wings are painted. But were we enabled to learn, by studying their history, that all these bright and happy creatures had been, but some little week or two before, nothing more than the dull wretched-looking caterpillars, which devoured the leaves of our fruit trees, and crawled along in our paths, the objects of our pity or contempt, we should be electrified by the discovery, and feel that we were, indeed, living in a sacred place, a place of mysteries and of influences beyond our comprehension—the laboratory of an Almighty power, in which every thing bears witness to His presence.

And can these salutary, these gratifying feelings of admiration, of astonishment, of conviction that we inhabit a land of mystery, never be produced, because we may behold the moon and stars almost every night, and because, from childhood upwards, we have seen the butterfly, and perhaps know a little of its history? Is it an unavoidable consequence of our familiarity with natural objects, that they have no attractions for us, and can afford us neither entertainment nor instruction? No one will answer these questions in the affirmative, who has the good fortune to be initiated even in the elements of natural history. We do not speak of those persons who make nature the study of their lives, and are perfect masters of all her productions. The labour which such persons undergo in the pursuit of their object is very considerable; but it is as nothing compared with the pure pleasures which they enjoy. It is not, however, necessary, in order to taste those pleasures to a certain degree, that we should be skilled in the construction of every plant, the anatomy of every bird, the habits of every insect, which we behold. The only condition which nature exacts, as the price of the gratification and mental improvement which her works can so abundantly yield, is simply a moderate attention to the ample volume which she has unfolded to man; a volume in which, if we may so say, the text is so peculiarly composed for his benefit, and so suited to his vision, that of all the myriads of eyes which look upon it, no eye but his can read, no mind save his, appreciate its sublime discourse.

It is, therefore, with a very lively satisfaction, that we undertake to recommend to the particular attention of the public, the letters which Dr. Drummond has just published. We know of no work, compressed within the same limits, which seems to us so happily calculated to generate in a young mind, to sustain in the matured, and to renovate in the old, an ardent love of nature under all her forms. The volume consists of a series of letters, in which the author treats, in a familiar style, of the most interesting objects which the fields, the mountains, the rivers, and the ocean, present to our contemplation. He goes into the history of each of those objects, just far enough to render the outlines of nature intelligible to the least cultivated mind, and he adds reflections, occasionally, of admiration, which, breathing his own feelings in eloquent language, are strongly calculated to excite kindred emotions in the hearts of others.

In a preceding article (on the Botanical Miscellany) we stated our regret, that the study of natural history was not generally made a necessary branch of education. Dr. Drummond expresses himself in almost similar terms, and very truly observes that, 'so far from children being encouraged to look upon the animals around them as objects formed by the Almighty, and, therefore, cared for by him as well as themselves, they are too often taught the unjust and pernicious lesson of destroying, and even, what is worse, tormenting all such unfortunate creatures as may fall into their hands.' Thus they trample on and cut up worms, tear off the wings of butterflies, torture beetles and moths, by running pins through them, without any sort of remorse. Above all, they feel a most heartless pleasure in robbing birds' nests, and in breaking the eggs for their amusement, which they could never have allowed themselves to do, if they had been instructed betimes, that those little productions which they thus wickedly destroy, are among the most wonderful objects in the universe. Who, on seeing the liquid which they contain, would suppose, if he had not been told, that if left to the care of the parent bird, it would, in due course of time, void of form and member as it might seem to his eye, be converted into a dove, a swan, or an eagle? To him there is no apparent difference in the liquid which fills different eggs; and yet one shall become a nightingale, to delight the woods with its amorous descant, another a peacock, to dazzle us with his golden plumage. Should we chance to wander on the banks of the Nile, we may there meet with a similar liquid, contained within a shell, which, when sufficiently matured by the sun, becomes a crocodile, clothed in a coat of armour of the most perfect construction, which is capable of resisting a musket bullet, and armed with a set of teeth, that render him the tyrant of the waters, on whose banks he is produced.

Even the crocodile's egg, however, and much more the creature into which it is transformed, should be to us an object of interest. We call it a monster; but we should know that it does not deserve that name if it be like the rest of its species, and pursue their general habits and propensities. Those animals to which, from ignorance or prejudice, we are apt to give the name of monsters, are miracles of creative power, and ought to be so considered. Toads and frogs, harmless though they be, and really very curious little beings in their conformation, we too often destroy for what we call their ugliness; whereas we should rather endeavour to make ourselves acquainted with their history, and learn the wonderful aptitude, which their organization possesses, for the habits of existence to which they are destined. Dr. Drummond's advice against the cruel and unjust treatment, which the weak and defenceless tribes of the creation very generally experience from mankind, cannot be too widely propagated.

'I hope you will learn better to appreciate the works of nature, than to destroy any thing without having a sufficient reason for so doing. Kill

nothing through mere wantonness or caprice; for such practices can only belong to an unfeeling and unamiable mind. If an object is to be gained worth the sacrifice, then let the animal die; but let its death be as easy as possible: and if, for the sake of science, you must deprive animals of their being, make it a point otherwise to save all you can. In your evening walk avoid the snail that crosses your path: if a beetle lies sunning itself on the highway, where the next passing foot may trample on it, throw it out of danger over the hedge: if an insect is struggling in the water, save it from drowning: "and," perhaps you would say, "if a fly is uttering its death-cry in the embrace of a spider, save it from the clutches of the robber?" Surely not; the spider is committing no wanton, no unnecessary murder. You might with equal justice cut the net of the fisherman, and commit his capture to the deep. The spider may have had *his* net spread for weeks without success until now, and the fly you would rescue is as much a lawful prize as a trout hooked by the tackle of old Walton himself,—with this difference, indeed, that the old piscator fished for amusement, but the spider entraps *his* prey for a livelihood, so that in depriving him of his fly, you might subject him to an additional three weeks' fast.

'By doing acts of humanity you may more than counterbalance the waste of life requisite for the completion of your cabinet or museum, if you form either; and it must be gratifying to a gentle and feeling disposition, such as I wish you to possess, to be able to say, with the authors of that great work, the *Introduction to Entomology*, "for my own part, I question whether the drowning individuals which I have saved from destruction, would not far outnumber all that I ever sacrificed to science."' —pp. 13, 14.

It would not be possible for men to treat the lower beings of creation with cruelty, or even to look upon them without interest and admiration, if natural history were more generally cultivated, and especially if it were taught and attended to, as Dr. Drummond insists it ought to be, 'as a part of natural religion.' This is a view of the subject which he entertains uniformly throughout his work, inculcating, that as a science it loses much of its intended value, if it be not attended with a constant reference to the Deity as the final cause of all things. 'The one (the science) may, to a certain degree, degenerate into a mere love for the curious, or have for its chief end and aim the perfection or improvement of some system of classification, without looking much further; the other (the constant reference to the Deity) must ever continue to ennoble our minds, to raise us every day to higher and higher conceptions of the power and wisdom of God; and to afford a happiness, as pure, perhaps, and as permanently exquisite, as man, in his present state of being, can possibly enjoy.'

There are some appearances in nature, the causes of which no human investigation has yet succeeded, or probably ever will succeed, in explaining. As for instance, the hybernation, or winter's sleep of the bat, without which it could not continue beyond a single season, and which therefore must be admired as a striking

instance of divine care. If the respiration of the common mouse, or of any other animal not intended to pass the winter in this manner, were suspended, even for a short time, it would forthwith die. Yet there is nothing in the anatomical structure of the bat to account for this difference in its habits, or to show by what means the spark of life is preserved, amid cold and tempest, in its breast, to light up again when the genial season returns. But though we may not be able to penetrate all the mysteries of nature, it becomes us to investigate them as far as we can, and if we fail to solve them, still it will be our duty, as it should be our delight, to admire the wondrous display of power which they exhibit. This habit of inquiry gives us an immediate and indefatigable interest, in the most common objects by which we are surrounded.

'Suppose that you were in a great gallery of exquisite paintings, but that you knew nothing whatever either of the landscapes, the figures, or the architecture represented in them, or of the artists by whom they were executed; do you pretend to say, that you could have as much pleasure in looking at the pictures, as if you knew their whole history, or even a part of it? "No," you will reply; "but still I could admire their beauty, and the skill of the painter." Yes, my young friend; but even here you may, in some degree, be deceiving yourself. You may admire a fine painting as you would a fine and real prospect in nature; but let me tell you, that both in nature and in paintings, people see things very differently from each other. Suppose an artist were to join you in the picture gallery, would he and you see in all points alike, think you? No; he would observe a thousand beauties, a thousand things to give him delight, and inspire him with enthusiasm, of which *you* could have no conception: and the same would happen, also, were you placed in natural scenery together. You, indeed, would see the landscape, and you might think it beautiful; but while *you* were only seeing, *he* would be analyzing. The effects of light and shade, the groupings of trees, the contrasts and blendings of tints, the aërial perspective, the composition of parts of the whole, with various other particulars, would find important employment for his thoughts, and give him a vast advantage over the comparatively cold and passive impressions which these characteristic properties of landscape would make on *your* mind. Now, I may observe that this is a species of study which I would wish you to attend to. You may neither have time nor talent to become a practical artist, but still you may become a judge of painting, and consequently see nature herself with a painter's eye; and that, let me tell you, is to see her almost through the medium of a new sense.

'I would recommend particularly the practice of sketching from nature. A sketch, taken on the spot, serves to perpetuate, as it were, the circumstances in which we were at the time placed, and recalls, even many years afterwards, a vivid recollection of scenes which otherwise, perhaps, might have faded from the memory.

'To return to our gallery: you see before you a portrait, but you know not for whom it is meant. Should you not, therefore, enquire whose it is? Surely: well, you learn that it is Sir Isaac Newton's. Does this produce any revolution in your thoughts and feelings? do you merely see a picture now, and nothing farther? do not the very tints, reflected from the can-

vase, speak of that mighty genius who decomposed the solar ray, and demonstrated, in all the majesty of truth, the compound nature of light? Does not the mere name of Newton, at once connect your thoughts with the great law of gravitation, that binds the planets in their course, and regulates the motions of countless worlds? and for the discovery of this law, do you not venerate the name when sounded in your ear? and would you not feel impressed with a generous awe even on seeing the portrait of that great philosopher? Yes; you could not help it. And why? Because you are acquainted with his discoveries and character. But if you knew nothing of these—had you never heard of Newton—would your being told who the picture meant to represent, excite any mental emotion? No; because it would make no chord of feeling vibrate, and the picture would not be one whit more high in your estimation than at first. The word Newton could throw no hallowed charm over it, if you knew nothing about him; and you would consider it merely as a painted canvass. No portrait of Newton does, I believe, exist: but this makes little difference,—that of any other great man will support my illustration, and it need not be amplified.

'Now this is exactly what occurs so often in the great temple (gallery I cannot call it) of nature. A man will go armed with his fishing tackle, and will spend whole hours day after day at a river's side, fishing for trout. He sees the animals, the plants, the rocks, the various features of the scenery, the sky above, and the flood below: he may be pleased, be charmed with them, if he choose to think so, and yet, in the midst of much delight, he may be in comparative darkness. What are the animals, the plants, the landscapes, to him, if he knew nothing more than simply that they are such? There is a secret charm, I grant you, in all these, and an undefinable sensation of pleasurable feelings in our minds respecting them, which I believe to be instinctive, is excited by their view; but still they are like the pictures in the gallery,—they please the eye, we like them, and there, generally, the matter ends. But let me recommend to you to enquire, to put questions, to find out sources of information respecting them. Along with the portrait, get a knowledge of their character and history. Make use of some system of classification, and learn to refer any animal, plant, or mineral you meet with, to its class, order, genus, and species. You will find good instructions, on this head, in the first volume of Withering's Arrangement of British Plants, so far as relates to botany; but analogous methods are used in the other kingdoms of nature. When the scientific name has been gained, you have a key to the whole history of the species, so far as is known. The synonymes, or references in the system you make use of, will refer you to the authors who have written upon or figured the species you are investigating; and thus you may become intimate with the animals, plants, and minerals you meet with, if you choose to take the trouble, or rather I would say the pleasure, of doing so.'—pp. 36—40.

For the acquisition of all these sources of enjoyment, a systematic knowledge of things, though in itself every way commendable, is not at all necessary. A few names and classifications, nay, a slight and superficial inquiry into the subject, provided the student be but sufficiently impressed with the knowledge, and always ready to remark, that the objects which he sees are the works

of the Deity, will furnish him with a fund for reflection, which it will not be in his power to exhaust. 'If a man in this tone of mind explore the banks of a lake or river, has he not in himself a store of solid occupation much superior to that of throwing an artificial fly, or torturing a worm upon a hook? If he sketch the scenery before him, or examine an insect, or dissect a flower, not as things that have come there he knows not why or wherefore, but as examples of the exquisite workmanship of God,—as objects which were worthy the attention of HIM, else he would not have made them, and therefore must be worthy the admiration of us, who have the inestimable privilege of seeing Him in his works; that man has in himself sources of pleasure infinitely superior to any thing arising from ordinary amusements.'

The transformations of the butterfly, the remarkable ingenuity of the caddis worm, in giving to its mansion in the waters just as much buoyancy as is necessary, without making it too light to float, or too heavy to anchor it in one place;—the rope-making powers of the muscle, when, by mooring itself to a rock, it wishes to secure itself against the coming storm;—the history of the wren and the ostrich,—afford to the amiable author the materials for several observations, equally amusing and instructive. He does not agree with those philosophers who have said, that *all* the actions of animals are the result of mere instinct, and that man is the only being on this earth endowed with reason. On the contrary, he holds that the greater portion, if not the whole of the lower animals, are governed, some to a greater, some to a less extent, by a reasoning faculty, which enables them, in many instances, to improve in some respects their natural instincts, to correct them when they might be injurious if acted upon, and to vary them occasionally, as circumstances may require. That this faculty, however, is exceedingly limited, when compared with that of man, and that it is incapable of transmitting its individual acquisitions to the species, are facts that, when properly considered, do not militate against Dr. Drummond's opinion, which, indeed, happens to be one that is now very generally received.

If we once acquire the habit of examining with attention the works of nature, we need never be without employment. A person thus blessed, is driven in his walks, to find shelter from the rain under a hedge, or in a copse. But there is not a leaf around him, which does not supply him with an object worthy of his investigation; particularly those leaves which are tenanted by insects. The grass at his feet, the bark on the tree, are alive with creeping things, which he knows how to look upon, with feelings very different from those that would make a fine lady faint, or an ill-educated boy scream with causeless terror. If a brook run at his feet, it fills the naturalist with a thousand reflections. He knows that the element running so rapidly, and murmuring with such delightful music, has not had its origin in a spring, as is generally

supposed, but in the chemical union of two bodies, by which the stream is fed; those bodies being oxygen and hydrogen airs, or gases, by the combustion of which water is produced. As often as these gases meet, combustion takes place, and water is the result: and yet the best means that we possess of extinguishing fire, is by throwing water upon it; water, itself the offspring of fire! It is supposed that the rain which falls during a thunder-storm, is produced in a considerable degree by the explosion of these two gases, which is caused by the electric fluid passing from cloud to cloud.

The phenomena of ice next occur to the naturalist, and call up in his mind new reflections upon the care of the Creator, which has provided that, contrary to the general law by which bodies contract by cooling, water actually expands when frozen. If this were not the case, if, when rendered solid by extreme cold, it was to become heavier, the masses of ice would sink to the bottom of the seas and lakes, where they would remain and accumulate, impervious to the sun, and thus not only incommode and destroy the fish, but prevent many of the waters of the globe from being navigable. This subject exhausted, if the rain still prevent our naturalist from pursuing his walk, he may follow with his mind's eye, the babbling brook to its junction with the ocean, and it will whisper to him of ships, and commerce, and neighbouring nations, and remote lands, and islands, perhaps not yet discovered. The slightest taste for botany will induce him to look with interest, upon the wild flowers which strew the banks of the stream, and even the common ivy will not be treated by him with indifference.

'Why is it that every one is pleased with the common ivy? There is a charm about that plant which all feel, but none can tell why. Observe it hanging from the arch of some old bridge and consider the degree of interest it gives to that object. The bridge itself may be beautifully situated; the stream passing through its arches clear and copious; but still it is the *ivy* which gives the finish and picturesque effect. Mouldering towers, and castles, and ruined cloisters, interest our feelings in a degree more or less by the circumstance of their being covered or not by the ivy. Precipices, which else would exhibit only their naked barren walls, are clothed by it in a rich and beautiful vesture. Old trees, whose trunks it surrounds, assume a great variety of aspect; and, indeed, it is a most important agent in forming the beauty and variety of rural landscape. It is also as useful as it is beautiful; and among its uses I would include the very thing of which I am now speaking, for I have no idea that the forms and colours in nature please the eye by a sort of chance. If I admire the ivy clinging to and surmounting some time-worn tower, and the various tints that diversify the parts of the ruin not hidden by it, I can only refer the pleasure I experience to the natural construction of the human mind, which the Almighty has formed to feel a pleasure in contemplating the external world around it. Who is insensible to the beauties of nature at the rising and setting of the summer's sun? Who can behold the moon-beams reflected from some silent river, lake, or sea, and not feel happy in the sight?

None, I believe, in early life. When hardened in the ways of men—when the chief good pursued is the accumulation of wealth, the acquisition of power, or the pursuit of pleasure, so called,—then mankind lose a sense of the beauties of nature; but never, perhaps, till then. A love for them is inherent in the mind, and almost always shows itself in youth; and if cherished at that period, by education, would seldom be destroyed or become dormant in after life, as it now so generally is.

'The ivy is of vast advantage to the smaller birds, as it affords them shelter in winter, and a retreat for building their nests in spring and summer. It is in fructification in October and November, and the sweet juice which its flowers exude supports an infinity of insects in autumn, while its berries are a store of nutriment for many birds in the early spring.'—pp. 90—92.

This is true philosophy, which teaches, and at the same time enables us to employ our minds innocently, usefully, and therefore happily, every where. Thus it might happen, that in situations in which most men and women would be overcome with ennui, the naturalist would feel his bosom full, to overflowing, with cheerfulness and benevolence. The precepts of Dr. Drummond on this subject are given with a degree of zeal, that often renders his language picturesque and impressive.

'And let me again assure you, that the habit of contemplating nature, is an inestimable and endless source of happiness. You have not yet lost the love of her which is originally implanted, I believe, by the Creator in every human bosom; though, as things are, it is almost always crushed and kept down by ignorance of its value, and a vicious and erring system of education. In early life, when we are the children of nature more than of art, all the works of God which we hear or see are sources of pleasure. The gurgle or music of flowing waters, the green of sloping banks enamelled with blossoms, the shadows of the flitting clouds, the waving of ferns and other foliage pendant from the cliff, the song of birds and hum of bees, the grey rocks, the mountains, woods, rivers, and lakes, all speak to the instinctive bias within; an undefinable pleasure is the result, though, perhaps, the causes of this may not at the same time be suspected. In after life we may be too wise, perhaps, to be influenced by such trifles, yet we cannot divest ourselves of a delightful feeling, when we think of the times when in boyhood we were conversant with nature. We *may* say, indeed, that the pleasures then felt arose from the weakness and inexperience of youth; but still we recall their memory with a melancholy gratification, and to enjoy the same happiness, we would almost willingly be weak and inexperienced again.

'As we ascend higher in the ravine, we observe some changes in the vegetation. The mosses are more numerous, the woodroof becomes plentiful; the heath-pea shows its beautiful blossoms; the rein-deer lichen clothes the tops of the banks with its hoary and coral-like tufts; the polypody; the oak-fern; that most beautiful little plant, the maiden-hair fern, and many more species, afford us ample variety, and speak on every side the goodness of God, while they display the beautiful workmanship of his hands. Still ascending, we arrive at a cascade, where the water rolls from a height of about thirty feet down the face of a jutting cliff, which is flanked obliquely on each side by huge walls of rock. The summits of these are

crowned with oak and ash trees; and from the cracks and fissures in the sides, a number of tortuous old trunks spring out, which, with the ivy and other vegetable tracery, give an indescribable interest to the scene. The repose which reigns in this place is not disturbed, but is rather heightened by the incessant sound of the falling water, which comes down as white as the drifted snow, and for ever boils and foams and bubbles in the deep dark basin which receives it.'—pp. 103—105.

The wonders of the microscopic world have been in some degree examined by scientific men, but much remains still to be known of this comparatively hidden portion, though perhaps the most surprising, of the whole of the works of nature. The power of the microscope exhibits the colours of flowers, in a manner much more perfect than we can see them with the naked eye. The author's observations upon the beauty of these great ornaments of the creation, as well upon the splendour and variety of the shells, which are cast by the deep upon the shore, are in his wonted strain of fine philosophy.

'Why, for example, are flowers in general so exquisitely beautiful as we find them, if it be not to exhibit to us the hand of God, and to afford us, even in the colouring of a blossom, a manifestation of himself, and a rational cause for turning our thoughts towards him? Look with a magnifier at the flower of *London Pride*, or of *Forget me not*, and enquire of yourself why these minute objects are so lovely, why scarcely any of the larger flowers excel, and not many equal them: extend your observation to some of the minute insects, and reflect why they are dressed in colours as brilliant as those of the peacock; magnify a gnat, and consider the superb feathered antennæ which grace its head, examine its whole structure, see the wonderful mechanism which is in every part, the minute perfection, the elaborate finishing of this little being; remember that, in addition to the structure, there are its appetites and functions, its stomach and bowels, its organs of breathing, its muscles of motion, its several senses, and perhaps its passions. Think on these, but not with the transitory admiration which we often observe in persons who for a first or second time see objects in a microscope. Be not content with the cold acknowledgment that it is one of the wonderful works of nature, and then let it slip from your memory. I tell you it is the work of God; and I believe that the too liberal use of the term *nature*, has given rise to much of the apathy with which the objects of the creation are regarded. It is very true, indeed, that when we say nature produces a plant, or an animal, the true meaning is, that God does so, nature here being used as a synonymous term; but still the word has so many applications, and it is employed in such a variety of ways, that we insensibly get into the habit of using it, in natural history and other sciences, as if it were some inferior power, or agent, acting by itself; and we talk of the works of nature without any impression being on our minds at the time, that they are in truth the works of the Deity himself.

'To prove that we often find the greatest beauty where we might least expect it, let us examine a fine collection of shells. The animals which form and inhabit them, generally reside in situations where it is almost impossible for us to learn any thing of their history; but see what compensation we have for that. The skin of a quadruped, or a bird, will soon

perish, unles the greatest pains have been taken to preserve it by some antiseptic wash or powder; and if it be stuffed, every care is required to keep it from damp and insects. But if it be difficult to preserve a quadruped or bird, we have opportunities of recording its history, of observing its habits, and of adding to our knowledge of it, in its living state. In the inhabitant of the shell, *that* is next to impossible; we cannot reside with it at the bottom of the sea, we cannot study its manners, habits, and modes of working, as we can those of a bee. But of all objects, for forming a beautiful and permanent collection, the coverings in which the animals reside are perhaps the best. These coverings, or shells, are infinitely varied; some are marked with the most rich and beautiful colours, and with the greatest variety of penciling; their forms are endless. "What," says Pliny, "can be more gratifying than to view nature in all her irregularities, and sporting in her variety of shells! such a difference of colour do they exhibit! such a difference of figure! flat, concave, long, lineated, drawn round in a circle, the orbit cut in two! Some are seen with a rising on the back, some smooth, some wrinkled, toothed, streaked, the point variously intorted, the mouth pointing like a dagger, folded back, bent inward; all these variations, and many more, furnish at once novelty, elegance, and speculation."

'There is no trouble in preserving them, there is no fear of their decaying by time, they will be the same in fifty years as they are to-day; and hence if there be almost insuperable difficulties in getting at a knowledge of the inhabitants, there is the greatest facility of becoming acquainted with the habitations. Many, indeed, object to conchology, because we cannot learn the history of the animals themselves; but though we may regret that circumstance, we should not, therefore, disdain giving our sanction to the science; for, though we cannot become acquainted with the architect, that should be no reason for withholding our admiration of the architecture, and our gratitude should be raised towards the Supreme Builder of all, when we consider that he has so ordered that innumerable gelatinous animals, having perhaps little beauty themselves, should, at the bottom of the ocean, be invested with such elegant coverings, as those shells are which our cabinets exhibit. Many shell-fish, I must however observe, inhabit the sands and rocks of the shores, and the history and structure of some of them has been tolerably well ascertained.'—pp. 153—156.

But tolerably well ascertained indeed, for next to microscopic objects, those which inhabit the deep are, perhaps of all others, the least known to us. The period has not long passed away since it was generally believed, that the bird called the barnacle, was produced from the shell of the barnacle fish, simply because the nest of the barnacle was unknown, and the tentacula of the shell fish bear a resemblance to feathers. Gerard in his "Historie of Plants," mentions this transformation with the greatest possible gravity. "There are," he says, "founde in the north parts of Scotland, and the islands adjacent, called Oorchades, certaine trees whereon doe growe certaine shell-fishes, of a white colour, tending to russet, wherein are contained little living creatures; which shells, in time of maturitie, doe open, and out of them grow those little living things, which falling into the water doe become fowles,

whom we call Barnacles, in the north of England, Brant Geese, and in Lancashire, Tree Geese: but the other that doe fall upon the land, perish, and come to nothing." Gerard then proceeds to describe the various steps by which the fish is exalted into the bird; his credulity was marvellous.

The ocean has been a favourite theme with philosophers and poets. Dr. Drummond's reflections upon its appearance, its grandeur, and its usefulness, are by no means devoid of beauty.

'How delightful is it on a day like this, to ramble on the margin of the mighty deep, and experience the happiness which a love of nature, and reflection on God, as its author, can inspire! But the human mind is not to be satisfied with uniformity or limitation. One who from infancy has lived in the vicinity of this fair strand, who, year after year has seen the green wave of summer glide on and die along the shelving shore; and who, for as many winters, has heard the tempests roar, and seen the billows burst in foam upon the rocks, and rage round the wide amphitheatre of the bay, may yet be little sensible, in either case, to the beauty or sublimity of the scene. The mind must have variety; for, in time, the impressions made by the most beautiful objects, will become faint, or at least we lose the habit of frequently thinking of them. But in the study of natural history there is perpetual novelty, an interest that never dies, a happiness which never satiates. Let us walk by wave-worn shores, or climb hills and mountains, or tread the mazes of romantic streams, or wander through woods, or by the margins of lakes, the mind imbued with knowledge and a love of nature finds constant cause for admiration. No bud that blows, no fly that hums its little song, no bird that cleaves the air, nor fin which cuts the lucid wave, but tells to it the wondrous work of the Almighty. It is not, however, you will remember, the act of retiring into solitude, of living in deserts, nor of moping through "glades and glooms," that will form a naturalist, or a true lover of nature. He, however much he study nature in nature's self, is the last man living who would become a hermit. Various circumstances may induce persons to retire for a time from society, to brood over feelings which they would hide from the world; to mourn for the dead, or to recover the shock brought on by an unexpected reverse of fortune. This is human nature; but it is not human nature to abandon society, and turn eremite, under the idea of thereby pleasing the Deity. This is the result of self deception; of degrading notions of God, of arrogance and self-conceit, and often of knavery combined with these; or else of insanity, brought on by their excessive indulgence. Man is in his nature a social being; God has made him so; and when he deserts the interests and society of his species, under the notion of serving his Maker, he is thwarting one great end of his creation. In truth, however, the hermits of whom we read had often anything but solitude and devotion in view, when they retired to live in caves and dirt: many did so to gain a name, to obtain a consequence in the annals of their superstition, and to extort money from the fanatics who were imposed on by their tricks; and what is perhaps still more to be deplored, some were in absolute earnest, and did really think in their consciences that they were serving God, and yet could not fairly be said to be out of their proper senses.

'A naturalist, I grant you, loves the country; it is the temple in which

he best feels his pursuits: but still, what were the country without the town? It is when men congregate in cities that the arts and sciences flourish, that knowledge increases, that commerce extends, and discoveries are multiplied. Do not give ear to those who cry up the country at the expense of the town; some prefer the one to the other; some love the country, some the city; but both are good, and let neither be disparaged. The city has been the true source of civilization; it is the point of attraction, the focus in which the rays of science diffused throughout the world are concentrated, and whence they again emanate and convey the blessings of knowledge to the most distant recesses of the country.

'But the tide is now beginning to rise. What is the cause of that phenomenon? What produces the alternate ebb and flow of this vast mass of water, which take place so regularly twice every four and-twenty hours? Is it an operation of the sea itself, or is it owing to an influence extending from distant worlds? You know that it is the latter, that it is caused by the attraction of the sun and moon. And what is this attraction? No one can tell; we only know it by its phenomena; we know that it exists; that by its influence the worlds throughout the universe are guided in their revolutions; that if this influence were withdrawn, the creation would run rapidly into ruin. The planets and suns would start from their orbits; the beautiful regularity of their motions would cease, and they would fly at random, and in disorder through the wilds of space. Yet we know nothing of gravitation itself; we know it only by its laws; we know that it extends to the most distant stars, and that, perhaps, there is not a single celestial orb which is not connected by it to the others; but what its essential nature is we can have no conception. And how many other things are there which we know only by the phenomena they present? What is the electric fluid? I cannot tell. I am aware that it causes the thunder and lightning; that it will strike a tower, and split it from the top to the bottom; that it kills men and animals; and that I can collect it by means of a machine, and exhibit it in a variety of beautiful experiments; but, after all this, I know not what the electric fluid is. And what is magnetism? Why does a loadstone attract iron? Here also I am ignorant. Why does a magnetised needle point to the north? I know not; but I know, that by its having such a property, that wide ocean before us can be traversed with as much certainty, and vastly more advantage, than if its place were occupied by solid earth. Some writers have objected that the globe on which we live has an undue preponderance of sea; but this is another example of human presumption. If it had come by chance it might have been too great or too small; but if our world was made by the Almighty, (and what else *could* have made it?) it must be as he intended, and therefore it must be right. But what is the fact? Could we have communicated with distant countries by land as we do by sea? Could we have brought the produce of the Tropics to the Thames? Could we have compassed the earth from east to west, and from north to south? Could we have calculated on the time in which we should reach the Antipodes? Look at Africa and New Holland, and see how difficult it is to penetrate into the interior of those countries. On a little reflection, indeed, you will perceive, that were it not for the vastness of the ocean, we would be in great comparative ignorance of the earth, and that its great extent of surface is another proof of the wisdom with which all is planned.'—pp. 178—183.

Birds, those both of the sea and land, the history of the whale, the subject of conchology, and some remarks upon the unnecessary cruelties of the experimental anatomists, next occupy the pages of this excellent little work. The whole is meetly wound up with reflections upon natural religion, the power and goodness of God, and the love of truth; which, like those already noticed, are marked by a pleasing tone of piety without cant, of knowledge without pedantry, and of unbounded benevolence, without a particle of morbid fondness, towards all the objects of the creation.

ART. VIII.—1. ***Philip Augustus; or, the Brothers in Arms.*** By the author of "Darnley," &c. In three volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

2. ***Arthur of Britanny, an Historical Tale.*** By the author of "the Templars." In three volumes. 8vo. London: Whittaker and Co. 1831.

3. ***Pin Money; a Novel.*** By the authoress of "The Manners of the Day." In three volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Co. 1831.

4. ***Haverhill; or, Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe.*** By J. A. Jones. In three volumes. 8vo. London: T. and W. Boone. 1831.

5. ***Tales of Welshland and Welsherie.*** By the author of "Reginald Trevor," &c. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Newman and Co. 1831.

6. ***Ivan Vejeeghen; or, Life in Russia.*** By Thaddeus Bulgarin. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Whittaker and Co. Edinburgh: H. Constable. 1831.

7. ***Authorship, a Tale.*** By a New Englander over-sea. 8vo. pp. 267. Boston: Gray and Co. 1830.

8. ***The Old Man of the Mountain, The Lovecharm, and Pietro of Abano. Tales from the German of Tieck.*** 12mo. pp. 335. London: Moxon. 1831.

1. MR. JAMES, the author of the first of the novels upon our list, informs us that it is the best thing he ever wrote. It is not often that authors form a proper estimate of their own works; nevertheless we are rather inclined to agree with him in opinion, that 'Philip Augustus' is by many degrees superior both to "Darnley" and "De L'Orme." It is a well wrought picture of the chivalrous ages, the chief traits of which are borrowed from well-authenticated memoirs of those interesting and perilous times. The scene is laid wholly in France, in the reign of Philip Augustus, who is himself the principal hero of the tale. Next to the sovereign in importance, so far as the story is concerned, is De Coucy, a gallant knight, whom we encounter, at the commencement of the story, returning from the last crusade, in company with his friend and brother in arms, the Count d'Auvergne. While proceeding through the most

picturesque part of the ancient French county of that name, De Coucy has the misfortune to tumble down a tremendous precipice, at the bottom of which, however, he is received by the celebrated hermit of Vincennes, whose counsels are known to have had so much influence at one period upon the conduct of Philip Augustus. The hermit conveys him, bruised and wounded by his fall, to his abode, where the knight is attended, not only by the good father, but also by the lady Isadore, the daughter of Count Julian of the Mount, who was then on his way to the mansion of the Count d'Auvergne's father on a visit. The circumstance of course gives rise to an inviolable attachment on the part of both the young people, which is carried on with alternate disaster and success throughout the three volumes, until, in the end, the obstinacy of the lady's father being conquered, she becomes the wife of her lover. The body of the work is filled up with the history of the contest in which Philip was so long engaged with the Pope, for the confirmation of his divorce from Ingerburge, sister of Canute, King of Denmark, to whom he took a most unaccountable, but invincible dislike upon first seeing her. It was of the more importance to him to have this affair brought to a favourable conclusion, inasmuch as he had already, with the consent of the French bishops, married a charming woman, to whom he had surrendered all his affections, and who loved him with a reciprocal passion. This fair lady was Agnes, the daughter of the Duke of Istria, whose amiable character has been celebrated by the chroniclers of her age. The story of her love for the king is related by Mr. James in the most affecting language. The resistance of the Pope to the divorce, for which, in fact, there was no canonical ground, ultimately broke her heart.

In the description of scenery and costume, Mr. James is particularly happy. Upon the latter theme he is as minute, and, we should suppose, as correct, as Sir Walter Scott himself. He seems to have thoroughly imbued his mind with the character of the chivalrous period, in which he has laid the action of his story, and hence he has been enabled to place before us an exceedingly interesting picture of the manners of France at that time. The bandits who, under the name at one moment of Brabancois, at another of Cotereaux, infested that country in those days, are frequently introduced with striking effect. We have a capital character of a jester, Gallon, the fool, as he is called, who performs a prominent part in the drama. Guerin, the bishop of Senlis, and prime minister of Philip, is pourtrayed in strong colours, and the character of the king is admirably sustained throughout. The language which Mr. James uses is generally unaffected and picturesque, as a single specimen, from the earlier part of the tale, representing the two knights, d'Auvergne and De Coucy, traversing their native country, immediately after their return from Palestine, will show.

'Seven hundred years ago the same bright summer sun was shining in

his glory that now rolls past before my eyes in all the beneficent majesty of light. It was the month of May, and every thing in nature seemed to breathe of the fresh buoyancy of youth. There was a light breeze in the sky, that carried many a swift shadow over mountain, plain, and wood. There was a springy vigour in the atmosphere, as if the wind itself were young. The earth was full of flowers, and the woods full of voice; and song and perfume shared the air between them.

'Such was the morning when a party of travellers took their way slowly up the south-eastern side of the famous Mont d'Or, in Auvergne. The road, winding in and out through the immense forest which covered the base of the hills, now showed, now concealed the abrupt mountain-peaks, starting out from their thick vesture of wood, and opposing their cold blue summits to the full blaze of the morning sun. Sometimes, turning round a sharp angle of the rock, the trees would break away, and leave the eye full room to roam past the forest hanging thick upon the edge of the slope, over valleys, and hills, and plains beyond, to the far wanderings of the Allier through the distant country. Nor did the view end here; for the plains themselves, lying like a map spread out below, skirted away to the very sky: and even there, a few faint blue shadows, piled up in the form of peaks and cones, left the mind uncertain whether the Alps themselves did not there bound the view, or whether some fantastic clouds did not combine with that fond traitor, Fancy, to deceive the eyes.

'At other times, the way seemed to plunge into the deepest recesses of the mountains, passing in the midst of black detached rocks and tall columns of grey basalt, broken fragments of which lay scattered on either side; while a thousand shrubs and flowers twined, as in mockery, over them; and the protruding roots of the large ancient trees grasped the fallen prisms of the volcanic pillars, as if vaunting the pride of even vegetable life over the cold, dull, inanimate stone.

'Here and there, too, would often rise up on each side high masses of the mountain, casting all in shadow between them; while the bright yellow lights streaming amidst the trees above, and decking the foliage as if with liquid gold, and the shining of the clear blue sky over-head, were the only signs of summer that reached the bottom of the ravine. Then, again, breaking out upon a wide green slope, the path would emerge into the sunshine, and, passing even through the very dew of the cataract, would partake of the thousand colours of the sunbow that hung above its fall.

'It was a scene and a morning like one of those days of unmixed happiness that sometimes shine in upon the path of youth—so few, and yet so beautiful. Its very wildness was lovely; and the party of travellers who wound up the path added to the interest of the scene, by redeeming it from perfect solitude, and linking it to social existence.

'The manner of their advance, too, which partook of the forms of a military procession, made the group, in itself, picturesque. A single squire, mounted on a strong bony horse, led the way at about fifty yards' distance from the rest of the party. He was a tall, powerful man, of a dark complexion and high features; and from beneath his thick arched eyebrow gazed out a full, brilliant, black eye, which roved incessantly over the scene, and seemed to notice the smallest object around. He was armed with cuirass and steel cap, sword and dagger; and yet the different form and rude finishing of his arms did not admit of their being confounded

with those of a knight. The two who next followed were evidently of a different grade; and, though both young men, both wore a large cross pendant from their neck, and a small branch of palm in the bonnet. The one who rode on the right hand was armed at all points, except his head and arms, in plate armour, curiously inlaid with gold in a thousand elegant and fanciful arabesques, the art of perfecting which is said to have been first discovered at Damascus. The want of his gauntlets and brassiards showed his arms covered with a quilted jacket of crimson silk, called a gambesoon, and large gloves of thick buff leather. The place of his casque was supplied by a large brown hood, cut into a long peak behind, which fell almost to his horse's back; while the folds in front were drawn round a face which, without being strikingly handsome, was nevertheless noble and dignified in its expression, though clouded by a shade of melancholy, which had channelled his cheek with many a deep line, and drawn his brow into a fixed, but not a bitter frown.

'In form he was, to all appearance, broad made and powerful; but the steel plates in which he was clothed of course greatly concealed the exact proportions of his figure; though, withal, there was a sort of easy grace in his carriage, which almost approaching to negligence, was but the more conspicuous from the very stiffness of his armour. His features were aquiline, and had something in them that seemed to betoken quick and violent passions; and yet such a supposition was at once contradicted, by the calm still melancholy of his large dark eyes.

'The horse on which the knight rode, was a tall powerful German stallion, jet black in colour; and though not near so strong as one which a squire led at a little distance behind, yet, unencumbered with panoply itself, it was fully equal to the weight of its rider, armed as he was.

'The Crusader's companion—for the palm and cross betokened that they both returned from the Holy Land—formed as strong a contrast as can well be conceived to the horseman we have just described. He was a fair, handsome man, round whose broad high forehead curled a profusion of rich chestnut hair, which behind, having been suffered to grow to an extraordinary length, fell down in thick masses upon his shoulders. His eye was one of those long, full, grey eyes, which, when fringed with very dark lashes, give a more thoughtful expression to the countenance than even those of a deeper hue; and such would have been the case with his, had not its clear powerful glance been continually at variance with a light playful turn of his lip, that seemed full of sportive mockery.

'His age might be four or five-and-twenty—perhaps more; for he was of that complexion that retains long the look of youth, and on which even cares and toils seem, for years, to spend themselves in vain:—and yet it was evident, from the bronzed ruddiness of what was originally a very fair complexion, that he had suffered long exposure to a burning sun; while a deep scar on one of his cheeks, though it did not disfigure him, told that he did not spare his person in the battle-field.

'No age or land is, of course, without its foppery; and however inconsistent such a thing may appear, joined with the ideas of cold steel and mortal conflicts, no small touch of it was visible in the apparel of the younger horseman. His person, from the shoulders down to the middle of his thigh, was covered with a bright haubert, or shirt of steel rings; which, polished like glass, and lying flat upon each other, glittered and

flashed in the sunshine as if they were formed of diamonds. On his head he wore a green velvet cap, which corresponded in colour with the edging of his gambesoon, the puckered silk of which rose above the edge of the shirt of mail, and prevented the rings from chafing upon his neck. Over this hung a long mantle of fine cloth of a deep green hue, on the shoulder of which was embroidered a broad red cross, distinguishing the French Crusader. The hood which was long and pointed, like his companion's, was thrown back from his face, and exposed a lining of miniver.

'The horse he rode was a light, beautiful Arabian, as white as snow in every part of his body, except where round his nostrils, and the tendons of his pastern and hoof, the white mellowed into a fine pale pink. To look at his slender limbs, and the bending pliancy of every step, one would have judged him scarcely able to bear so tall and powerful a man as his rider, loaded with a covering of steel; but the proud toss of his head, the snort of his wide nostril, and the flashing fire of his clear crystal eye, spoke worlds of unexhausted strength and spirit; though the thick dust with which the whole party were covered, evinced that their day's journey had already been long. Behind each knight, except where the narrowness of the road obliged them to change the order of their march, one of their squires led a battle-horse in his right hand; and several others followed, bearing the various pieces of their offensive and defensive armour.

'This however, was to be remarked, that the arms of the first-mentioned horseman were distributed amongst a great many persons; one carrying the casque upright on the pommel of the saddle, another bearing his shield and lance, another his brassards and gauntlets; while the servants of the second knight, more scanty in number, were fain to take each upon himself a heavier load.

'To these immediate attendants succeeded a party of simple grooms, leading various other horses, amongst which were one or two Arabians, and the whole cavalcade was terminated by a small body of archers.

'For long, the two knights proceeded silently on their way, sometimes side by side, sometimes one preceding the other, as the road widened or diminished in its long tortuous way up the acclivity of the mountains, but still without exchanging a single word. The one whom—though there was probable little difference of age—we shall call the elder, seemed indeed too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts, to desire, or even permit of conversation, and kept his eyes bent pensively forward on the road before, without even giving a glance to his companion, whose gaze roamed enchanted over all the exquisite scenery aronnd, and whose mind seemed fully occupied in noting all the lovely objects he beheld. From time to time, indeed, his eye glanced to his brother knight, and a sort of sympathetic shade came over his brow, as he saw the deep gloom in which he was proceeding. Occasionally, too, a sort of movement of impatience seemed to agitate him, as if there was something that he fain would speak. But then the cold unexpecting fixedness of his companion's features appeared to repel it, and turning again to the view, he more than once apparently suppressed what was rising to his lips, or only gave it vent in humming a few lines of some lay, or some sirvente, the words of which, however, were inaudible.'— *Philip Augustus*, vol. i. pp. 14—25.

2. There was no necessity whatever for the apology which is made in his preface, by the author of 'Arthur of Britanny,' for

detailing in modern language, the ideas, the manners, and the conversation of an age long since passed away. The most intolerable of all kinds of affectation would be that, which should urge a novelist, choosing to invent a story of the olden time, to tell it, as far as possible, in the very dialect that was in use at the period of which he treats. We apprehend, that if he succeeded in any such attempt, he might, perchance, win barren honours from the society of antiquaries; but of readers he would have very few indeed. The truth of costume, and a certain degree of attention to scenery and chronology, are all that the novelist need to trouble his mind about, so far as consistency with fact is concerned. But as to the language that is expended in conversation, letters, and harangues, it is the duty of the reader to suppose, that if the author do not report the very words which were put in requisition upon all such occasions, he at least gives us the best possible translation of them from the obsolete to the living phraseology.

The time in which the action of the story is laid, is, by a curious coincidence, precisely the same as that of the tale already noticed, that is to say, towards the close of the twelfth, and the commencement of the thirteenth century; when upon the unexpected death of Richard Cœur de Lion, the throne of England was seized upon by John, to the exclusion of Arthur, his elder brother's son. Every body is acquainted with the hatred by which John was actuated against his nephew, whom, after his successes in Normandy, he caused to be shut up in the castle of Falaise, for the purpose of being there assassinated. But being deceived by the persons whom he had hired upon that occasion, he had the young prince removed to Rouen, where he stabbed him with his own hand, (1203,) and tying a stone round his neck, threw him into the Seine. The fortunes of this interesting aspirant to the crown of England, form the basis of the present work. By a pardonable license of invention he is conveyed in a secret manner to this country, while still a stripling, under the care of his friend and foster father, Hubert De Burgh; and under the name of Albert he becomes a page to the Queen Isabella. We are thus introduced to the court of John, of which we have a lively and probable picture. Here Albert remains for some time, surrounded by danger, and frequently exposed even to death, with no hand to save him, save that of Hubert, who was chamberlain of the royal household. It being the object of Hubert to protect the young prince, until a favourable opportunity should present itself for seating him upon the throne, our interest is deeply excited for the success of his scheme. Hubert avails himself of every turn of fortune, in order to form a strong party in favour of the rightful heir, at the same time that he was obliged to be constantly about the person of John, and apparently the most faithful of his liege men. According to the novelist, Hubert succeeded in forming the association of the barons, who are mentioned in history as having refused to go with John to the campaign of Normandy,

unless he promised to restore and preserve their liberties. While these proceedings are in progress, the suspicions of the king are awakened by a thousand circumstances, to which the author skilfully imparts a good deal of mystery, and a tragic kind of interest, which is strengthened by the picture of the king's private debaucheries and crimes. As a specimen of the manner in which this part of the tale is wrought, we shall extract the scene in which Isabella discovers her royal consort in company with one of his base instruments, in a secret apartment of his palace.

'It was at this very instant that her eyes, by mere accident, rested on a door at the extremity of the gallery, not far from that of the princess, and which was supposed to have been there placed, for mere uniformity's sake; she fancied that it moved, and despite her fears, her mind's excitement urged her to examine whether it had indeed moved, or it was but a delusion of her disordered sight that had made it so appear to do.

'She hastily approached it, and taking hold of the latch drew it towards her; to her extreme astonishment it yielded to the touch, though its rusty hinges bespoke the little use to which it had been applied. Her surprise was in no way lessened, when she discovered that it opened into a narrow passage, evidently, from the dust and cobwebs, not often intruded upon.

'Isabella's first feelings on the discovery, caused her to shrink back from this secret gallery; she eyed it indeed with fearful anxiety, but still, notwithstanding the thousand strange surmises which perplexed and still further excited her, she dared not even think of penetrating into its interior.

'But when, as she stood still within the portal, and became accustomed to its silence, and turned over in her mind to what it might lead, and what secrets it might declare; and when, as by continued reflection, she convinced herself that the strange rushing noise, and her consequent alarm, had been caused by no more mysterious means than this very door, as, moved by the wind, it jarred to and fro on its grating hinges; her superstitious fears seemed gradually to disperse—for she heeded little the jester's words—her resolution came back, and curiosity to discover to what this secret passage led, as also the hope of satisfying many strange doubts and horrible apprehensions to which the king's midnight terrors had given rise, so urged her to the attempt, that with a boldness almost beyond herself, she snatched up a lamp and at once passed into the gallery, cautiously closing the door, lest any chance should betray it to any further notice.

'Her first glance shewed her that it was of no great extent, probably devised for some secret espionage of those days of violence and wrong, if not for the more ruthless purposes of tyranny and oppression; the thick heavy door almost defied scrutiny, for it sounded as massive as the walls themselves, and the passage, contrived within the apparently solid stone, seemed secure from even a suspicion of its existence.

'How it had been thus strangely left open, was as complete a mystery, as was the use and termination of the narrow passage along which she so warily crept. She sought, indeed, ere she trusted her advancing step, to be well informed to what it led her, and to guard, by minutest caution, against any sudden alarm or probable danger; but nothing appeared in

any way to disturb her, save her own existing apprehensions, and they grew gradually less troublesome, as she became more reconciled to the gloomy stillness, and her excitment drew her farther and farther along.

'She had not proceeded many paces, when the passage abruptly terminated at a narrow spiral staircase; her courage here failed her, she descended indeed, a single step, but that was all; in spite of her curiosity, and the existing excitation of her spirits, they no longer urged her on; fear and hesitation kept her motionless, and she stood lost in strange wonder, neither daring to advance, nor attempting to retire from a spot, which seemed to command the deepest secrets.

'It was at this moment, that a low groan reached her close to where she stood; she started violently round, scarcely able to repress the ready scream, which her terror forced from her; but there was no one to be seen, no living thing save herself seemed to be in that hidden solitude. A cold, clammy shudder came over her, she listened in awful dread—the groan was repeated—her ready ear soon directed her to where it issued, but still there was no object to be discerned; and, trembling with horror, she was nigh falling, when her worst terror was opportunely dispelled, or at least changed into a less appalling one, by the well-known accents of her husband's voice, as the compunctuous visitings of his conscience seemed to torture him to cry out, in the believed privacy of his closet:—

'"Will this bloody stain never pass away, and not even the deep grave shut up that fearful cry? Oh! curse, curse, curse on my coward soul, to have conjured up this racking torment."

'And an even deeper groan marked the extremity of his mental abasement.

'Isabella shuddered as she thought of the horrible crimes that must have produced that cry, and remembered the tie that united her to so terrible a being; she looked eagerly in the direction whence his words had reached her, and soon discovered that the termination of the short passage, which led to the staircase on which she stood, was only thinly cased up with plaster, a portion of which had been removed, and thereby was laid open the wainscotting of the royal closet, where John's most secret and most murderous plans were too generally devised.

'Isabella quickly put down her lamp, and examined further, for the brighter light, which burned within the closet, soon betrayed to her several crevices in the boards, through which she could readily distinguish what was there passing. Curiosity, had there been no intenser feeling, would have led her to look through them, but with what an eager anxiety did she gaze—even extremest curiosity were tame to the earnestness wherewith she strained her sight to gain every feature of that unknown—forbidden—dreaded chamber.

'John sat as one oppressed with anguish, and distracted with fear. Again and again did he strike his clenched fist to his forehead, as if the violence of the blow were relief to the fever of his brain; then he looked fearfully around him, as if he thought that some of the many victims of his cruelty would start up before him, or that accusing spirit which had that night so horribly affrighted him would again confront him, and that bloody sign again curdle his heart's blood with terror; and then a deep hollow groan burst from him—the grave might have breathed that groan, so deep and hollow was it—and he again wildly struck his burning brain, as if the torture of his thoughts were madness to him.

'The brute Jamy sat opposite to him, his chin leaning upon the table, and apparently fast asleep; although his almost opened eyes, as if in sleep still upon the watch, seemed to contradict the evidence which the guttural snorts that accompanied his heavy breathings declared of such a condition.

'The ruffian's snoring seemed to annoy his royal patron. John suddenly pushed the table on which he rested with much violence against him, and with an oath commanded him to desist.

'Nym instantly jumped up, his widely parted eyes rolled confusedly about for a moment or two, as if they would have started even further from his pointed temples, and then quickly recollecting himself, he growled his indignation at the disturbance in no measured terms.

'"Cease, you brute!" demanded John, impatient of the fellow's insolence, "or, by Heaven, I'll strike thee dead."

'"What, would'st murder me?" bitterly returned the ruffian, the venom of his soul at the same moment tinging the smile that accompanied his enquiry; "hast thou not already shed blood enough? Will not the death of the good and lovely suffice, that thou should'st stain thine hand with aught so vile as the black life-stream of a devil like me? Look, king, still is the deep stain there—hast thou so soon forgotten that accusing shriek?"

'"Hush, Nym, hush—" agitatedly interrupted the king, at once softened into submission by the extremity of his fear—"Speak not of that; for God's sake, stir not up that horrible remembrance—hush, Nym—didst thou not hear a noise?—The very air to-night seems teeming with horrors, and hell itself to send forth its fiends to torment me—there again—what is that?—surely thou too must hear it."

'"Not I i' faith," sullenly returned the ruffian, as if in no humour to listen to the king's needless fancies, "I hear nothing but the moaning of the wind—'tis only thine own needless fears that disturb thee."

'"Ah! Nym," rejoined his master, a deep sigh prefacing the remark; "'tis well for thee thou hast such nerves—would I could be as careless, Nym."

'"'Tis all the Malvesie, oh! king"— as Jamy spoke, he seized a goblet from off the table, and quickly drained its contents—"all this god-like juice, your majesty—makes a brave man as it were a Sampson in strength, and e'en rouses the trembling soul of a coward into valour; take a draught, oh! king, try the magic power."

'And as he spoke he filled the royal goblet, and placed it before his patron.

'"I will, Nym, I will," returned the king, in a low, dejected tone, at the same time raising the cup to his quivering lips, "there is, indeed, strength in the goblet, and courage in the potent wine; but mine are not every-day terrors, the palsying sights that I have this night beheld would have disordered the bravest soul," and as he spoke, he put the wine to his lips—but that same instant did his eyes distinguish a deep red light on the wall, to his shuddering sight as of blood, though simply caused by the reflection of the queen's lamp through the crevices of the oaken wainscot. He wildly dashed the cup from him, and pointing to the spot, screamed out—

'"See, see, Nym, again there's blood—there, there—the grave will not —cannot hide it"—he buried his face in his hands and groaned—"every where does it meet me—all, all is blood and horror."

'The queen trembled to extremest agony to witness so dreadful a con-

demnation, as that to which her husband's crimes had given him up, and she sickened to think that so horrible a wretch should be the companion of her most secret hours—that such a demon should lie in her bosom, and she be compelled to endure his caresses. But her reflections were briefly changed.

'The ruffian companion of her lord's midnight hours felt not—his callous flinty soul could not feel his remorse, nor was it in his nature to be subject to his terrors; he seemed promptly to decide that it was neither blood, nor any superhuman cause that occasioned the appearance, at which the king's coward and trembling apprehension so miserably quailed, and hastily rising from his seat, he struck the pannel with his heavy sword. The scanty wainscot yielded to the blow, and a considerable fracture soon appeared.

'A loud, exulting laugh followed this unlooked-for result, and the ruffian at once prepared to repeat the blow, triumphantly demanding from his astonished master, "What thinkest thou of that, oh! king—blood indeed! more likely treason methinks," and a second blow fell heavily on the shattered pannel.

'But the queen had already retreated from her doubtful hiding-place—she had at once guessed, from Jamy's manner, that the ruffian had discovered her concealment, and instantly snatching up the lamp, she hurried quickly along the passage, and effected her escape, as his second blow seemed to shiver the unresisting partition to pieces.'—*Arthur of Britanny*, vol. ii. pp. 86—97.

This is but one of the many romantic and exciting scenes, which abound in these volumes, and which are in perfect keeping with the times. The day of Magna Charta had not yet come; the first confederacy of the nobles was easily broken up by John, who succeeded in prevailing with several of them to attend him to Normandy. There, as it has been already intimated, his queen's page, Albert, now Arthur of Britanny, who had joined the ranks of John's enemies, is made prisoner. The situation of the young prince in the castle of Falaise is described by the author in his happiest style.

'The castle of Falaise, situated in the town of that name, famous as being the birth-place of the Conqueror, was the place selected by John as the prison of the captive prince, as well from its strength as its vicinity to Rouen, the Norman residence of the court, and its believed security from Philip's active enterprise.

'Fenced round, however, as was his victim, by so much apparent security, the secret policy of the tyrant had added another precaution, and by causing him to be conveyed there by stealthy means, again and again changing his route, as soon as the security of the Norman territory had terminated the fear of rescue, Prince Arthur was at length safely lodged in the prison without his name or quality being known, save to De la Bray, the zealous executor of his master's will, and the mercenary guards whom he commanded.

'When Arthur entered the walls of Falaise, he seemed to part from life and hope,—to embrace despair and death; for the first time, he seemed roused from the morbid abstraction into which he had sunk upon quitting the usurper's presence; he started from the dismal dungeon, in which he was about to be immured, as if he still clung to freedom and the sun's

cheering beams,—for a moment drew back, as if his impetuous soul still struggled for liberty; and the horrible fate that awaited his young existence was too horrible.

'It was, however, but for a moment that he hesitated: he turned round for one last lingering look of the fair earth, which, mingled, as it had been to him, with joy and misery, now seemed to smile nought but gladness to its possessors, as if its veriest cabin were as a kingly palace to the dark, dismal gloom of his prison-walls, and its most despised gift as wealth and bliss to the tortured, quick destruction that thirsted for him. He rushed through the gates,—and then Arthur of Britanny felt, that to the world he no longer existed, but in name, and that his proud hopes, his high ambition, were but as dross—a mere word, that meant anything—nothing, and his life, but as a feeble thread, that a breath might any moment break asunder.

'The mere motion of his journey, the objects, though he was unconscious of seeing them, continually changing before his eyes, the quick passage through the air, and the bodily exertion of riding, had, during his journey, in some degree distracted the intensity of his despair; but when he found himself alone in the dismal solitude of a prison, cut off from hope and comfort, separated from every friend, debarred even of the pitying tear of sympathy and affection, with nought but pain and grief, and anguish, and death staring him in the face; then, indeed, he felt the full desolation of his wretched lot.

'Merely to die—to put off a life, which, save in its few sweet charities, and its small bond of affection, had been nought but disappointment and sorrow—to escape from its griefs to the peace, or, at least, the rest of the grave—even were there no better hope beyond it, was nothing, had it come in the heat of battle, when glory animated him, and well-earned victory crowned his valour; it would almost have been a welcome friend, at least, in no wise could he have shrunk from his doom; but the cold, secret steel of murder—to fall by a ruffian's hand—his body to be savagely mangled, and cast ignobly away as so much carrion—the very thought was torture. But there was in his anguish an even more harrowing sting than that. Had he been, in his thoughts, the isolated being, which, as regarded his species, he now believed himself to be, whatever his misery, the small limit of his dungeon would have contained it; but Arthur, though small indeed the number of his attachments, was adored by that few, and their affection was to him an universe of blessing. Oh! what a pang was that! The pomp of greatness, indeed, the splendour of a throne, and glittering brightness of the crown for which he had fought, were, to a young aspiring mind like his, no trivial loss; but he thought not of them, save as a curse—he thought not of them, but as the preventing cause of good, the weighted messenger of his misery; and while he abjured them as a false, deluding cheat, he only wondered that so meretricious baubles should have lured him from a better and more certain happiness to so deep, so utter destruction.

'He gazed on the dull, dismal walls around him, now all that was his of the world—deep, indeed, seemed that destruction—he thought of his mother, beloved as so dear a parent could not fail to be by so ardent a son, now left to bewail the last stay of her existence—of his sister, the fond attached companion and friend of his childhood, now deserted to a galling and

hopeless bondage—her only preservation a horrible dissembling: each thought was an agony to him, and an agony of which there was neither suspension nor relief. But there was still another pang—a worse agony than all: he thought of his wife, the young, devoted Marie, now torn from him for ever—he thought of her as the miserable, pining, broken-hearted widow—Oh! where was she? what, her anguish? what, her frantic woe? Did he, indeed, hear her distracted cries? He started wildly up, clenched his trembling hand, and dashed it to his brow in fevered madness, as the horrible imagination haunted him, and he beheld her beauteous loveliness the victim of incestuous violence, and heard her call out for mercy, madly demand her husband's protection, and implore deliverance at his hands—whom a merciless dungeon had torn from her for ever.

'Excitement, however, such as of that moment, could not last; human suffering, indeed, could not have long endured a torture so horribly exciting; but although that phantomed agony passed away, still did his real wretchedness continue, and appal his soul with as many miseries. He sought for some brighter, some more cheering thoughts, to distract that denser gloom. Alas! it was in vain that he looked for the sun's reviving rays, on whom an eternal darkness hung thick and impervious—there was not one, even delusive hope—not one, even impossible promise—he threw himself on his restless couch, and, yielding himself to his fate, lay lost in a thousand images of woe.

'He knew not how long he had been thus unconscious to all save his mind's own creations, or whether the visions of sleep had not indeed succeeded to the waking dreams on which he had so long dwelt, that their distinctness no longer remained, when he was suddenly aroused from his abstraction by a firm, muscular grasp on his arm.

'Forgetful at the moment of his real condition, he was, on the first impulse, starting up to repel the believed violence, when at once the sense of his unarmed captivity rushed to his mind; and he fell back powerless and inert, nor struggled against the murderer's blow, which already seemed to pierce his bleeding heart.

'But a sudden change passed, as a lightning's flash, through his mind, and changed its midnight darkness to a wild, bewildering light—kind and gentle accents met his astonished ear, as, in a cautious whisper, he heard himself addressed by name, and exhorted to be comforted. He looked eagerly round, and with a wild, impassioned cry, sprung into the faithful arms that were ready to receive him—that one glance, brief as it was, as indistinctly as from the feeble glimmering of his taper it reached him, had already shown that the true, kind-hearted De Bourgh, the firm, devoted friend of his family—his more than father, hung over him.—*Arthur of Britanny*, vol. iii. pp. 178—186.

We need not repeat the result. Arthur is saved for the moment, but only to undergo a more unnatural death from the hand of his uncle—a crime of which even the callous heart of John subsequently repented, though not until after it brought upon him the hatred and contempt of his vassals, and the vengeance of Heaven. The interest of the story is throughout well sustained. The style is now and then a little bombastic, but, generally speaking, it is clear and fluent, and, upon the whole, we do not remember to have lately

read a work of fiction which so completely absorbed our attention, as 'Arthur of Britanny.'

3. 'Pin Money' is a tale of our own times, a fashionable novel, in which the authoress has made an 'attempt to transfer the familiar narrative of Miss Austin to a higher sphere of society.' The introduction of that favourite name is, to say the least of it, dangerous; comparisons, however invidious they may, cannot fail to be drawn between the works of that distinguished writer, and this of her avowed imitator, and the conclusion, we fear, will be anything but favourable to the copy. In truth we know of no class of novels in our language more difficult to be imitated than those of Miss Austin. There is no marked and prominent feature about them, which would facilitate the execution of a likeness. She is in the situation of those persons, whom the portrait painter never wishes to meet—whose countenances can only be fixed upon the canvass by catching their expression. The features may be taken with the greatest exactness, the outlines of the forehead, the arch of the eyebrows, the colour of the eyes, the form of the cheeks, set down with the utmost accuracy; and yet, when the painting is finished, it shall do as well for any body else as for the person for whom it was intended, simply because it wants that peculiar expression which at once reminds us of the original. It is just so with Miss Austin. The vein of good sense, the quiet beauty, the felicitous course of thought, which gleam throughout her works, are hardly to be detected in a shape sufficiently tangible, to render them the objects of imitation. If her name had not been mentioned by the author of 'Pin Money,' nobody would ever have thought that any imitation had been intended. Certainly nothing can be more unlike, than the original and the copy.

The story reminds us rather of the play of "The Provoked Husband," from which the characters of Sir Brooke and Lady Rawleigh are evidently drawn. Witness the following gambling scene.

'Now Lady Rawleigh's experience of cards and card-players was comprised in the sober drowsy game of long whist, peculiar to her mother's moderate circle of dowagers; and the arcadian academy of tredillers, quadrillers, and cassinists, into which she had been inaugurated, on occasion of one or two formal visits to Sophronia of Twickenham. She had never seen the vexation of a loser extend beyond a peevish sigh, or asthmatic grunt; she had never seen the triumph of a winner expand beyond the buckram simper of General Lorriston on dropping two half-crowns into his spangled card-purse; or the tripsome sprightliness of Lady Lavinia Lisle's parting curtsey, after adding a new sovereign to her collection of coins of the realm. She was, in short, wholly and totally ignorant of the satanic excitement of gaming, in all its branches! What, therefore, was her amazement on reaching the cluster round the écarté table, where a vista was immediately opened for her by the male idlers forming the background of the group, to perceive the lovely Lady Barbara Dynley seated in all the suspense of "*Je propose*," and her antagonist, Count Rodenfels, throwing a glance of scrutiny at once over his own indifferent

nand, and her agonized countenance; while Lady Rochester with her artificial bloom heightened by a fever of agitation, such as would have driven her to distraction, could a mirror have been placed before her, sat watching the result in speechless anxiety. Every female visage interested in the event, however young, however beautiful, was sharpened into a degree of ungracious asperity; while on some of the ancient visages of the dowagers and sexagenarian spinsters, characters of cupidity and ferocity were engraven, as if by the talons of some demoniacal agent!

'The men who owned a stake in the golden piles and bank-notes heaped upon the table, more accustomed to subdue the evidence of evil passions, and more alive to the *mauvais ton* of evincing any eagerness in the pursuit, affected to whisper to each other, with a tone of gaiety almost hysterical; while parched lips, bloodshot eyes, and a distempered spot upon the cheek, sufficed to betray their inward perturbation. There was not one among the party whose demeanour was natural, or whose voice was pitched in its ordinary key; and no sooner was the game over, and the spoils in process of division and sub-division, than Frederica found herself absolutely blushing at the disputations and shabby vehemence of her own sex, and the angry looks darted from the eyes of the losing cavaliers. As she noticed the smile of gloating exultation with which Lady Barbara swept her allotted handful of sovereigns into her reticule, all the grace of action, and all the charm of countenance, she had formerly admired in Mr. Dynley's wife seemed to subside from her imagination; and while the arrangements for the ensuing game were formed with the same contentious and ill-bred selfishness, Lady Rawleigh found a moment to express to the triumphant Lady Barbara her regret at being so largely indebted to her assistance

'"You owe me nothing!" cried the exhilarated winner. "As you and Lord Calder chose to be ex-parte abettors of our écarté-table, we have made you play in opposition, so that you can settle your account with him at the end of the evening. Mr. Vaux has been looking for you both; and as *you* have won on the two last games, I recommend you not to desert your luck. Play on, and you will bring yourself round in an hour."

'Through ignorance or indifference, Lady Rawleigh accepted these counsels; and being soon wearied by the heated atmosphere round the table, and disgusted by the tone of avidity displayed by her female friends, she again retired beyond the limits of the circle, and seating herself in an open window became once more engrossed in conversation with Calder and Lord Vardington.

'"I am happy to perceive," said the latter, in a low voice, as she threw herself into a vacant chair, "that although Lady Rawleigh pledges her *purse* to the écarté table, she cannot fix her *interest* upon its chances."

'"I am playing merely to oblige Lady Olivia," she replied, surprised by his unwonted gravity of tone; "and for the first, and probably the last time."

'"You venture on a high stake for a beginner," said her new acquaintance in the same admonitory voice, which caused certain half-uttered imprecations to interpose between the clenched teeth of Lord Calder.

'"I suffer it to be fixed by others," replied Frederica, drily; "and it is fortunate for me that they have not speculated more deeply on my behalf."

Lord Calder, apprehensive that the pertinacity of this intrusive counsellor might eventually discourage Frederica from entering further into his toils, now judged it necessary to divert the channel of their conversation to some more auspicious theme; and such was his dexterity in the art of familiar eloquence, that he succeeded without much difficulty in arresting the attention of both, by engaging them in one of those gay and graceful arguments in which the nothingness of society may be enveloped by an original thinker and fearless talker. He advanced paradoxes to give them an opportunity of being refuted by the rational Vardington; he professed subtleties of sentiment to delude Frederica into the absorbing task of investigation; and by the time they had refined upon a few of these artificial theories, and confuted a few of his lordship's plausible casuistries, the crowd at the card-table broke into a degree of vociferation announcing that its mysteries and anxieties were over; while Mr. Vaux, approaching the window with his usual air of urbane egotism, observed to Lady Rawleigh that he thought the severity of fortune on the present occasion would afford her little temptation to become an écarté-player. "You have been in your usual luck, my dear Calder," he continued, "and Lady Rawleigh writes herself your debtor to the amount of two hundred and seventy pounds."

'Notwithstanding the distemperature of heart and mind which had imparted to the whole evening a sort of visonary unreality, Frederica was startled into sobriety by this terrible sentence. She felt herself growing dizzy with the shock; and after a slight apology to Lord Calder for remitting the payment of her debt till her return to town, hurried away to seek confirmation of the intelligence from Lady Barbara, and to escape the scrutiny of Lord Vardington.

'But scarcely had she attained the Gothic door of the misapplied sanctuary, when Lady Olivia seized her precipitately by the arm, and dragged her away to preside at a supper-table where the Rodenfels and a large party of the elect of fashion were already assembled; where the broadest bonmots were in process of circulation with the champagne; and where Lady Rochester's wit, exalted into its boldest key, was already eliciting the buoyant gaiety of her accustomed set. Among such persons it may be readily supposed that the discomfiture of Lady Rawleigh was as much unnoticed as her real attractions were unfelt; yet scarcely had she been conducted to her seat by Sir Robert Morse, when she found herself assailed on every side by an excess of compliments and graciousness redoubling all former tokens of politeness. She was little aware of the true source of her increased popularity! She was little aware that Lady Rochester, having discovered her to be capable of losing rouleau after rouleau without so much as enquiring the name of the dealer, or the nature of the opposition, began to regard her with unequivocal respect; and would have forgiven her triumph had Titania delegated some attendant fay to steal a complexion for Lady Rawleigh from the bud of a damask rose! Countess Rodenfels gave her a general invitation to her diplomatic soirées;—Lord Wallingford begged permission to leave his name in Bruton-street;—Lady Blanche exultingly reminded her that Sir Capel Thornton's seat was not more than thirty miles distant from Rawleighford,—quite within visiting distance;—and the old Duchess of Ledbury inquired with a remarkable show of courtesy after poor dear Lady Launceston's pulmonary afflictions.

'Yet not even these flattering testimonials to her recent accession of

merit, could withdraw the remembrance of Frederica from her own mischances. Having remained totally indifferent to their progress, and untouched by the hazards of the écarté-table, she could not of course feel convicted of the humiliating vice of play in its most flagrant sense; but when, on glancing wildly round the supper-room, she perceived Lord Calder standing amid a group of fashionable roués, and recollected that *she was his debtor*—that she *owed* him a sum which she should find it difficult to collect at a moment's warning—her heart sank beneath the gaze of familiar admiration, which she detected him in the act of setting upon herself! A sort of incomprehensible murmur seemed deepening round her; her heart was sickened almost beyond the power of controlling her vexation of spirit; and it was fortunate indeed for poor Frederica, that the Ash Bank guests did not forget its twelve miles distance from London, and were at length disposed to take their departure. She saw the last loiterer depart;—she heard the boyish tumult of Lord Putney and the Duke of Draxfield, sportively disputing the possession of the only cloak left in the vestibule; and without noticing the thanks now poured upon her by Lady Olivia for her successful exertions in favour of the fête, or listening to the recapitulations of Monsieur Méringue's blunders and deficiencies, she hastened to her own room,—hurried through the garrulous attendance of Mrs. Pasley—and found refuge for her tears upon her solitary pillow!'—*Pin Money*, vol. ii. pp. 204—214.

The course of life which Lady Rawleigh pursues, necessarily involves her in pecuniary difficulties, which at length bring her to her senses, and she is made to acknowledge, that almost the worst thing that can befal a young wife, is to have too large an allowance of pin-money settled upon her. An episode of rather too artificial a character runs throughout the story. Mary Trevelyan had resided for some years in Italy, where her cousin, Lady Rawleigh, and many of her relatives and friends still supposed her to be. But she had been for some time in England under the assumed name of Miss Elbany, for the purpose of observing in person the character of a young gentleman to whom she was destined to be married. She is a manifold instrument in the hands of the authoress, who makes use of her in order to create mysteries, excite jealousies, and to throw circumstances into that kind of perplexity most convenient for a novelist, who, knowing in what the confusion originates, continues it as long as is necessary, and then comes out with a satisfactory explanation, at the winding up of the tale.

4. Each of the three volumes of 'Haverhill' may be said to be a story in itself; for they are divided by the author into three parts, which are connected together only by the *dramatis personæ*. In the first part we have a picture of American manners and customs, as they are exhibited amongst the lower orders of that country; in the second, we have, amongst other things sufficiently various in their nature, an account of the expedition in which General Wolfe was engaged for the reduction of Quebec; and in the third, we are introduced to the interior of life in the West Indies, including par-

ticularly the mode of life pursued by the negro slaves. In the latter portion of his work, it is the avowed object of the author to remove from the minds of the people of England, those *prejudices*, which render them so universally hostile to the perpetuation of slavery in the West Indies; but although he proposed to himself the fulfilment of this object, yet he really pays little attention to it. He is supposed to have taken a voyage to Jamaica, with the view of finding some trace of his sister, who had absconded from the paternal roof; but instead of looking after her, and recovering her from the iniquitous path into which she had been betrayed, he spends all his time in making love on his own account, to a young lady who had been engaged to another gentleman! With this business, which by the way is far from being creditable to the hero, the greater part of the third volume is occupied, and but a very small part of it is taken up with a representation of the *perfect happiness* enjoyed by the slaves. There are some lively passages in the second volume, containing the history of Wolfe's expedition, but they exhibit such a mixture of romance and fact, that we cannot take the trouble of distinguishing the boundaries at which fiction ceases and history begins. From this volume, however, we shall detach an episode of Indian love, which is very possibly founded upon a real occurrence. We need only premise, that Borlase, who was the object of this fiery and beautiful attachment, was a young ensign in Amherst's division, and that the Indian girl, who had been made a captive by the troops in a skirmish with her countrymen, had been rescued by him from the brutality of the soldiers.

'Borlase had now an opportunity to examine her features, and I require full credit for my assertion, that he had never beheld lovelier, or seen, in one person, a more splendid array of female charms than were exhibited in the face, form, walk, and air of this little Huron maiden. Tatoka, or "the Antelope," as she was called, from the lightness of her step, and well did she deserve the appellation, was not more than sixteen, yet she had shot up, like the flowers of her native prairies, to the height which is only esteemed second to the loftiest of female statures in European countries. Her skin was scarce darker than that of a very dark Italian lady, her teeth white and even, her eyes of a mild hazel, her hands and feet small, and beautifully proportioned, and her long raven-black hair, as it swept her finely turned shoulders, was the most beautiful I had ever seen. When to these charms was added that of loving him intensely, it is not strange that she had made a very deep impression on his heart. Yet she was the daughter of an Indian, and though that Indian was a chief, and the ruler of a nation, the pride of the young soldier revolted at the thought of what would be said of him by his friends and connexions in England, should he marry an Indian. He continued, though at the expense of his feelings, to repress her fondness, and check, by every means in his power, her demonstrations of love. He said every thing which he thought likely to arouse her pride, or awaken her resentment, but in vain. She clung to him as a mother clings to her child, was cheerful and happy if permitted to approach but as

near to him as a dozen feet, but became frantic with grief, if any attempt were made to force her from him.

'It was sweet, but affecting, and excited the pity and admiration of all whose hearts were not made of impenetrable stuff, to mark the movements of the gentle passion in this child of nature. I do not believe, that in all the walks of romance, in any of the fabled chronicles of love, there could be found any thing to surpass the apparent fervency of her affections,—and no one, for a moment, supposed it assumed. If he walked out, she was at his side, or wheeling like a hound, in playful circles, around him; if he reposed, she was at his feet. If she was permitted to enter his tent, she did so, if not, she sat down at the door, and awaited, patiently, the moment when she could again see the face which, to use her own metaphorical language, was "more beautiful in the eyes of Tatoka than the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or the flowers." While he was eating his meals she sat by him, and watched every mouthful he ate with an appearance of the deepest satisfaction, but would eat nothing herself till he had done. She would then make it her first care to secure to herself the fragments of every thing he had touched, as if that touch had communicated to them an especial sweetness.

'It is known that the motive must be very strong that induces an Indian, of either sex, to pay any attention to cleanliness. They will bestow infinite care upon the adornment of their persons, but there they pause. Tatoka was not, at the time of her introduction into our camp, more remarkable than the rest of her race for that which will add a perfume even to the rose, which is always sweetest after a shower. But when the man she loved had told her of the care which the women of his country bestowed upon cleanliness, and of their frequent ablutions of their persons, and changings of their dress, she exerted herself to give effect to her charms to an extent which would have made it a crying evil had there been any essential duty for it to interfere with. Thenceforth her ablutions were endless. Every day, and it was all for him—how delightful the idea that one should be so beloved!—she dressed her hair with beads, and flowers, and feathers, and laced up her rainbow-tinted mocassins with ribbons, the gayest she could procure in a place where French taste presided. If he particularly noticed any flower, it was found and given him—if he bestowed a commendation, warmer than usual, upon any article of her dress, she said nothing, but, thenceforth, wore that alone, till he intimated his wish that she should change it.

'Nature had taught her the power of music, to soothe the mind, when depressed, and whenever she saw the cloud upon his countenance which visits, more or less, the countenances of all, she tried upon him the effect of a song. At such times she would commence singing one of those wild, but beautiful and plaintive Indian melodies which it is impossible to translate into English, or any other language, without losing much of their sweetness and effect. They are, in general, transcripts of feelings, or records of events, told in a style of simple and unadorned metaphor, and without an attempt at producing the "consonance of verses," which has imparted so much richness to the cultivated languages. The following is one of the beautiful Tatoka's songs. While it is characteristic, it serves to show the peculiar state of her feelings. It will be seen that all the metaphors are natural, and all the figures drawn from natural objects.

'Beautiful is he!
Oh, he is very beautiful
I love him much, and he
To me is the tall oak
Which throws its long dark boughs
O'er the swift streamlet's bank.
He is to me the sun,
And moon, and glittering stars
Which shine so very bright,
Lighting up the skies at night,
Making glad the birds,
Making glad the flowers,
Making all things glad.
Beautiful is he!
Oh, he is very beautiful!

'Beautiful is he!
Oh, he is very beautiful!
Tall and graceful as the pine,
Merry as the lark,
Swifter than the buck,
His eye the mountain goat's,
His skin the water lily's,
His hair the western clouds at eve,
His lips a rose-leaf dew'd.
Beautiful is he!
Oh, he is very beautiful!

'Brave and good is he?
Oh, he is very good and brave!
And he is very wise,
And fit to be a chief;
And he is very bold,
And fit to lead a band
Of Huron warriors, and to scalp
A hundred of his foes.
Cunning as a fox,
Bloody as a wolf,
Fearless as a carcajou,
Keen-eyed as a hawk.
Brave and good is he!
Oh, he is very good and brave!

'Love him how I do,
Oh, how I do love him;
A mother loves her babe
Not so as I love him;
The warrior loves the battle shout
Less than I love this Yengeese* boy.
He does not know my love,
Nor pities he my love,

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* Yengeese—English.

Because he does not love.
Why will he not Tatoka love,
The little Huron girl?
Beautiful is he!
Oh, he is very beautful!

'It seemed as if it were impossible for her to exist out of his sight. She continued to follow him whithersoever he went—she was at his feet when he sat down, near him when he rose, in his path when he walked, and, at length, by his side when he slept. If she left him for a moment, it was for the purpose of procuring something which should further testify her affection for him. It was now the season of the earlier berries and wild fruit, and she was out for hours, every day, in the fields, gathering the ripest for him. Sometimes, while employed in the delightful task, it would occur to her that he might have gone away during her absence, when she would utter a loud scream, burst into tears, and run, with the fleetness of a deer, to see if the suspicion were true or not. Poor thing! She had been found by him one of the lightest hearted beings that ever breathed, and now her whole soul was filled with sorrow and wretchedness, enlivened, indeed, by occasional but transient periods of perfect happiness. She became his companion—in the Canadian sense of the word—need I say more.'—*Haverhill*, vol. ii. pp. 101—109.

Some readers will be glad to know that the parties were subsequently married according to law, and that his lovely wife presented Borlase with a fine family.

The best of the three volumes is the first, in which we have a picture of American life amongst the lower orders. The hero, Lynn Haverhill, is the son of a fisherman, who spent all his early years in the most laborious employments, such as fishing and agriculture. His ambition was excited to rise beyond this humble station, by the counsels of a judge's daughter, who fell in love with him. He determines accordingly to seek his fortune abroad, but before he quits his native country, he enters into many interesting details concerning the habits and amusements, throughout the different seasons, of the people who moved in the same sphere of society with hihself. The work is altogether a strange medley, and very unequal in its execution, the first volume being pretty well done, the second still better, and the third mere trash.

5. The fifth work on our list contains a series of tales, intended to illustrate the manners of the Welsh mountaineers some forty years ago. They are written with considerable spirit, though we must say, that had it not been for the names of persons and of places, they might be very easily taken as representations of the manners of any other people in the world, as well as of those belonging to the principality.

6. 'Ivan Vejeeghan' is said to be a translation from the Russian, and such we believe it to be. It affords a striking picture of the domestic habits that prevail amongst those classes of the Muscovites, who are a little above the rank of the boors. The hero is an orphan lad, who rises by his own exertions in the world, of the

interior of which, like Gil Blas, he happens to see a great deal. The story is, however, not well put together. Here and there we have some good sketches of lower social life; but the work is rather too full of petty details.

7. When we first took up the volume entitled 'Authorship,' we supposed that, as it came to us from America, it would naturally disclose the miseries or the good fortune of authors in general, in that land of liberty and temperance. Great, therefore, was our astonishment to find, that although printed at Boston, in excellent American type upon execrable paper, it is neither more nor less than a common love-story of our own Isle of Wight. The author chances to see in London a young damsel who at once captivates his fancy, and he pursues her to the island, where, however, he fails to come to an eclaircissement. But he is prevented from throwing himself into the sea at Cowes, by hearing that the lady has set out —not for Botany Bay!—but for New York, whither he hies him in order once more to have the happiness of falling at her feet. Now why such a story as this was called 'Authorship,' we are at a loss to conjecture. Perhaps the writer conceived that he displayed the tact of an author, in giving a bad tale an attractive name, in the same way that Yorkshire folk are said to practise jockeyism, when they pass off upon a Londoner a spavined horse as one free from every defect.

8. Tieck has been for some time known in this country as one of the most accomplished critics of whom Germany can boast. We were not aware, until we saw the translation of his 'Old Man of the Mountain,' and the other stories mentioned in the title page of the little volume before us, that he was also a popular writer of fiction. The compositions which are here translated, are all of a very high order, after the German fashion. Our taste in general has outgrown the wild creations of that school. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to recognise the traces of a master-mind in these productions.

ART. IX. *Spain in* 1830. By Henry D. Inglis, author of "Solitary Walks through Many Lands," &c. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Whittaker, Treacher and Co. 1831.

"IT never rains but it pours," says the old proverb. For seven years after the publication of Mr. Quin's "Visit to Spain," scarcely a syllable was given to the world by any traveller, concerning that interesting country. But of late the case has been greatly altered, for we have had within almost as many months, no fewer than three distinct journals of tours in the Peninsula, each describing exactly the same places, though in a different order of succession, according to the different points from which they set out. The "Young American" entered the country by Perpignan; Sir Arthur

Brooke by Cadiz, and Mr. Inglis by Bayonne. Yet they have all visited the same cities and villages; the same scenery has called forth their praises, and it is creditable to Spain to add, that they all agree in their estimates of the amiable character of her people.

Nor is it a little remarkable, that although Mr. Inglis has so rapidly followed the two authors just mentioned, the disadvantage under which he labours is little more than a nominal one. For he has contrived to see many things, in Madrid particularly, which did not fall under their observation; and even in the towns remote from the capital, he has gleaned a good deal of information concerning the actual state of Spanish society, which they either neglected, or had not the opportunity, to acquire. Indeed, he seems to have found a more easy way into the houses, and to have become more intimate with the families, of respectable Spaniards, than it usually falls to the lot of his literary countrymen to do. Hence, his work exhibits a highly engaging picture of the living manners of that country, of the state of its morals, its political parties, and a very full, and we have no doubt an accurate, account of its manufactures and productions. The author has made a point of citing the prices of provisions, in different parts of Spain, and of giving in general such statistical details as he could conveniently collect. But the distinguished merit of this work is, that it contains the most ample as well as the most correct view of what may be called social life in the Peninsula, that perhaps has yet been published in any language.

In entering that country from the north, Mr. Inglis deviated at Vittoria from the usual route. Instead of proceeding straight to the capital, he turned to the right, and paid a visit to the ancient and interesting town of Bilbao, in the province of Biscay. The road over the Biscayan mountains is one of the finest in Europe. As the traveller approaches the town, he is surprised to find that the mountains, instead of diminishing, actually increase in height to the very edge of the sea; the town is all but encircled in their bosom, a circumstance which renders it far from being a pure or healthy place. It is well known that the Biscayans differ in personal appearance, in industry and commercial enterprize, and, above all, in their spirit of liberty, from Spaniards in general. The trade of Bilbao, which was principally in wool, has, of late years, very much declined. A little is still done in the importation of dried fish and the export of iron. The system of living and of society, if ever it was upon an extended principle, is now upon a scale more suited to the commercial decline of the port. A cup of chocolate and a crust of bread form the breakfast of the most opulent merchant; he dines at one, generally upon broth, a little boiled beef, and a morsel of pork, or a sausage, surrounded either by cabbage, or Spanish peas; a cup of chocolate again is taken in the afternoon, and for supper a lettuce, prepared with vinegar, oil, and pepper. Such is the *menage* at home. The plan of their society

is curious. In the winter season some eight or ten families agree to form a circle; each chooses a week, and receives the others every evening during that period, treating them only with cards, music, and dancing; for the visitors take chocolate before leaving home, and supper when they return. The money won at cards is placed in a purse, which is confided to one of the party, and with the produce of the season the materials of a grand dinner are purchased, which is partaken of in the country, when the summer comes, by all the members of the circle. There is a frugal simplicity in this plan which none but very amiable persons could enjoy. Were such a scheme proposed in this country, and carried into effect, even amongst families intimately known to each other, they would get tired of it before the end of the first week. We abhor the idea of seeing the same faces, night after night, because in truth we have lost all relish for what is natural, and can relish only what is artificial, to which variety is always essential. The cheapness of the necessaries of life at Bilbao, may be collected from Mr. Inglis's statement.

'The town of Bilbao is extremely rich. On the occasion of the king's visit, a few years ago, the corporation expended no less than two millions of reals (20,000*l.*) in feasts, decorations, bull-fights, &c., and to cover these expenses, it was not necessary to lay on any additional impositions. These funds arise from dues upon the entry of all the necessaries of life, whether by land or by sea: beef is entirely a town monopoly, by which the corporation realizes 1500 reals per day. The duties upon wine, soap, and oil, are also considerable, and the dues of port entry upon all articles of subsistence are 2½*d.* per cent. But notwithstanding these dues, living is not expensive. The following are the prices of some articles: beef is 10 quartos, or about 3*d.*; mutton, 3½*d.*, but is generally of an inferior quality; a lamb costs from 20*d.* to 2*s.*; veal is about 4*d.* per lb., all of 17 oz. Bread varies in price, according to the quality: the best is 1½*d.* per lb, but the coarsest kinds, and the bread of Indian corn, are not sold by weight. Many kinds of game are both plentiful and cheap: woodcocks are frequently to be had at 10*d.* or 1*s.* per pair. Groceries are also reasonable, and it is a curious fact, that loaf sugar, coming from England, is cheaper than raw sugar, direct from the Havannah: good wine costs a little less than 3*d.* per bottle. The Spanish country wines taste unpleasantly to a stranger, for they have almost all contracted, less or more, a peculiar flavour from the skins in which they are carried. There are two reasons why the Spanish wines are carried in skins: in the wine countries there is little wood to make casks; but the principal reason is, that cross-roads are not suited for carriages, and that mules can more conveniently carry skins than casks. Throughout Biscay, the wages of labour are from 10*d.* to 1*s.*; and workmen, such as carpenters, masons, &c., receive from 20*d.* to 2*s.* per day.'—vol. i. pp. 26, 27.

One of the ornaments of Bilbao, and it would be esteemed such any where, is the Campo Santo, or cemetery, a square area of about six acres, surrounded by a covered arcade, which is supported by Doric columns. The back of the arcade is an immense wall of

brickwork, in which there are four rows of spaces for the reception of coffins, each space being about three feet wide, and six and a half feet in length. When a coffin is deposited in one of the spaces, it is built up with brick and lime, and a marble slab is fitted into it, upon which the name of the deceased is inscribed. It is calculated to contain altogether three thousand bodies. The entrance gate is a chaste and beautiful structure, upon which these warning lines are written :—

'" Cada paso, que vais dando
Por la senda de la vida
Mas y mas os va acercando
Mortales, a la partida,
Que en vano estais evitando."'

'" Mortals, every step that you take in the path of life, brings you nearer and nearer to the very exit which you shun in vain." '

Convents for both sexes are very numerous in Bilbao and its neighbourhood, and afford the author occasion for writing much nonsense about celibacy, and a religious life. It is very clear that he is utterly ignorant of the subject. Perhaps it may be true that monastic establishments are too numerous in Spain, looking at the matter in a political point of view; but it is equally true that they would not be so abundant, if there were not persons to fill them. English travellers expend a great deal of vain regret upon the inhabitants of such institutions in foreign countries. They may be assured of this, that monks and nuns are a much happier race of mortals than most people suspect. They are freed from all the cares of life; and it is their own fault if they have not the blessing of a pure conscience, which, in any condition, is sure to bring with it tranquillity of mind, and all those delicious feelings of which felicity is composed. But these are things which a Protestant writer cannot understand. He is just as incompetent a judge of religious, and particularly of monastic, institutions, as a blind man is of colours, or a deaf man of sounds. But let us pass to a pleasanter subject.

'Every evening while I remained in Bilbao, I spent half an hour in the Swiss Coffee-house—the only one in the town; and one evening, I was much amused by a very curious scene I witnessed there. Four gentlemen were seated at a card-table when I entered the coffee-house, and at first I paid no particular attention to them; but accidentally resting my eye upon them while sipping my coffee, I was surprised to see one of the players shut one eye, and at the same time thrust his tongue out of his mouth; from him, my eyes wandered to another, who at the same moment squinted with both eyes, and thrust forward his under-lip: I now saw that it was a constant succession of face-making, while all the while the game went on. It is impossible to describe the strange, ludicrous, and hideous faces of the players; I was at first dumb with astonishment, and then convulsed with laughter, and all the while dying with curiosity to know the reason of so grotesque an exhibition. It was a Biscayan

game, called mūs;—answering to each card there is a particular contortion of the face, which interprets its value; and the point of the game consists in the dexterity with which partners are able to convey to each other by grimaces, the state of each other's hand. This is a favourite game in Biscay, but it is said to require a lifetime to become expert in it: I should think it requires also the natural gift of grimace.'—vol. i pp. 37, 38.

We are accustomed to talk and hear a great deal about the system of political slavery and oppression, which is supposed to exist in Spain. Theoretically speaking, the king seems, indeed, to have the power of doing almost what he pleases with those whom he calls his vassals. Nevertheless, there is, in fact, no country in Europe in which the local interference of the supreme government is so little felt as in Spain. Almost all the principal districts, as Andalusia, Murcia, Catalonia, and the Basque provinces, govern themselves by virtue of privileges which they have enjoyed for many ages. Ferdinand, for instance, is not the king, but the lord of Biscay. The conscription does not extend to that province—that is to say, to Biscay Proper; in case of invasion only is it bound to furnish troops, and when the occasion for their services ceases, they have a right to disband themselves. Neither can a Biscayan be hanged; if he be condemned to death, he must be strangled—like a nobleman. The distinction, however, only involves this difference, that the criminal so privileged is put to death in a sitting posture, strangulation being the usual mode of inflicting capital punishment in Spain. Further, a Biscayan cannot be whipped; and he is governed by a peculiar code of laws, the advantages of which, however, are exceedingly doubtful. No regular fiscal impositions are laid upon the province. When the king wants money he sends a requisition for that purpose, and he takes as much as he can get. If the demand be, as it has sometimes happened, inconsistent with the rights and privileges of Biscay, the money is given, but with this adjunct,—"Biscay obeys, but does not comply." "Se obedese, y no se cumple." The maritime laws of Biscay form the basis of those, which were framed for the government of the Spanish-American colonies

Returning to Vittoria, Mr. Inglis resumed the high road to Madrid, whither he travelled by the excellent diligence now established upon that line of approach to the capital. Having so lately gone over almost every street of that stately city with other tourists, we shall only notice some of the objects, which attracted our author's particular attention. Among other things he observes that he never perceived in Madrid that squalid appearance of poverty, which occasionally disgusts the stranger so much in London, and other capital towns of Europe. A single fact which he mentions shows, however, that so far as real poverty is concerned, appearances are not always to be trusted.

'I purposely walked several times into the lowest quarters of the city,

but I never encountered any such pictures of poverty and wretchedness as are to be found abundantly in Paris, London, Dublin, Manchester, and other great towns of France and England. When the king arrived in Madrid from *La Granja*, there were at least 10,000 persons present at his *entrée*; and upon the occasion of the queen's accouchement, there were three times that number in the court of the palace; and yet I did not see a single person in rags—scarcely even a beggar. It is possible, however, that a cloak may conceal much wretchedness; and of this I had one day an example. Sauntering one morning in the retired part of the Prado, in front of the botanical garden, I sat down upon the low wall that supports the iron railing: a man, with a decent cloak wrapped around him, sat a few paces distant, seemingly in a reverie; he happened to have taken his seat upon some prohibited place, and one of the guards, unperceived by him, walked forward, and tapped him on the shoulder with his musket; whether the sudden start which this intrusion occasioned had unfastened the cloak, or whether he had accidentally let go his hold of it, is of no consequence; but the cloak dropped half off his body, and I discovered that it was his *only* garment, excepting his neckcloth. The man was no beggar; he hastily replaced the cloak, and walked away. He was probably one of that class who, in Madrid, sacrifice all to the exterior; or, possibly, one of those very few Castilians who yet inherit old Castilian pride, and who would die rather than ask an alms.'—vol. i. pp. 76, 77.

We can ourselves bear testimony to the accuracy of the author's report of the crowds which repair to the Prado: of the picturesque animation of the sketch the reader himself may judge.

'In my expectations of beauty I was miserably disappointed; beauty of features I saw none, Neither at that time, nor at any subsequent visit to the Prado, did I ever see one strikingly lovely countenance; and the class so well known in England, because so numerous, denominated, "pretty girls," has no existence in Spain. The women were, without exception, dark,—but the darkness of the clear brunette, is darkness of a very different kind from that of the Castilian. I saw no fine skin, no glossy hair: dark expressive eyes I certainly did see, but they were generally too ill supported to produce much effect. But let me do justice to the grace of the Spanish women. No other woman knows how to walk,—the elegant, light, and yet firm step of the small and well-attired foot and ancle,—the graceful bearing of the head and neck; the elegant disposition of the arms, never to be seen hanging downward, but one hand holding the folds of the mantilla, just below the waist; the other inclining upward, wielding, with an effect the most miraculous, that mysterious instrument, the fan,—these are the charms of the Spanish women. As for the fan, its powers are nowhere seen displayed to such advantage as on the Prado. I believe I shall never be able to look at a fan in the hands of any other than a Spanish woman, certainly no other woman understands the management of it. In her hands it is never one moment at rest,—she throws it open, fans herself, and furls it to the left, and all with three fingers of one hand. This is absolutely marvellous to one who has been accustomed to see a fan opened with both hands, and furled only on one side. But that I may at once exhaust the subject of fans, let me add, that in the hands of its true mistress, the fan becomes a substitute for

language, and an interpreter of etiquette. If a lady perceives that she is an object of attention to some inquisitive and admiring *caballero*, she has immediate recourse to her fan, that she may convey to him one most important piece of information. If she be married, she fans herself slowly; if still senorita, rapidly. The caballero, therefore, at once ascertains his chances and his risks. This fact is obtained from a Spanish lady of rank in Madrid, the wife of a gentleman in a high official situation. The motion of the fan too, marks distinctly, and with the utmost nicety, the degree of intimacy that subsists between one lady and another. The shake of the fan is the universal acknowledgment of acquaintance; and according as the fan is open or shut, the intimacy is great or small. These are trifling things, yet they are worth telling. But let me return to the Prado, where, having decided upon the claims of the Castilian ladies, I had leisure to observe its other novelties. Here I saw little of the sombreness I had remarked in the streets, for many of the ladies wore white mantillas; and in the evening, coloured rather than black gowns are the *mode*. The very great number too, of officers of the guards, with their high-cocked hats, and coats entirely covered with silver lace, gave additional animation to the scene. Other pictures of a different kind the eye occasionally caught,—here and there a portly priest, with his ample gown and great slouched hat, mingling in the throng, and evidently enjoying the scene and its gaiety,—aloof from the crowd, and in the most retired walks, with hurried step and down-cast head, a friar, in his grey, brown, or white cassock,—now and then a tall Andalusian peasant, with his tapering hat, his velvet and silver embroidered jacket and crimson sash, his unbuttoned gaiters and white stockings,—the Asturian nurse, with her short brown jerkin, petticoat of blue and yellow, trimmed with gold, and bare head. It is always a mark of a woman's consequence in Madrid, to hire an Asturian nurse; they are supposed to be models of health and strength, and certainly if breadth of figure be the criterion of these, the ladies of Madrid make a prudent choice: I never saw such women as the women of the Asturias. In France, where the women are generally *mince*, one of them might be exhibited as a curiosity.'—vol. i. pp. 90—94.

The usual place of retirement from the Prado is the Café de Santa Catalina, to which there is certainly nothing of the kind worthy of being compared either in Paris or in London.

'Returning from the Prado, or the Retiro, I frequently stepped into the Café de *Santa Catalina*, the most brilliant place of the kind in Madrid, and generally resorted to after the promenade, by many of the most distinguished persons. I greatly prefer this *café* to any in Paris; to any, indeed, that I have seen elsewhere. You pass through a magnificent and brilliantly illuminated room, where those who love the light are assembled, into an open court,—open to the skies above, but surrounded by the backs of lofty buildings: a covered arcade runs round the court, dimly lighted by suspended lamps, to meet the taste of those who desire a certain quantity of light and no more. But this light scarcely reaches the centre of the court, which is illuminated only by the stars; and here, as well as under the arcade, tables and chairs are placed for those who are indifferent about light. All sorts of refreshments suited to a warm cli-

mate, are to be found in this café; and rows of sweet smelling flowers in pots, add to the luxury of the place. It may easily be believed, that the Café Catalina is celebrated on other accounts than for the excellence of the refreshments which it furnishes. In the illuminated room, all is mirth and gaiety: the ladies, escaped from the monotony, and proprieties, and etiquette of the Prado, give way to their natural liveliness and wit; and accept, with smiling looks of conscious merit, and with quick flutterings of the fan, the proffered courtesies and gallantry of the caballeros who escort them. In the court, the scene is different: within the arcade, quieter parties are seated, enjoying a sort of half-seclusion; while, throughout the centre, are scattered, pairs in conversation; and the light of a lamp, as it occasionally flashes upon their privacy,—revealing a sparkling eye, and the flutter of a fan,—interprets its nature. The use of the *toledo* or the *bravo*, to avenge private wrongs among the upper ranks, is now comparatively unknown in Spain; else I should often have run some risk, by strolling leisurely through the centre of the Café Catalina, that I might get some insight into the state of Castilian morals.'—vol. i. pp. 97—99.

Mr. Inglis entertains more favourable ideas of Ferdinand VII. than any author, we believe, whether traveller or historian, English or foreign, who has yet written about the very peculiar character of that sovereign. As he does not inform us that he attended the court on any occasion, we infer that Ferdinand had no opportunity of shewing him any attention, and that, therefore, he expresses his opinions sincerely, and makes his report of facts without bias either one way or the other. We should be much gratified, for the sake of our race in general, if we could believe that the man who has lost three wives and married a fourth; who has broken so many oaths, and violated so many promises to his people, as binding as oaths; who can seldom keep the same ministry for twelve months together; who has seen with indifference the loss of all his colonies, and witnesses the commerce and finances of his kingdom crumbling into ruin, without making an effectual effort to save or to restore them; we repeat, that we should be much gratified if we could believe that such a man as this was really the good-natured, kind, and amiable person whom Mr. Inglis has so favourably represented to us. Let us hear his account of the man.

'I happened to be walking one day in the Calle de Alcala, when the royal carriage drove up to the door of the Cabinet of Natural History, and being close by, I stopped to see the king and queen. The king stepped from the carriage first; he then lifted from the carriage a very large poodle dog, and then the queen followed, whom, contrary no doubt to royal etiquette, his majesty did not hand, but lifted, and placed on the pavement; and then turning to the crowd who surrounded the carriage, he said to them—"*Pesa menos el matrimonio,*" which means, Matrimony is a lighter burden than the dog,—a very tolerable *jeu d'esprit* to have come from Ferdinand VII.

'It is a general belief in England, that the king of Spain seldom trusts himself out of his palace; at all events, not without a formidable guard: but this idea is quite erroneous; no monarch in Europe is oftener seen

without guards than the king of Spain. I could give numerous instances of this, which have fallen under my own observation; but I shall content myself with one. A few days before leaving Madrid, while walking in the Retiro about six in the evening, in one of the most private walks, I observed a lusty gentleman, in blue coat and drab trowsers, with one companion, about twenty paces in advance; and, as my pace was rather quicker than their's, I caught a side look of the lusty gentleman's face: it was the king, accompanied by a new valet, who had just succeeded Meris, who died a week or two before, of apoplexy. I had frequently seen the king without guards; but never before, at so great a distance from attendants, or in so retired a place; and that I might be quite certain that this was indeed the redoubtable Ferdinand, I followed, in place of passing. He walked the whole length of the Retiro, parts of which are more than a mile from any guard or gate; the garden is open to every body; some of the walks are extremely secluded; so that he was the whole of the time entirely in the power of any individual who might have harboured a design against him; and all this struck me the more forcibly, since, upon that very day, it had been announced for the first time in the *Gaceta de Madrid*, that the refugees had passed the frontier; and in the same paper the ordinance had appeared, for closing the universities. The king walked like a man who had nothing to fear; and never once looked behind him, though his companion occasionally did. Before making the circuit of the Retiro, he reached the frequented walks, which were then crowded, and where he was of course recognized, and received as usual. This exposure of himself seemed to me extraordinary, and scarcely to be accounted for: the best of kings have occasionally suffered by their temerity; and surely Ferdinand can have no right to suppose himself without an enemy: his conduct showed either a very good, or a very hardened conscience.

'But, in truth, the king has not many enemies; many despise him, but few would injure him. I have heard men of all parties—the warmest Carlists, the most decided liberals,—speak of him without reserve; and all speak of him as a man whose greatest fault is want of character; as a man not naturally bad; good tempered; and who might do better, were he better advised.'—vol. i. pp. 116—119.

This is all very good, if only it be true. Doubtless Mr. Inglis believes it to be so, but the misfortune is, that he has only seen Ferdinand in the streets. He does not inform us where he procured his information as to the mode of life pursued by the royal circle in the palace. Most probably he received it from some official, who would, of course, paint only the sunny side of the picture.

'No king and queen ever lived more happily together, than the present king and queen of Spain. The king is passionately attached to her; and it is said she is perfectly satisfied with her lot. He spends the greater part of the day in her apartments; and when engaged in council, leaves it half a dozen times in the course of an hour or two, to visit his queen. The habits of the court are extremely simple: the king rises at six, and breakfasts at seven; he spends the morning chiefly with the queen, but receives his ministers and secretary at any time before two; at half-past two he dines, always in company with the queen. Dinner occupies not more than an hour; and shortly after, he and the queen drive out toge-

ther: he sups at half-past eight, and retires early. The queen does not rise so early as the king; she breakfasts at nine; and the king always sits by her. There is scarcely any gaiety at court. The queen is fond of retirement; and excepting now and then a private concert, there are no court diversions.

'While I was in Madrid, the favourite pastime of the king and queen was of rather an extraordinary kind; especially as the queen was on the eve of her accouchment. It consisted in looking at the wild beasts, which are kept in the Retiro. Almost every evening about five o'clock, the royal carriage might be seen crossing the Prado, on its way towards the menagerie; and as the Retiro was generally my afternoon lounge, I had frequent opportunities of seeing this royal diversion. There is a large square court about 200 yards across, inclosed with iron railings, and round the interior of this court, are the cages of the wild animals; and in this court, sat the king and queen upon a bench, while the animals were turned out for their amusement,—such of them at least as were peaceable,—camels, elephants, zebras, &c. &c. The keepers mounted upon the backs of the animals, and made them trot round the area; and when this had been done often enough to please their majesties, the beasts were led in front of their royal visitors, and made to kneel,—which act of homage, however, they sometimes refused to perform. Upon one occasion, the man who rode the camel, not being able to keep his seat, turned his face towards the tail, sitting upon the neck of the animal; their majesties were in ecstasies at this exhibition; the king, I thought, would have died with laughing.'—vol. i. pp. 125—127.

The question is often asked, especially by Englishmen, who are fond of a good dinner, are the Spaniards a hospitable people? And certainly if by hospitality be meant frequent invitations to well-furnished tables, the question may be decidedly answered in the negative. A Spaniard, to whom you are well recommended, will tell you upon introduction, that his house is at your disposal; by which he does not mean that you shall come and dine with him as often as you think proper, for he does not intend, if it be possible to avoid it, that you shall dine with him at all. All that he means to tell you is this, that during those hours in the evening when he receives other company, and treats them to cards, dancing, and sugar and water, you may freely come and enjoy yourself amongst his guests as much as you can. This is the only kind of hospitality usually practised among Spaniards, as between each other; a foreigner must not expect to be better treated. Mr. Inglis mentions some facts, which betray a strange inconsistency with the frugality that usually characterizes a Spanish menage.

'Almost every one in Spain lives up to his income. Even the employées, who hold their posts by a very uncertain tenure, seldom lay by any thing; they generally die pennyless; and it is a certain fact, that the families of employées who have died beggars, have swelled the Spanish pension list to a most formidable length. A Spaniard will dine without a table-cloth, to save the expense of washing; but this, not that he may lay by his money,—but that he may have the eclât, not the *pleasure*, of

frequenting the opera; the *pride*, not the *gratification*, of eating ice in the *Café Catalina*. I have known some extraordinary instances of this love of display: a Spanish officer, with whom we had some acquaintance, invited us to accompany him and his wife to the Prado. A handsome carriage drove up to the door, attended by two servants in gay liveries; will it be believed, that the carriage and servants were hired for the occasion; and that this officer was married, had a family, and possessed only his pay, amounting to 140*l.* a-year? What sacrifices must have been made for the indulgence of this piece of vanity! I knew the family of a judge, consisting of a widow, and four daughters, all of whom appeared every Sunday on the Prado with new satin shoes, and clean white gloves: the pension of a judge's widow is 8000 reals, (80*l.* sterling.) There is nothing remarkable in these instances; and the same love of display is visible among the lower orders in Madrid, as far as this can be shown in their rank of life. Persons in very humble circumstances are seen in most expensive dresses; and it is not at all unusual to meet a female servant with a comb, fan, and mantilla, whose united expense would amount to 4*l.* or 5*l.*—vol. i. pp. 149, 150.

The author proceeded to Seville by the high road of La Mancha, the Sierra Morena, and Cordova; thence to Cadiz, Xeres, Gibraltar and Malaga, Granada and Murcia. We have travelled too recently with Sir Arthur Brooke over nearly the same ground, to feel any interest in the account which Mr. Inglis gives of it. The city of Murcia will, however, bear description.

'The interior of Murcia surprised me as much as the approach to it. I found clean pleasant streets, like those of Seville, and a population not remarkable for poverty and rags. The best commentary upon this assertion, is the fact, that I was not accosted by a beggar during the three days I spent in Murcia. Like Seville, too, the convent gardens often skirt the streets, and the walls are overtopped with heavily-laden orange trees, and by the branchy palm. In walking towards the cathedral, I chanced to follow a friar carrying an image of St. Anthony, which the children crowded to kiss; and some of the lower orders to whom he held it, also bestowed upon it this mark of attention.

'The cathedral is not equal to many in Spain, but it is fine nevertheless:—the architecture is mixed,—there is much fine marble, and several of the Gothic chapels are worthy of a visit, from the excellence of the workmanship found in them. There are no pictures in the cathedral; and the riches in which it formerly abounded were almost all carried off by the French. But the chief object of attraction is the tower, which is ten feet higher than that of Seville, and, like it, is ascended by inclined planes. The prospect from the summit at once lays open the character and extent of the celebrated vale. It is about sixteen miles long, and eight wide, and is bounded on both sides by mountain ranges. The whole of this expanse is one sheet of variegated green, thickly dotted with mulberry trees, and sprinkled with clumps of palms, and copses of orange trees. The whole of the vale is divided into fields, separated from each other by small embankments about eighteen inches high, to assist the process of irrigation, and by rows of mulberry trees or shrubs of some sort, which give to the landscape a lighter effect than that which is pro-

duced by the dark thorn hedges of England. Towards the east, four leagues distant, where the vale contracts into the narrow opening through which Alicant lies, I could distinguish the spires of Orihuela. An isolated rock, crowned by a Moorish castle, and a village beneath it, called Monte Agudo, and another village charmingly situated under the mountains, called Algesarez, were agreeable features in the landscape; while the cottages and houses thickly strewing the plain, gave life and animation to it.'—vol. ii. pp. 277—279.

Alicant is far from being so interesting a place as Murcia; but there is a remarkable feature in the social practices of that city, which deserves notice.

'In Alicant there is an extraordinary forgetfulness or disregard of distinctions in rank, arising, no doubt, from the very limited society of the town. It is not at all unusual to see the daughter of the governor sitting upon her balcony in company with the daughter of the jailor. If there should be a deficiency of one or two persons to make up a game at cards, the most respectable of the inhabitants will send to any low person in the neighbourhood who happens to be skilful in the game, to supply the deficiency; and among the many examples of this, I knew an officer, holding a high official situation, who every night sat down to cards with his wife, and a tailor, who lived next door, and who chanced to be an adept in their favourite game. The Spaniards, especially in the south, although not addicted to gambling, are extremely fond of cards: they play from the real interest which they feel in the game—its chances and its difficulties—for the stake is generally so utterly insignificant, that it can scarcely add anything to the interest. In truth, there is a miserable want of resource in most parts of Spain. The *regime* of married life forbids those domestic enjoyments,—those home occupations,—that fill up so large a portion of the evening hours in an English family of the middle classes: books and study are almost out of the question; because, unless in the principal cities, public libraries are no where to be found; and private libraries are luxuries that few possess: Spain has not, like France, the resource of the coffee-house; nor, like England, the news of yesterday to employ a vacant hour; and, therefore, the Spaniard seeks relief from *ennui* in cards, which are always at hand, and are, at all times, capable of producing the same enjoyment.' —vol. ii. pp. 300—302.

Among the many characters which have been raised to the surface of affairs in Spain, by the late revolution, and by the system since established in its place by Ferdinand, it has been remarked that not one man, except perhaps Mina, and one or two others, has shown any thing like a talent for command. Carlos de Espana, now the Conde of that name, was occasionally spoken of in the time of the Cortes; but he held back as much as possible, at that period, from public notice. He now fills one of the most important captaincies in the Peninsula; and as it is not improbable that he may be called to fill still higher offices, we shall make no apology for transcribing the author's account of an interview which he had with this personage.

'It was a mere chance whether I should be admitted to an audience:

indeed, no one in Barcellona knows whether he be in the city or not. The parade takes place before his residence, and the guards are mounted at his gate every morning, but this is no proof that he is within. The Conde was at home however; and the names of his Britannic Majesty's Consul, andan English gentleman were passed inward. We walked into an anti-room where a Spanish general, and several other persons were waiting. How long they might have preceded us I cannot tell, but in a few minutes, we were informed that the Conde would see us; and we were conducted through a long suite of magnificent apartments, and ushered by an aide-de-camp into a little mean dirty parlour, without a bit of matting to cover the brick floor, the walls white-washed, a wood fire almost burnt out, and the furniture consisting of one small table, and two or three chairs. There sat the Conde de Espana, writing, or, at least, signing his name to a number of papers. He immediately rose, and received us with the utmost courtesy, made us sit down, and asked me some particulars of my journey, and in what state I had found Spain. I told him, what I really believed to be true, that Spain was at that time the most tranquil country in Europe; and that I had nowhere found the slightest indication of commotion. This reply was no doubt gratifying: the Conde ordered wine and segars, and the conversation took a more general turn. He spoke of France, and said he considered it hastening towards republicanism. He then spoke of himself, his conduct, and his enemies; and said, that as a private individual, he always acted justly, and morally right; but as a public man, he clothed himself with a garment of policy,—an ingenious, but not a new apology for the commission of iniquity. I remained about a quarter of an hour; and when I took leave, he did me the honour to offer me the freedom of the royal box at the opera; and also to invite me to his country seat, where he said he spent much of his time, for that to be respected, (he meant feared) one must not be seen too often. The Conde appears to be about fifty; he is rather under the middle size, and somewhat lusty; his head and face are large, and his eyes expressive of much. One may read in them, violent passions, penetration, reflection, and cunning.'—vol. ii. pp. 370—372.

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Inglis's work, is that which he has dedicated to the state of parties in Spain, and which, therefore, we have reserved for the last. They are divided into three sects: Carlists, or those who are desirous of seeing Ferdinand give place to his next brother, Charles, upon the throne, Royalists, and Liberals. The Carlists derive their support chiefly from the churchmen, or, as they are sometimes called, the Apostolicals or Absolutists, who place no dependence upon Ferdinand since he accepted the constitution of 1820. The Royalists live by the present state of things, and therefore cling to it with the utmost tenacity, whereas the Liberals recollect the past, and look forward to the future. In private, and especially in the presence of Englishmen, members of every party in Spain experience no difficulty in disclosing their real sentiments. Adherents of the three sects may be found amongst the military. Mr. Inglis states, that of the three the Carlists are the most numerous and the most influential. 'It comprises,' he says, 'the great mass of the lower orders through-

out Spain; and, in many parts, almost the whole population, including 130,000 friars, a great majority of the secular clergy, and a considerable proportion of the army,' to which he might have added, and of the civil *employés*. The wealth of the convents, which is very great, would of course be made available to the purposes of this party, if matters should ever proceed to a crisis in which it would be required. The Carlists look upon the Liberals as their avowed enemies; but they almost equally detest the Royalists, whom they look upon as little better than the Liberals, because they are, it is said, too moderate. Ignorant of what is passing around them, they maintain that Spain ought to be governed, as it was in the days of Philip II., by the cowl and the inquisition. Of the secular clergy, several are very enlightened men, and all these are, to a certain extent, Liberals; but the majority are not well informed, in a worldly sense, and they are for the ecclesiastical party, which is headed by the Archbishop of Toledo. The Archbishop of Seville is one of its warmest partisans, and it is understood that the sentiments of most of the other dignified members of the hierarchy point the same way. The Carlists complain loudly of the indecision of Ferdinand's character; they say that 'merit is not rewarded; that services are not requited; that promotion is not upon a footing of justice; and that neither in civil nor military service, is there any dependence upon government favour, which shines or is withdrawn by caprice—which favouritism purchases, and slander destroys; the idea is very general among them, that under Don Carlos, a system of greater justice, and impartiality, and decision, would be pursued in every department of the state' The Liberal party, it is said, do not desire a return to the state of things in 1820; that is to say, they do not wish to be governed by the dictates of a liberating, constitution-proclaiming army. They are anxious for free institutions upon an enlightened principle, which has taught them the vices of the present system, and above all things they dread, as a scourge, the ascendancy of the Carlists. In point of numbers they rank next to the Carlists, for, strange to say, the party of the actual government is, of the three, the weakest in numerical strength, because 'its influence scarcely extends beyond the sphere of its actual benefits; its patronage has been greatly circumscribed since the loss of the Americas; its lucrative appointments are centred in a few; and, above all, its power and patronage are held by so uncertain a tenure, that few, excepting those in the actual enjoyment of office, feel any assurance that their interests lie in supporting that which seems to hang together almost by a miracle.' A government, whose chief support depends upon such a party as this, cannot, we should suppose, last very long. But this has been said four or five years ago, and yet we see that the miserable fabric still rocks in the wind, without being overthrown. The general indifference of the people of Spain to what we understand by free institutions, is dwelt upon with great

force by Mr. Inglis. It was but too apparent during the time of the constitution, and we believe that he gives a very accurate representation of them, when he says that in general they take little notice of the vices of the government, and are utterly unambitious of political privileges. In the Basque provinces, which are the most enlightened, they have many local privileges, which serve them in the place of general institutions, and as to the Spaniard of the south, 'give him,' says the author, with but too much truth, 'give him but his shade in summer, and his sunshine in winter; his tobacco, his melon, his dates, his bread, and his wine; give him a hole to creep into, and put him within sound of a convent bell, and he asks no more: or if you rise a degree or two in society, and speak of the respectable peasant, then give to him his embroidered jacket, his tasseled hat, his guitar, and his *maja* (sweetheart), and it is matter of indifference to him, whether Spain be ruled by a Caligula or a Titus.'

In taking leave of Mr. Inglis we must do him the justice to say, that a more agreeable traveller has not for some time come within our observation. His style is unaffected, and idiomatic; and we easily infer, from the tenour of his reflections in general, that he possesses an enlightened understanding, and dispositions of the heart which make friends for him wherever he goes.

ART. X.—*The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., including a Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell, Esq. A New Edition. With numerous Additions and Notes.* By J. W. Croker, LL.D., F.R.S. In five volumes. 8vo. London: Murray. 1831.

WHEN we first learned from one of Mr. Murray's sheets of announcements, that Mr. Croker had applied himself to the preparation of a new edition of Boswell's Johnson, we must acknowledge that we felt a little surprise. It appeared to us at the moment, as if Mr. Croker had condemned his mind to a labour, that was not altogether worthy of the brilliant powers which he is well known to possess. The duties of an annotator, a compiler, a reviser of the press, involved a species of drudgery, too harassing, we thought, for the late secretary of the Admiralty, and too humble, we supposed, for the late representative of the University of Dublin, one of the most caustic debaters of whom parliament can boast, the presiding genius of the Quarterly Review, and the author of one or two poetical works, which, though written some twenty years ago, are still remembered in the world of literature. But the feeling of surprise which we thus experienced soon gave way to one of the greatest gratification, when, eagerly taking up the volumes one after another, we observed the extent of the additional value which he has given to them all, by the number, the appositeness, and the general importance of his illustrations. Boswell's Life of Johnson, as a mere literary work, would hold its

place in our literature as long as our language should remain unchanged. But it is not to be denied, that even to the generations now arrived at maturity, that production, however delightful in itself, as the record of Johnson's style of conversation, and of the turn of his thoughts, had already lost a very considerable portion of its interest, in consequence of our ignorance of the characters of many persons therein mentioned, of our inability to fill up the blanks which Boswell intentionally introduced, and to understand many of the allusions which he left unexplained. These characters, to a very great, indeed an unlooked for, extent, Mr. Croker has supplied; these blanks he has very frequently filled up; and these allusions he has for the most part rendered intelligible. It is obvious that if this undertaking were deferred many years longer, it could hardly be accomplished at all. As the matter even now stands, it has certainly not been executed too soon, inasmuch as from the want of traditional materials, and of living authorities to furnish the necessary information, the present edition must, after all the care that has been bestowed upon it, be admitted to be defective upon many points. But a very few years would render it still more so. All that an editor of the present day could possibly do for the illustration of such a work, Mr. Croker has done. His extensive acquaintance with the best informed persons in society, gave him facilities for the collection of annotations and unpublished documents, which it is the fortune of few literary men to possess; and the attachment which evidently binds him to the subject, induced him to avail himself to the utmost of every resource which he could command. Hence he has, with infinite labour, but labour which to him was one of love, and often, doubtless, of relief from the graver cares of public life, furnished a monument to the memory of Johnson, second perhaps in merit, only to that, which Boswell executed with such pious and admirable care.

The plan which the editor was compelled by necessity to adopt, will, we fear, cause some little dissatisfaction at first, to those classes of readers, unhappily too numerous, who like nothing but plain sailing. He introduces all the additions which he has made to the text of Boswell, between brackets, a distinction which, though absolutely indispensable in order to mark those additions, nevertheless creates a little confusion to the eye of sensitive persons. The perpetual reference to the notes, which are given in small print at the foot of the page, will also be deemed by such persons as somewhat perplexing, and imposing upon them too much trouble. But let them inform the world how these things could have been avoided. We know of no better way for arriving at the object which the editor had in view, than that which he has pursued. He has succeeded far beyond any hopes which we had ventured to entertain, in arresting the progress which one of the most entertaining memoirs in our language, was making towards the regions, not

indeed of oblivion, but of obscurity; and has thus, not unworthily connected his name with a work, whose claims to immortality he has most materially increased. "Boswell's Johnson," has hitherto been a standard in all our libraries; but we may fearlessly predict, that it will soon be very generally superseded by "Croker's Boswell," the only edition, in truth, of that remarkable piece of biography, which the present and the future generations can read with sufficient advantage.

He has, in the first place, incorporated with Boswell's Life, the different Memoirs of Johnson, which were written by Sir J. Hawkins, Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Strahan, Mr. Tyers, Mr. Nichols, and several others. The reader will easily understand, that Boswell's production, wonderfully minute as it is for the time over which it extends, must have left enormous chasms in the detailed account of the Doctor's domestic habits and conversation, when it is recollected, that during the twenty years of their acquaintance, 'periods equivalent in the whole to about three quarters of a year only fell under the personal notice of Boswell.' Thus, indeed, has been left, as the editor expresses it, after the fashion of the commentators, 'many a long hiatus—valde deflendus, but now, alas, quite irreparable.'

Besides these works, Mr. Croker has incorporated in his edition, the "Tour to the Hebrides," which, though published separately by Boswell, on account of the law of copyright, he looked upon as, and it properly was, a portion of the life; the diary, published by Mr. Duppa in 1806, which Johnson had kept during his tour in North Wales, in 1775, in company with Mr. Thrale and his family; extracts from Murphy's Essay on the life of Johnson; the poetical review of his character by Mr. J. Courtenay; and an account of his early life, written by himself, including a curious correspondence with Miss Boothby, which was published in 1802; a small volume now very rarely to be met with. In addition to these printed materials, Mr. Croker has had the good fortune to obtain many hitherto unpublished papers, of considerable importance to his undertaking. He was naturally anxious, if possible, to inspect the original manuscript of Boswell's journal; but although his representative, Sir James Boswell, for some unexplained reason, returned no answer to the enquiries which were made of him on that subject, there is reason to believe that the original manuscript is not now in existence. Some papers which are deposited in Pembroke College, and which include several letters, written by Johnson to his early and constant friends, the daughters of Sir Thomas Aston, were, through the kindness of Dr. Hall, Master of the College, placed freely at the editor's disposal. He also obtained from different sources, many letters which were addressed by Johnson to Miss Lucy Porter, to Mrs. Montagu, to Miss Reynolds, niece of Sir Joshua, and also a MS. written by her, entitled "Recollections of Dr. Johnson." Some

letters addressed by the Doctor to Strahan, and a variety of other documents which Boswell was not able to obtain, have fallen into Mr. Croker's hands; and he has moreover received the most effective assistance during the progress of his labours, from Lord Stowell, the friend and executor of Johnson, who originally suggested the present work. It is unfortunate that a packet containing several valuable recollections of the Doctor, which were dictated by that venerable judge, has been lost in the post-office in the most unaccountable manner. Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Alexander Chambers, and, in short, every person of note, who had it in his power to afford the slightest aid to Mr. Croker on this occasion, has given it to him in a manner which must have cheered his labours, and yielded him more than one reason for ever reflecting upon them with pleasure.

From a work consisting of five thick octavo volumes, almost every page of which bears witness to the industry of the editor, it is difficult to select a series of extracts, which shall do justice to the extent and variety of his operations. From their desultory nature it is still more difficult to connect them. We shall, however, enable the reader to form his own judgment of the incomparable value of this edition, beyond all others that have yet been given, of Boswell's Life. The editor prefaces his labours by a few general observations on the characters both of Johnson and his biographer, which, besides being elegantly written, contain some truths which are worthy of attention.

'With respect to the spirit towards Dr. JOHNSON himself, by which the editor is actuated, he begs leave to say that he feels and has always felt a great but, he hopes, not a blind admiration of Dr. Johnson. For his writings he feels that admiration undivided and uninterrupted. In his personal conduct and conversation, there may be occasionally something to regret, and (though rarely) something to disapprove, but less, perhaps, than there would be in those of any other man, whose words, actions, and even thoughts, should be exposed to public observation so nakedly as, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, Dr. Johnson's have been.

'Having no domestic ties or duties, the latter portion of his life was, as Mr. Piozzi observes, nothing but *conversation*, and that conversation was watched and recorded from night to night, and from hour to hour, with zealous attention and unceasing diligence. No man, the most staid or most guarded, is always the same in health, in spirits, in opinions. Human life is a series of inconsistencies; and when Johnson's early misfortunes, his protracted poverty, his strong passions, his violent prejudices, and, above all, his mental infirmities are considered, it is only wonderful that a portrait so laboriously minute, and so painfully faithful, does not exhibit more of blemish, incongruity, and error.

'The life of Dr. Johnson is indeed a most curious *chapter in the history of man;* for certainly there is no instance of the life of any other human being having been exhibited in so much detail, or with so much fidelity. There are, perhaps, not many men who have practised so much

of self-examination, as to know *themselves* as well as every reader knows Dr. Johnson.

'We must recollect that it is not his *table-talk* or his literary conversations only that have been published: all his most private and most trifling correspondence, all his most common as well as his most confidential intercourses, all his most secret communion with his own conscience, and even the solemn and contrite exercises of his piety have been divulged and exhibited to the "garish eye" of the world without reserve—I had almost said, without delicacy. Young, with gloomy candour, has said,

'"Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart."

What a man must Johnson have been, whose heart, having been laid more bare than that of any other mortal ever was, has passed almost unblemished through so terrible an ordeal.

'The editor confesses that if he could have had any voice as to the original publications, he probably might have shrunk from the responsibility incurred by Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Boswell, and, above all, Dr. Strahan, even though they appear to have had (at least, *in some degree)* Dr. Johnson's own sanction for the disclosures they have made. But such disclosures having been made, it has appeared to the editor interesting and even important, to concentrate into one full and perfect view, every thing that can serve to complete a history so extraordinary, so *unique*.

'But while we contemplate with such interest this admirable and perfect *portrait*, let us not forget the *painter;* pupils and imitators have added draperies and back grounds, but the *head* and *figure* are by Mr. Boswell.

'Mr. Burke told Sir James Mackintosh that he thought Johnson showed more powers of mind in company than in his writings, and on another occasion said that he thought Johnson appeared greater in Mr. Boswell's volumes than even in his own.

'It was a strange and fortunate concurrence, that one so prone to talk, and who talked so well, should be brought into such close contact and confidence with one so zealous and so able to record. Dr. Johnson was a man of extraordinary powers, but Mr. Boswell had qualities, in their own way, almost as rare. He united lively manners with indefatigable diligence, and the volatile curiosity of a *man about town*, with the drudging patience of a *chronicler*. With a very good opinion of himself, he was quick in discerning, and frank in applauding, the excellencies of others. Though proud of his own name and lineage, and ambitious of the countenance of the great, he was yet so cordial an admirer of *merit*, wherever found, that much public ridicule, and something like contempt, were excited by the *modest assurance* with which he pressed his acquaintance on all the *notorieties* of his time, and by the ostentatious (but, in the main, laudable) assiduity, with which he attended the exile Paoli and the low-born Johnson. These were amiable, and, for us, fortunate inconsistencies. His contemporaries, indeed, not without some colour of reason, occasionally complained of him as vain, inquisitive, troublesome, and giddy; but his vanity was inoffensive, his curiosity was commonly directed towards laudable objects; when he meddled, he did so, generally, from good-natured motives, and his giddiness was only an exuberant gaiety, which never failed in the respect and reverence due to literature, morals, and religion:

and posterity gratefully acknowledges the taste, temper, and talents, with which he selected, enjoyed, and described that polished and intellectual society which still lives in his work, and without his work had perished!

> ' " Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
> Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
> Urgentur, ignotique longâ
> Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

Such imperfect though interesting sketches as Ben Jonson's visit to Drummond, Selden's Table Talk, Swift's Journal, and Spence's Anecdotes, only tantalize our curiosity, and excite our regret that there was no *Boswell* to preserve the conversation, and illustrate the life and times of Addison, of Swift himself, of Milton, and, above all, of Shakspeare! We can hardly refrain from indulging ourselves with the imagination of works so instructive and delightful; but that were idle, except as it may tend to increase our obligation to the faithful and fortunate biographer of Dr. Johnson.

' Mr. Boswell's birth and education familiarized him with the highest of his acquaintance, and his good-nature and conviviality with the lowest. He describes society of all classes with the happiest discrimination. Even his foibles assisted his curiosity; he was sometimes laughed at, but always well received; he excited no envy, he imposed no restraint. It was well known that he made notes of every conversation, yet no timidity was alarmed, no delicacy demurred; and we are perhaps indebted to the lighter parts of his character, for the patient indulgence with which every body submitted to sit for their picture.

' Nor were his talents inconsiderable. He had looked a good deal into books, and more into the world. The narrative portion of his works is written with good sense, in an easy and perspicuous style, and without (which seems odd enough) any palpable imitation of Johnson. But in recording conversations he is unrivalled; that he was eminently accurate in substance, we have the evidence of all his contemporaries: but he is in a high degree characteristic—dramatic. The incidental observations with which he explains or enlivens the dialogue, are terse, appropriate, and picturesque—we not merely hear his company, *we seem them!*

' Yet his *father* was, we are told, by no means satisfied with the life he led, nor his eldest *son* with the kind of reputation he attained; neither liked to hear of his connexion even with Paoli or Johnson; and both would have been better pleased if he had contented himself with a domestic life of sober respectability.

' The public, however, the dispenser of fame, has judged differently, and considers the biographer of Johnson as the most eminent branch of the family pedigree. With less activity, less indiscretion, with less curiosity, less enthusiasm, he might, perhaps, have been what the old lord would, no doubt, have thought more respectable; and have been pictured on the walls of Auchinleck, (the very name of which we never should have heard) by some stiff provincial painter, in a lawyer's wig or a squire's hunting-cap; but his portrait, by Reynolds, would not have been ten times engraved; his name could never have become—as it is likely to be—as far spread and as lasting as the English language; and " the world had wanted" a work to which it refers as a manual of amusement, a repository of wit, wisdom, and morals, and a lively and faithful history of the manners and literature

of England, during a period hardly second in brilliancy, and superior in importance, even to the Augustan age of Anne.'—vol. i. pp. xxv—xxx.

The editor preserves in a note, in which shape we also subjoin* it, a curious letter which he found in Miss Reynolds' papers, addressed by Boswell to Sir Joshua, on the subject of the portrait, above mentioned. And whilst we are thus on the subject of poverty, we may as well give, from the editor's manuscript additions, one of Johnson's letters to Miss Lucy Porter.

'"Goff Square, July 12, 1749.

'"DEAR MISS,—I am extremely obliged to you for your letter, which I would have answered last post, but that ilness † prevented me. I have been often out of order of late, and have very much neglected my affairs. You have acted very prudently with regard to Levett's affair, which will, I think, not at all embarrass me, for you may promise him, that the mortgage shall be taken up at Michaelmas, or at least, sometime between that and Christmas; and if he requires to have it done sooner, I will endeavour it. I make no doubt, by that time, of either doing it myself, or persuading some of my friends to do it for me.

'"Please to acquaint him with it, and let me know if he be satisfied. When he once called on me, his name was mistaken, and therefore I did not see him; but finding the mistake, wrote to him the same day, but never heard more of him, though I entreated him to let me know where to wait on him, You frighted me, you little gipsy, with your black wafer, for I had forgot you were in mourning, and was afraid your letter brought me ill news of my mother, whose death is one of the few calamities on which I think with terrour. I long to know how she does, and how you all do. Your poor mamma is come home, but very weak; yet I hope she

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* '"London, 7th June, 1785.

'"MY DEAR SIR.—The debts which I contracted in my father's lifetime will not be cleared off by me for some years. I therefore think it unconscientious to indulge myself in any expensive article of elegant luxury. But in the mean time, you may die, or I may die; and I should regret very much that there should not be at Auchinleck my portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom I have the felicity of living in social intercourse.

'"I have a proposal to make to you. I am for certain to be called to the English bar next February. Will you now do my picture, and the price shall be paid out of the first fees which I receive as a barrister, in Westminster Hall. Or if that fund should fail, it shall be paid at any rate in five years hence, by myself or my representatives.

'"If you are pleased to approve of this proposal, your signifying your concurrence underneath, upon two duplicates, one of which shall be kept by each of us, will be a sufficient voucher of the obligation. I ever am, with very sincere regard, my dear Sir, your faithful and affectionate humble servant,

'"JAMES BOSWELL."

'"*I agree to the above conditions.*

'"J. REYNOLDS."

'"London, 10th September, 1785."' —vol. i. p. 30.

† 'Thus in the original.—ED.'

will grow better, else she shall go into the country. She is now up stairs, and knows not of my writing. I am, dear Miss, your most humble servant,

' " SAM. JOHNSON.' "

—vol. i. pp. 175, 176.

In the fifth volume of Richardson's Correspondence, quoted by Mr. Croker, a much more pitiable proof occurs of the straights to which poor Johnson was sometimes put in his money affairs. It would appear that he had been at this time chiefly dependent for his support, upon his contributions to magazines and reviews.

[' " DR. JOHNSON TO MR. RICHARDSON.

' " *Tuesday*, 19*th Feb.* 1756.

' " DEAR SIR,—I return you my sincerest thanks for the favour which you were pleased to do me two nights ago.

' " Be pleased to accept of this little book, which is all that I have published this winter. The inflammation is come again into my eye, so that I can write very little. I am, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON." ']

[' " TO MR. RICHARDSON.

' " *Gough Square*, 16*th March*, 1756.

' " SIR,—I am obliged to entreat your assistance; I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble Servant,

' " SAM. JOHNSON.' "

' " Sent six guineas. Witness William Richardson.]

—vol. i. pp. 289, 290.

From a passage or two in Boswell's Life, upon the subject of religion, doubts have been entertained as to Johnson's *orthodoxy* (if such a phrase be correctly applicable to the doctrines of the ever-varying Church of England.) He is reported to have spoken so highly of the Roman Catholic faith, that some persons have inferred that he preferred it to any other. " He had a respect," says Boswell, " for the *old* religion." " Sir William Scott informs me, that he heard Johnson say, ' A man who is converted from protestantism to popery may be sincere, he parts with nothing; he is only super-adding to what he already had. But a convert from popery to protestantism, gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as any thing that he retains; there is so much *laceration of mind* in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting.'" Miss Seward, who has written some strange things about Johnson, and whose credit stands very low indeed with Mr. Croker, is quite indignant when she meets with any of Johnson's popish inclinations. It was a frequent practice with him, after the death of his wife, whom he called by the fond name of Tetty, to pray for the repose of her soul, " conditionally if it were lawful." Mr. Croker,

while he shews up her bigotry, is equally anxious, however, to remove this imputation, as he ignorantly considers it, from the Doctor's memory. His note upon the subject is amusing.

'Miss Seward, with equal truth and taste, thus expresses herself, concerning these and similar passages. "Those pharisaic meditations, with their *popish* prayers for old Tetty's soul; their contrite *parade* about lying in bed on a morning; drinking creamed tea on a fast day; snoring at sermons; and having omitted to ponder well Bel and the Dragon, and Tobit and his Dog." And in another letter, she does not scruple to say that Mr. Boswell confessed to her his idea that Johnson was "a Roman Catholic in his heart." Miss Seward's credit is by this time so low, that it is hardly necessary to observe how improbable it is, that Mr. Boswell could have made any such confession. Dr. Johnson thought charitably of the Roman Catholics, and defended their religion from the coarse language of our political tests, which call it impious and idolatrous (*post*, 26th Oct. 1769;) but he strenuously disclaimed all participation in the doctrines of that church (see *post*, 3rd May, 1773: 5th of April, 1776; 10th Oct. 1779; 3rd June, 1784.) Lady Knight (the mother of Miss Cornelia Knight, the accomplished author of Marcus Flaminius and other ingenious works,) made the following communication to Mr. Hoole, which may be properly quoted on this point: "Dr. Johnson's political principles ran high, both in church and state: he wished power to the king and to the heads of the church, as the laws of England have established; but I know he disliked absolute power; and I am very sure of his disapprobation of the doctrines of the church of Rome; because about three weeks before we came abroad, he said to my Cornelia, 'you are going where the ostentatious pomp of church ceremonies attracts the imagination; but if they want to persuade you to change, you must remember, that by increasing your faith, you may be persuaded to become a Turk.' If these were not the words, I have kept up to the express meaning.'" Mrs. Piozzi also says, "though beloved by all his Roman Catholic acquaintance, yet was Mr. Johnson a most unshaken *Church-of-England* man; and I think, or at least I once *did* think, that a letter written by him to Mr. Barnard, the king's librarian, when he was in Italy collecting books, contained some very particular advice to his friend to be on his guard against the seductions of the Church of Rome." And, finally—which may perhaps be thought more likely to express his real sentiments than even a more formal assertion—when it was proposed (see *post*, 30th April, 1773,) that monuments of eminent men should in future be erected in St. Paul's, and when some one in conversation suggested to begin with Pope, Johnson observed, "Why, Sir, as Pope was a Roman Catholic, I would not have his to be first."—Ed.'—vol. i. p. 214.

It is well known that Johnson sometimes indulged his personal prejudices in the definitions which he gave to words in his Dictionary. Thus "pension," he defined, (before he received one himself however,) "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling, for treason to his country." His hatred of the Scotch breaks out in his definition of "oats,"—"a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the

people." Some family circumstances, which Mr. Croker has traced with his wonted perseverance, and from which it appears that Johnson's father, who had been a tanner at Lichfield, had been treated or threatened with severity by the Excise authorities, were manifestly in the great Lexicographer's mind, when he explained the word, "Excise," as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but *wretches* hired by those to whom excise is paid." Boswell relates, that the Excise Commissioners being greatly offended by this severe reflection, consulted the then Attorney-General, Mr. Murray, (afterwards Lord Mansfield,) upon the propriety of prosecuting its author, and though he correctly states the purport of the opinion given by that eminent lawyer, he expresses his disappointment that, "the secrecy of office" did not permit him to obtain a copy of it. Mr. Croker has been enabled to supply this defect, through the kindness of Sir F. H. Doyle, now Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Excise, who gave him a copy both of the case and opinion, which we insert as a remarkable literary curiosity.

'"Case for the opinion of Mr. Attorney-General.

'"Mr. Samuel Johnson has lately published a book entitled '*A Dictionary of the English language, in which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers. To which are prefixed, a History of the Language and an English Grammar.*'

'"Under this title, EXCISE, are the following words:

'"'EXCISE, *n. s.* (Accijs, Dutch; Excisum, Latin.) A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

'"'*The people should pay a ratable tax for their shoes, and an excise for every thing which they should eat.*—HAYWARD.

'"'*Ambitious now to take excise*
Of a more fragrant paradise.—CLEAVELAND.

'"'*Excise.....*
With hundred rows of teeth, the shark exceeds,
And on all trades, like cassawar, she feeds.—MARVEL.

'"'*Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor, by farmed excise.*—DRYDEN's *Juvenal, Sat.* 3d.'

'"The author's definition being observed by the Commissioners of Excise, they desire the favour of your opinion.

'"*Qu.* Whether it will not be considered as a libel, and if so, whether it is not proper to proceed against the author, printers, and publishers thereof, or any and which of them by information, or how otherwise?"

'"I am of opinion that it is a libel. But under all the circumstances, I should think it better to give him an opportunity of altering his definition; and, in case he do not, to threaten him with an information.

'"29th Nov. 1755. '"W. MURRAY."'

—vol. i. p. 281.

We have seen that Mr. Croker can also occasionally indulge in the expression of his own religious opinions, when speaking of those of Dr. Johnson. We suspect that if the Doctor had not been a high Tory, he would not have had the late secretary of the Admiralty for his illustrator. It is, however, but justice to that gentleman to observe, that his political tendencies very seldom break out, and never in an offensive form. In turning over the notes to the second volume, we find one very neatly expressed, coinciding with the often repeated doctrine of Johnson, "that so far from its being true that men are naturally equal, no two people can be half an hour together, but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other." The note is in these terms, 'No mistake was ever greater, in terms, or in substance, than that which affirms the *natural* equality of mankind. Men, on the contrary, are born so very unequal in capacities and powers, mental and corporeal, that it requires laws and the institutions of civil society to bring them to a state of *moral* equality. *Social* equality,—that is, equality in property, power, rank, and respect,—if it were miraculously established, could not maintain itself a week.'

The readers of Boswell will recollect the celebrated interview which Johnson had with George III. Mr. Croker remarks it as a singularity, which, however obvious, had not been before observed, that the Doctor, who had been also in the presence of Queen Anne, and of George II., and who saw George IV. when a child, at the Queen's house, when he went to pay a visit to Mrs. Percy, thus saw four of the five last sovereigns, whose reigns already include a period of more than a hundred and twenty-five years.

When Johnson, on his tour to the Hebrides, visited Edinburgh, Boswell mentions his going to see, among the *lions* of the place, the old parliament house. Sir Walter Scott supplies a note to this passage, to the effect that it was on this occasion that Mr. Henry Erskine, after being presented to the Doctor by Boswell, and having made his bow, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his *bear!*

One or two anecdotes from the manuscript recollections of Johnson, by Miss Reynolds, will bear repetition.

'"Of Goldsmith's Traveller he used to speak in terms of the highest commendation. A lady I remember, who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Johnson read it from the beginning to the end on its first coming out, to testify her admiration of it, exclaimed, 'I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly.' In having thought so, however, she was by no means singular; an instance of which I am rather inclined to mention, because it involves a remarkable one of Dr. Johnson's ready wit: for this lady, one evening being in a large party, was called upon after supper for her toast, and seeming embarrassed, she was desired to give the ugliest man she knew; and she immediately named Dr. Goldsmith, on which a lady on the other side of the table rose up and reached across to shake hands with her, expressing some desire of being better acquainted with

her, it being the first time they had met; on which Dr. Johnson said, 'Thus the ancients, on the commencement of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them.'

'"Sir Joshua, I have often thought, never gave a more striking proof of his excellence in portrait-painting, than in giving dignity to Dr. Goldsmith's countenance, and yet preserving a strong likeness. But he drew after his mind, or rather his genius, if I may be allowed to make that distinction, assimilating the one with his conversation, the other with his works.

'"Dr. Goldsmith's cast of countenance, and indeed his whole figure from head to foot, impressed every one at first sight with an idea of his being a low mechanic—particularly, I believe, a journeyman tailor. A little concurring instance of this I well remember. One day at Sir Joshua Reynold's, in company with some gentlemen and ladies, he was relating with great indignation an insult he had just received from some gentleman he had accidentally met (I think at a coffee-house). 'The fellow,' he said, 'took me for a tailor!' on which all the party either laughed aloud, or showed they suppressed a laugh.

'"Dr. Johnson seemed to have much more kindness for Goldsmith, than Goldsmith had for him. He always appeared to be overawed by Johnson, particularly when in company with people of any consequence, always as if impressed with some fear of disgrace, and indeed well he might. I have been witness to many mortifications he has suffered in Dr. Johnson's company: one day in particular, at Sir Joshua's table, a gentleman to whom he was talking his best stopped him, in the midst of his discourse, with 'Hush! hush! Dr. Johnson is going to say something.'

'"At another time, a gentleman who was sitting between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith, and with whom he had been disputing, remarked to another, loud enough for Goldsmith to hear him, 'That he had a fine time of it, between *Ursa major* and *Ursa minor!*'—vol. v. pp. 386, 387.

We are glad to find that Mr. Croker has preserved in his edition, the celebrated Lesson in Biography, written by Mr. Alexander Chalmers; it is by far the best of all the jeux d'esprit to which Boswell's work gave birth. The author had it inserted in one of the periodical publications of the day, under the title of "An extract from the Life of Dr. Pozz, in ten volumes, folio, written by James Bozz, Esq., who flourished with him near fifty years." It is the pleasantest composition of the kind we ever read, and is besides, as Mr. Croker justly observes, 'a fair criticism of some of the lighter parts of the work.'

Mr. Croker has given a copy of a pencil sketch of Boswell, by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, though certainly approaching to caricature, affords a most characteristic idea of that self-important and amusing biographer. The volumes contain also, an engraving of his portrait of Sir Joshua, those of Mrs. Piozzi and Johnson, and a beautiful miniature of the latter, which was worn by his wife in a bracelet. We should not omit to add, that an excellent Index is added, embracing the contents of the five volumes, which enables the reader, without much difficulty, to collect and compare the opinions of Johnson, given on various occasions upon

any particular subject. We are not sorry that this work has been published, while Mr. Croker is out of the Admiralty, and seems to have very little prospect of returning to official life; as we shall, in consequence, be hardly suspected of paying our court to him by flattery, when we say that his labours, in this instance, are highly honourable to his understanding and his taste. A work already entertaining, instructive, and useful to mankind, he has made much more so by his industry and research; and by his tact of annotation he has, we may add, saved it from the chances of decay, and from the dangers of misinterpretation. In its present shape, Boswell's Life may be considered as one of the most complete and interesting publications in our language.

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—1. *Select Works of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Jonson; with Biographical Sketches.* By R. Southey, Esq. L.L.D. 8vo, pp. 1016. London: Longman, & Co. 1831.

2. *Select Works of the British Poets. With Biographical and Critical Prefaces. Jonson to Beattie.* By Dr. Aiken. 8vo, pp. 807. London: Longman & Co. 1829.

IN these two volumes, printed with great care in a clear and beautiful type, we have not merely the essence, but almost a complete library of British poetry from Chaucer to Beattie. It contains indeed only the select works of the gifted individuals, who have contributed to that brilliant department of our literature; but when we observe that those "select works" comprise the Canterbury Tales, the choicest productions of the Earls of Surrey and Dorset, of Thomas Tusser, whose old Book of Husbandry has never before been included in any general collection, of George Gascoigne, Spenser, Lord Brooke, Drayton, Donne, Carew, Davenant, Habington and Lovelace; of Ben Jonson, Cowley, Milton, Waller, Dryden, and of the whole illustrious galaxy in which shine the names of Parnell, Prior, Gay, Pope, Swift, Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Young, Gray, Goldsmith and Cowper, we need hardly recommend such volumes, since they perform that office for themselves. No poems of any writer of note seem to have been omitted, save those which are of inferior merit, or unfit for the perusal of young persons. We have complete transcripts, without mutilation, of the Faerie Queen, of that very curious poem, Drayton's Poly-olbion, of Paradise Lost and Regained, Somerville's Chase, the Rape of the Lock, and the Essay on Man, the Night Thoughts, the Pleasures of the Imagination, the Traveller and Deserted Village, the Task, and that exquisite production, the Minstrel. To these are added all the smaller pieces, which have obtained a permanent popularity; and with so much attention to the interests of the public, has all this been done, that referring to the period which they embrace, we do not remember a single poem that one would wish to have at hand, which is not to be found in

these volumes. A short biographical notice is prefixed to the works of each writer; the text seems to have been in general well revised, and the work is in every respect so neatly executed, that it forms a handsome pair of volumes for the drawing-room. To well conducted schools, and well educated families, this edition of the British poets must be peculiarly acceptable, containing, as it does, so large a body of our poetry within so small a compass, and combining so much of sterling utility with a more than ordinary share of elegance.

ART. XII.—*The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated.* Published under the Superintendence of the Secretary and Vice-Secretary of the Society. 2 volumes 8vo. London: Tilt. 1831.

FEW persons have, we should suppose, of late years paid a visit, even of a short week, to London, without seeing the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. They form decidedly the most rational and diversified exhibition of which this, or indeed any other capital can boast; and greatly exceed both in the number of animals which they contain, as well as in the taste with which they are laid out, every thing of the kind in Europe. When the visitor enters the gardens, he may purchase a catalogue of the birds and quadrupeds which he is about to inspect; but the situations which they occupy, are so perplexingly numbered, and so often changed, that the catalogue is apt to mislead him. Even if it were not defective in this respect, it is at best but a dull, dry list of names, which, to the juvenile visitors especially, who are usually the great majority, is of no use whatever. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that we opened the two volumes now before us, which are published under the superintendence of the officers of the Zoological Society, giving a brief account, in language divested of all technicality, and which a child may understand, of the principal birds and quadrupeds which compose this splendid menagerie. They are illustrated by excellent wood-cuts, and taken as a guide to the gardens, or an explanation of the curiosities, after we have visited the gardens, they afford far greater facilities for the study of natural history, than any other publication in our language. The typography is beautiful; the order of the subjects natural and perspicuous; and a copious index supplies the immediate means of referring to the history of any particular specimen, with which the reader wishes to become acquainted.

ART. XIII.—*The Biblical Series of the Family Cabinet Atlas, engraved on steel,* by Mr. Thomas Starling. Part I. London: Bull, 1831.

THERE seems to be no end to these classes of publications, which are directed particularly to the instruction of the rising generations. Nor ought there to be, for to no other end can the labours of men of talent in every department of science and art, be more advantageously applied for the good of mankind. It is but a little time ago that we had to bestow the tribute of our praise upon the Family Cabinet Atlas, comprising upon a small, but admirably clear, scale, the maps which are necessary for the illustration of Profane History. We have now to speak in similar language

of the Biblical Series of this Atlas, executed in a style of engraving beyond which, we suppose, art cannot go. The number before us contains four maps distinguishing the territories occupied by the Tribes of Asher, Napthali, and Zebulon, the land of Moriah, or environs of Jerusalem, and the kingdom of David and Solomon. This beautiful publication is the more acceptable, as charts of the countries mentioned in the Bible have hitherto been either very incorrect, or, if well executed, inaccessible to the public, on account of their enormous prices.

ART. XIV.—*The Family Library, No. XXII.—Lives of the Scottish Worthies.* By P. F. Tytler, Esq., F.R.S., and F.S.A. vol. 1. London: Murray. 1831.

THIS is an exceedingly interesting number of the Family Library, written in an easy popular style, and treating of the lives of worthies, whose names we have all been accustomed to syllable from our infancy. Alexander III., Michael Scott, Wallace, and Bruce, form in succession the subjects of the present volume. Mr. Tytler has in this little work well sustained his hereditary connexion with Scottish history. Six engravings very fairly executed, three of which are copies of ancient Scottish seals, one, a representation of a Norwegian barrow, and two sketches of scenes celebrated in the annals of love and war, ornament the publication.

ART. XV.—*Paley's Evidences, being Vol. 2 of an Epitome of English Literature; or, a Concentration of the Matter of Standard English Authors.*—Under the superintendence of A. J. Valpy, M. A. 12mo. pp. 224. London: A. J. Valpy. 1831.

WE have already spoken favourably of the first number of this work. The present volume concludes Paley, and commences Locke on the Human Understanding. As example is always more acceptable than commentary, we shall show by the quotation of a single paragraph, the great advantages which this epitome presents to the reader. Locke thus begins his essay: —'Since it is the understanding that sets man above the rest of sensible beings, and gives him all the advantage and dominion which he has over them, it is certainly a subject, even for its nobleness, worth our labour to inquire into. The understanding, like the eye, whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself. And it requires art and pains to set it at a distance and make it its own object. But whatever be the difficulties that lie in the way of his inquiry, whatever it be that keeps us so much in the dark to ourselves, sure I am, that all the light we can let in upon our own minds, all the acquaintance we can make with our own understandings, will not only be very pleasant, but bring us great advantage, in directing our thoughts in the search of other things.' All that is superfluous is weeded out, all that is circumlocutory is abridged very neatly in Valpy's edition, which renders the paragraph thus:—'Since it is the understanding that sets men above the rest of sensible beings, it is worth some labour to make it a subject of inquiry. But though, like the eye, it enables us to see other objects, it requires to be set at a distance to be seen itself; and though the inquiry be attended with

many difficulties, it cannot fail to be both pleasant and profitable, from the assistance it will afford us in our researches on more points than one.' We confess that we read Locke's ideas with much greater satisfaction in the language of the Epitome, than in his own.

ART. XVI.—*A Lecture on Knowledge, deliverd before the Members of the Keighley Mechanics' Institution.* By Thomas Swinburn Carr. 8vo. pp. 28. Keighley: Aked. 1831.

IN this production Mr. Carr has given an outline of a series of lectures upon the History of Philosophy, which he is engaged in delivering before one of those excellent institutions, which, thanks to Lord Brougham and Mr. Birkbeck, are now planted in almost every village of the kingdom. The style is, perhaps, occasionally, too pompous and oratorical, and the lofty manner in which the author handles his theme, pre-supposes a larger and more varied quantity of knowledge in his audience, than they would, possibly, be found to possess. These are serious faults in a lecturer who undertakes to enlighten the minds of mechanics. Compositions addressed to such persons, in order to be useful, must be familiar. The tone of the author's sentiments is decidedly liberal, and his acquaintance with the important subject of which he treats, extensive. He very properly pays attention principally to those practical points of philosophy, which are of the greatest utility in regulating the conduct of life.

ART. XVII.—*Divines of the Church of England.—Dr. Isaac Barrow.* Vol. VII. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. 8vo, pp. 506. London: A. J. Valpy. 1831.

THIS forms the twelfth number of the Divines of the Church of England, and the seventh volume of the works of that eminent writer and preacher, Dr. Isaac Barrow. It is chiefly occupied with a treatise on the Pope's supremacy, in which the Dr. has displayed a vast mass of learning. Upon the truth or fallacy of his arguments it is not our province to decide. But no educated person can question the utility of such a reprint of Barrow's works as we find in this collection, whether he be an enemy or a friend to the doctrine which they inculcate.

ART. XVIII.—*The Life and Opinions of John De Wycliffe, D.D, illustrated principally from his unpublished manuscripts; with a preliminary view of the Papal System, and of the state of the Protestant Doctrine in Europe, to the commencement of the Fourteenth Century.* By Robert Vaughan. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Holdsworth, &c. 1831.

WE profess no admiration whatever for the doctrines of Wycliffe, or for those of his successors in the path of what is called the Reformation. The narrative of his life, therefore, by Mr. Vaughan, has for us nothing more than a merely historical interest. At the same time we have no desire to withhold from that gentleman, the praise that is due to him, for the industry and talent to which this work in every page bears witness. He sustains his religious opinions with great zeal, of the sincerity of which we have no doubt. The work, we perceive, has already reached a second edition.

ART. XIX.—*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*, Parts XI. XII. XIII. and XIV. London: Tilt. 1831.

THE later numbers of this publication, fully maintain the high character, which at once secured for the earlier parts a degree of popularity, almost as extensive, we believe, as that which the novels themselves have acquired. In proof of the justness of our opinion, we need but refer to the views of the Links of Eyemouth, Home Castle, Manor Glen, Solway Sands, and of York Minster, which the numbers before us contain, and which are all executed in admirable style.

ART. XX.—1. *The Religion of Socrates. Dedicated to Sceptics and Sceptic-makers.* 8vo, pp. 106. London: Fellowes. 1831.

2. *Essays on the Lives of Cowper, Newton, and Heber, and an examination of the evidence of the course of nature being interrupted by the Divine Government.* 8vo. pp. 330. London: Fellowes. 1830.

MR. POTTER, the author of both these works, seems to have a great horror of two things, of the education of the people, and of their becoming evangelical; or rather, indeed, he has a horror only of the former, because he thinks that it leads inevitably to the latter. We shall, however, say nothing upon these topics, as we have reason to know that he has regretted the attacks which he has made upon the policy of popular education, because he is now convinced that it is not fraught with all the evils which he apprehended. As an essayist, he seems to us somewhat too fanciful, his dread of the evangelical sects being so great, as to carry him into trains of reasoning, far beyond the natural scope of his subject. In the first of these two publications, it is his object to shew what Socrates thought upon the subject of religion, and why he thought it; conceiving, erroneously as we fear, that that distinguished philosopher acted under a strong sense of obligation to God. The single act by which he cut short the term of his life, which we are sorry to see palliated by the author, would be sufficient to our understanding to prove the contrary. The three first essays contained in the second work, have been already before the public. Upon religious points they are exceedingly intolerant. Those upon the course of nature and divine government, embrace a boundless field of observation; miracles, the interpretation of the apocalypse, and a variety of other themes, the discussion of which does not belong to the pages of a literary review.

ART. XXI.—*Ornithological Dictionary of British Birds.* By Colonel G. Montagu, F.L.S. *Second Edition. With a Plan of Study, and many new articles and original observations.* By James Rennie, A.M., F.L.S. 8vo. pp. 592. London: Hurst and Co. 1831.

MR. RENNIE, of whose labours in the interesting department of natural history, we have had frequent occasion to speak in terms of high praise, and who perhaps has contributed more than any one of his contemporaries to render that study popular, has conferred a great obligation upon the public by the alterations and very material improvements which have been introduced by him into Montagu's Ornitholo-

gical Dictionary. In its former state, that valuable work was little known, chiefly on account of the difficulties which its general arrangement presented. These difficulties Mr. Rennie has removed, as far as the nature of the subject would allow; and in order to render the matter of the book more easily accessible to the student, he has added an alphabetical index, which gives peculiar value to the present edition. He has, moreover, distributed the contents of Montagu's Introduction under their proper titles in the body of the work, and in its place has substituted an excellent Plan of Study, drawn up from his own experience, which will be particularly useful to the inexperienced observer of natural objects, for whose information he has made some very pertinent observations upon the proper use of systems and classifications, and framed an estimate of the works of naturalists, in order to guide him in the choice of books. The Ornithological Dictionary thus enlarged, and in every respect improved by Mr. Rennie, is entitled to be ranked amongst the standard works which adorn our language.

ART. XXII.—*Orlando Furioso, translated into English Verse from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto. With Notes.* By William Stewart Rose. Vol. viii. 8vo. pp. 272. London: Murray. 1831.

THIS forms the concluding volume of the translation of the Orlando Furioso, upon which Mr. Rose has been engaged during the last ten years of his life. In its progress we have so repeatedly expressed our favourable opinion of the spirit and accuracy with which he performed his task, that it now only remains for us to congratulate him upon reaching the termination of his labours. It is not, perhaps, upon the whole, so perfect a performance as we could have desired; in the essential points of smoothness of versification, and terseness of diction, it is certainly inferior to Mr. Wiffen's version of Tasso, a work that has not yet attracted all the attention which it deserves. A small edition of that version has been lately published, in two volumes, which we trust will meet with extensive circulation. We do not hesitate to place Mr. Wiffen, as a translator, next to Sotheby, whom he almost rivals in the fidelity and elegance with which he converts his original into English.

ART. XXIII.—1. *The German Manual for self Tuition.* By Wilhelm Klauer Klattowsky. 2 volumes, 12mo. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1831.

2. *Familiar German Exercises.* By A. Bernays. 8vo. pp. 216. London: Treuttel and Co. 1831.

THE increasing number of publications connected with the study of the German language, which we have lately witnessed in this country, shews that it is every day becoming more popular amongst us. It is but justice to those eminent professors who have bestowed their attention upon this subject, to say, that their labours have contributed very materially to abridge those of the student. To Mr. Bernays, we are particularly indebted for the several useful elemental books which he has already published, and to which he has just added a series of Exercises, in English and German, certainly the best of the kind that we have yet seen, for a young beginner. Mr. Klattowsky's Manual is a more extensive work, the first volume

being almost wholly German, the second partly German and English. It is intended to supply the means of self tuition, which, however, we consider as a delusion, as from our own experience we hold it to be a most unprofitable waste of time, to attempt to master the most difficult of all living languages without the aid of a competent teacher. With such assistance, Mr. Klattowsky's Manual may be used to great advantage.

ART. XXIV. — *New Illustrated Road-Book of the Route from London to Naples: containing 24 highly finished Views from original drawings.* Edited by W. Brockeden, Author of "The Passes of the Alps." Part I. Demy 8vo. London: Murray. Rodwell. 1831.

WHEN we inform the reader, that the illustrations of this work are engraved by William and Edward Finden, from original drawings by Prout, Stanfield, and Brockeden, we need scarcely add, that it may be hailed as a valuable accession to the many splendid specimens of art, which have been lately published, and are now in progress in this country. The engravings commence with Dover, where the figure of the steam-boat waiting for the traveller, is ingeniously concealed behind the pier, from a just feeling which taught the designer, Stanfield, that a vessel of that description is not one of the most picturesque of objects. We recognize it only from its volume of smoke, which points towards Calais. The castle and the cliff, and the swell of the tide, with fishermen preparing to go out, form the principal objects in the scene. We are next landed at Calais, where every thing speaks and looks of France; the long pier, the flat low sands, the oyster men and women with their baskets on their backs, the spires of the churches, and the clearer sky. We next behold the glories of the French diligence, with its cumbrous appearance, its full load of passengers, surrounded by beggars as it approaches the ancient town of Abbeville, which is seen in the distance. Beauvais, with its fine old architecture, and its Gothic abbey next succeeds; the passengers being supposed to be at dinner, while the diligence remains outside the inn. The interior view of the town and abbey is exquisitely beautiful. The reader would probably next expect a distant glimpse of Paris; but instead of this, we have from the sketch of Brockeden, a view of the Place Louis XV. from a house in the rue Rivoli; a point from which all the architectual splendours of that noble section of the French capital are seen to the utmost advantage. In addition to these plates there is, in this number, a short, but excellent map of the route from London to Paris. The letter-press, by which they are accompanied, is written in a plain style, and it touches only on those topics which a traveller is most anxious to know something about, — arrangements for the journey, passports, money, modes of conveyance, luggage, expenses, general nature of the country, and the most remarkable objects in the towns through which he passes. This new Road-book is undoubtedly the most complete work of the kind that has ever been published. It is portable, practically it will be found eminently useful, and as an entertainment on the road, nothing can surpass its illustrations.

ART. XXV.—*The Bridal Night; The first Poet; and other poems.* By Dugald Moore. 8vo. pp. 256. Glasgow: Blackie and Co.

MR. Dugald Moore is already known, and not unfavourably, to some of our readers, as the author of "The African," in which, mingled with much of good poetry, sentiments of the purest benevolence towards the natives of that continent were found, and have since been more than once applied with effect by travellers, and others who have been engaged in discussions upon our settlements in that quarter. The poems contained in the volume now before us, are of an order superior to many of those which it has lately been our doom to notice. In the 'Bridal Night,' a Corsair story, there are some beautiful stanzas, to which we should have given unqualified admiration, if they had not, unhappily, too frequently reminded us of Lord Byron. The 'First Poet' is rather too pompous in its style. The Invocation by which it is preceded is particularly turgid, the author praying of *Solitude* to quit every place that she inhabits, 'midst storms, and rocks, and clouds, and cataracts,'—her 'Runic dome, built by the polar hurricane,'—to inspire his lay. We do not wonder after this beginning, to find him talking of '*strangled* seas,' and '*dreaming* atmospheres,' and 'adamantine gulfs,' and 'yawning deserts,' and 'silver grottoes,' and a multitude of other things, which a disordered fancy alone could suggest. What will be thought of the following *morceau*?

'Twas hush'd;—the earth
Slept *cradled* in the *moonshine;* while the gale,
Echo's young whispering handmaid, shaded back
The playful tresses of the amorous clouds
From the white-bosom'd moon, that sat unveil'd,
High 'mid the starry solitudes of night,
Where silence in her loneliness had spread
A couch to rest her in the *silver air!*'

This is all in deplorable taste, which Mr. Moore should forthwith reform. That he can write with simplicity and energy, when he pleases, we think the following address to a ship's pennon will satisfactorily shew.

'Away, away, to the topmast high,
For that is thy native place;
There wanton in the blue of the sky,
Like a star in the depths of space.
Through many a fair and sunny clime
It is thy lot to range;
Through wastes where the fingers of withering Time
Has ne'er written one word of change.

The dim and starry wilderness,
And the deep and mighty sea,
And the lone blue clouds that each other kiss,
Are the kin that will be with thee.
Thou'lt dance aloft in thy measureless hall,
While the solitary breeze
Wakes silence, to join his carnival
On the broad and weltering seas.

Thou'lt ride alone in thy fields of blue,
Like eagle on the blast,
Above the heads of the gallant crew
That nail'd thee to the mast.
And if they meet their country's foe,
They'll sink in the depths of the yawning main,
Ere they strike thy towering plumage low,
Or fling on thee one stain.

Flag of Britain! what earthly eye
Can gaze on thee in thy lonely flight?
The sun in the awful depths of the sky,
The homeless clouds that fringe his height,

The round living moon that rolls thro' night,
The streamers that play through the groves of space,
The stars that sit on their thrones of light,
Can eye thee alone in thy pride of place.

When the ocean shrieks o'er his mighty harp,
Brush'd by the wild hand of the storm,

Oh! may no ruffian tempest warp
His arms of lightning round thy form.
But may'st thou glitter again on our land,
Red rover of the pathless sea,
And kindle each heart on the cheerless strand
That lonely waits for thee!

The sentiments expressed in these stanzas can be best appreciated by a Briton, who, far from his native island, beholds her flag waving in the breeze for the first time, after a long interval of absence.

ART. XXVI.—*A Synopsis of the Origin and Progress of Architecture, to which is added, a Dictionary of General Terms.* By William I. Smith. 8vo. pp. 133. London: A. J. Valpy. 1831.

WORKS upon architecture are generally so voluminous, and, from the plates that accompany them, so very expensive, that they are altogether out of the reach of many persons in our mechanical classes, who would be desirous of informing themselves on the subject. They will, therefore, thank Mr. Smith for the abridgment which he has given in this volume, of the origin of architecture in Asia, and of its subsequent progress in Egypt, Greece, and Western Europe; to which he has added a brief and masterly account of the principal antiquities which now exist in Italy, France, and Spain. His work contains a luminous description of the orders of architecture, with a chronological arrangement of the different styles, a historical sketch of the principal English cathedrals, and, what is particularly useful, a dictionary of general terms. The synopsis is illustrated by eleven plates, which, without much increasing the price of the volume, render it sufficiently complete for ordinary purposes. We much approve of this publication, and recommend it as a class-book for schools.

ART. XXVIII.—*Family Classical Library. No. XVIII. Horace, Vol. 2. Phædrus.* 12mo. London: Valpy. 1831.

THE Appendix to Horace fulfils the promise which Mr. Valpy gave, of adding to Francis a variety of odes, translated by different hands. The names of Swift, Addison, Otway, Pope, Warren Hastings, Thurlow, Archdeacon Wrangham, Lord Byron, and many others, shed peculiar splendour over this portion of the volume. The whole of Smart's translation of Phædrus occupies no more than about 80 pages. We need not again insist upon the great convenience and value of this excellent collection.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Bedouins in London.—It is not generally known that at the British and Foreign School, in the Borough-road, there are fourteen Bedouin youths at this moment receiving education. When they first entered the school, in 1829, they were exceedingly uncivilized, acting, as far as they could, upon the old maxim of their fathers. "Let him take who has the power." They deprived the other boys forcibly of several things, which they were with difficulty prevailed upon to surrender. They were at first taught by motions and gestures, and are now quite docile.

Literary Provincial Societies.—We could much wish that a general delegation of the different societies, which exist in the counties for literary and philosophical purposes, were appointed to meet every three years in some central place, in order to direct the publication, at the common expense, of such of their transactions as might appear worthy of such distinction. We are assured that many papers exist in the Institutions at Glasgow, Manchester, York, and other places, which, if they were given to the world would materially contribute to the progress of science. It is to be lamented that some steps are not taken in order to establish a more constant intercourse between societies, which have, for the most part, the same objects in view.

Rapid Writing.—A young Italian of the name of Galli, who is now in this country, is said to have invented a most ingenious machine, to be played upon by the fingers like a piano, by means of which any person may copy an entire volume in the same space of time that he would take to read it. Farther, by the use of this instrument not only one, but many copies may be made of a speech during the period of its delivery, and a blind man may work it as well as any other individual.

Posture of Students.—Keep the trunk erect, and the limbs as nearly as possible in a natural and easy position, while you are reading or writing. Those who constantly pursue literary labours in a standing position, generally enjoy uninterrupted health; if you prefer sitting, measure the distance between the place of the elbow, as it comes upon the back of your chair, and the surface of the seat. The surface of the desk should be no more than about three inches higher above the surface of the seat than this place of the elbow.

Education in America.—Most of the states in the Union provide for education, by means of funds, or annual appropriations from the state treasury. The western states, generally have a section of land in each township for the support of schools. New York secures the education of about 500,000 children for the annual sum of 95,000 dollars.

Printing in Schools.—It has been well suggested that children should be taught to spell by being required to set types for books. We have heard that at a school in Massachusets the female pupils print a newspaper!

Effect of the Corn Laws.—It has been calculated that the consequence of the restrained system, which has prevailed since 1815, has been to diminish the home growth of corn very materially upon the average of the five last years, and that the diminution is going on to a most serious extent.

Manzoni.—This writer, one of the best of whom Italy can boast at the present day, and of whom she might not have been ashamed in the golden age of her literature, has recently published the fourth edition of his defence of the morality of the Catholic religion,—a masterly piece of reasoning and eloquence, which is much admired upon the continent, and deserves to be known everywhere.

St. Simonism.—The sect which exists in France under this title, ought hardly to be called a religious one; it is rather an association, whose object is to establish a system of social and political economy, upon the principles which are known to be adopted in our own country by the Utilitarians, from whom they differ but by a few slight shades.

Reason in Birds.—As a case in point, in support of the opinion

advanced by Dr. Drummond (see Art. VII. in this number) and others, that the lower orders of the creation possess a certain faculty of reasoning, superior to mere instinct, we may mention that Dr. Steel, who lives near the sources of the Saratoga, has stated that he has seen the swallows that frequent its banks, often alter the construction, and even the situation of their nests, to suit them to circumstances which may best secure their young from their natural enemies.

Rewards of Merit —The French have in the institution of the Legion of Honour, a very cheap mode of conferring very acceptable distinctions. The cross of the Legion was much prized by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who received it during his mission to the continent; and we observe from the newspapers that it has lately been bestowed upon Baron Humboldt, Thorwaldsen, and Berzelius.

Royal Society of Literature.— The public have been acquainted for some time with the fact, that the royal annual donation of 1000 guineas, which was regularly presented to ten associates by his late Majesty, is henceforward to be discontinued. We own that we do not regret this so much as many of our contemporaries; for we cannot but think that royal pensions are but a very questionable mode of securing independence to the literary character in a free country. The cases of some of the individuals are indeed to be lamented, as the sum of 100 guineas per annum is to them of considerable consequence. But if their pensions should be continued during their lives, we hope that the system will cease altogether with them. Its natural tendency is to corrupt and debase literature.

Viper's Grass. — Experiments which have been recently made in France, shew that viper's grass is quite as good as mulberry-leaves, for the sustenance of silk-worms.

Cholera Morbus.—The public mind is apparently not so much agitated with fears of the approach of this pestilence to our shores, as one would have expected. So much the better, as freedom from anxiety and apprehension is itself one of the very best preventatives against the malady. Indeed there is reason to believe that its malignity has been much exaggerated, although it is satisfactory to know that the government have taken all possible precautions on the subject. The quarantine is so strictly enforced, that the captain of a merchant vessel who violated it recently, has been fined in the sum of 500*l.* A medical commission has been sent to Riga to report upon the state of the malady at that place, and a medical board has been appointed, under the sanction of government, to watch its progress, if it should, unhappily, find a footing in England.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. B. may be assured that his work will be noticed in due course. If he will cast his eye over our present number, and count the works which are reviewed in it, he will see that we have not been idle during the last month.

N. B. Authors who are desirous of having their works noticed in this journal, should carefully instruct their publishers to send us the earliest impressions. Unless books are forwarded in good time, they must, of necessity, be postponed.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1831.

ART. I.—1. *First Fruits, Ireland.—Return to an Order of the Honourable House of Commons, dated 8th December,* 1830;—*for a Return prepared by the Remembrancer of First Fruits, containing a List of the several Dignities, Benefices, and Parishes in Ireland; Arranged in the order of Dioceses and Counties, with the names of the several Dignitaries and Incumbents in* 1812; *adding thereto, an Account of all Promotions and Alterations made and returned into the First Fruits Office, from the month of August,* 1812, *to the present time; stating the name and time of admission of each Dignitary and Incumbent so promoted and removed, and distinguishing Livings, taxed to and paying First Fruits, from those Exempt by Statute, and those not taxed; with the estimated annual value of every Dignity, as far as the same can be ascertained, and of every Benefice and Parish, as specified in the Returns made under the Tithe Composition Act.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th March, 1831.

2. *The Institution and Abuse of Ecclesiastical Property.* By the Rev. Edward Hull, M.A., 8vo. pp. 214. London: Cadell. 1831.

3. *The English and Jewish Tithe Systems compared in their Origin, their Principles, and their Moral and Social tendencies.* By Thomas Stratten. 12mo. pp. 280. London: Holdsworth and Ball. 1831.

THE time is fast approaching, when the whole system of the church established by the authority of law in England and Ireland, must of necessity undergo a thorough revision, and submit, perhaps, from the same imperative cause, to more than one fundamental alteration. Men do not often begin to write and publish their thoughts upon a subject of great importance, in which the whole community is directly or indirectly interested, until they find that it has been very generally discussed in many of the private circles of which that community is composed. The grievance is first felt, one neighbour speaks of it to another, they find that their ideas run pretty much in the same channel. The topic is mentioned with greater confidence, it is frequently introduced into conversation, it is much dwelt upon in all its bearings, it

seizes the attention of the more cultivated minds, and is made the theme of letters in the newspapers, of pamphlets, and finally of elaborate works, drawn up with great care, in which arguments are derived from theology, history, law, and every other source which can be made to bear upon the question. These works give rise to controversy, the matter becomes the subject of public opinion one way or the other, and finally the legislature is obliged to take it up, and deal with it in a manner that may be most conformable to the general interests.

Much, but as yet not all, of this, has already taken place with regard to the church, which the authority of parliament, not the power of persuasion, has planted in this country and in Ireland. The people of Scotland had the courage to defend and to preserve, against the attempted interference of the legislature, that form of worship to which they gave the preference. The people of Ireland were not equally fortunate in their resistance; they could not prevent the English government from seizing upon their cathedrals and other sacred edifices, and bestowing enormous endowments upon the Lutheran form of religion; but they never accepted it, never conformed to it as a people. It long has been, and still is *among*, but not of them, an isolated institution, which is every day losing a portion of its comparatively few disciples, and very likely soon to crumble into ruins.

Nor would there be any thing in such a consummation as this, as indeed a high authority has intimated, which would be calculated to affect the union now subsisting between the three kingdoms; even if we suppose the people of England to remain attached to the religion which is now established amongst them. When we recollect that they have so long been united with the Scotch, who differ from them upon many essential points of religion, there is no reason to apprehend that they might not continue in the same bonds of harmony with the Irish, (from whom, indeed, they have also differed hitherto almost as much as from the Scotch,) although the Anglican church in Ireland should be shorn of its unmerited splendour. Nay, we should go farther and express our firm conviction, that if the Catholic church, the church of so large a majority of the people of Ireland, should be established in that country, this circumstance would rather strengthen than impair the political union which connects it with Great Britain; it would make the Irish feel that their rights were respected, and that they were upon terms of just equality with the Scotch and English portions of the imperial federation; it would have a reciprocal effect upon the people of England, who would be thus taught to honour the fidelity and constancy of a nation, which no wars of extermination and persecution, no instruments of tyranny or torture of law, could turn aside, even for a moment, from the path of religion in which their forefathers, acting on the example of hundreds of generations, had placed them.

Of this, however, another time. At present our attention is forcibly directed to the striking picture which the parliamentary return, relating to the payment of First Fruits in Ireland, exhibits of the actual condition of the established church in that country. The "First Fruits" in Ireland mean a certain proportion of the first year's profits of the spiritual preferments, according to a recorded valuation, which proportion originally formed part of the revenues of the crown, but has been since, by various acts of parliament, vested in a board for the purpose of building churches and glebe houses, and augmenting small livings. It is no part of our object to inquire into the reasons why some dignities and benefices have been taxed for this impost, while others have been exonerated from it, or whether the sums which it has produced ought to have been larger, or whether they have been properly applied. We use the return as an account, imperfect though it be in many respects, of the enormous and unjustifiable opulence of the established church in Ireland; we shall collect from it, as far as it goes, the number of acres of land which are actually appropriated to that church, and the amount of money income which it enjoys; and we shall moreover be enabled by it just to glance at the precious system of ecclesiastical patronage that flourishes in that country, whereby favoured individuals hold, not two, but ten, and sometimes twelve and fifteen benefices, if not more, at one and the same time.

The reader should know that, proceeding upon the basis of the ancient hierarchy, the modern church has divided Ireland into four provinces, Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, in each of which it has placed an archbishop and a certain number of bishops. The return commences with the diocess of Armagh, in the province of that name, which diocess, including the archbishopric, contains seventy-nine ecclesiastical benefices, and counts, in glebe and see lands, no fewer than seventy-eight thousand two hundred and thirty-six acres. The number of pluralists amongst the incumbents clearly demonstrates the very limited labours which they undergo, for when we find one man holding four or five parishes, the natural conclusion is that there are few Lutherans in the district, otherwise he could not attend by possibility to their spiritual necessities. Thus, for instance, the Rev. Elias Thackeray was, in 1820, vicar of five different parishes; William Henry Foster, in 1822, vicar of three and rector of one; James Edward Jackson, in 1823, vicar of five parishes and rector of one; Charles Le Poer Trench, in the same year, rector and vicar of six parishes; Arthur Ellis, in 1826, rector of one and vicar of five; not to mention many other pluralists upon a minor scale. It was the desire of the House of Commons that the value of the benefices, universally, should have been included in the return; but this has seldom been done, as the parties, for reasons which they best understand, have omitted to give certificates to that effect in almost every case of importance. Of the six parishes enjoyed by Le Poer Trench, we have here the valuation of only three, amounting to about 800*l.* per annum. Of

Jackson's five parishes we have the value only of one, at 200*l.* per annum; of Ellis's five parishes we have the value only of one, at the same amount; and, by a strange coincidence, of Thackeray's five parishes only one has been singled out for valuation, at precisely the same amount of 200*l.* Of the archbishopric held by Lord G. Beresford, there is no valuation at all! It appears, however, that the number of acres *returned* as belonging to the *see* of Armagh, is 51,880 of arable land, and 11,390 of mountain and bog,—a principality in itself, which ought not to be the property of the minister of any religion. Of the ninety-eight parishes which are included in the return, only fifty-six are taxed for the first fruits, and of the fourteen dignities comprehended in it, we find that only three are called upon to contribute for the same purpose; thus exhibiting a system of inequality, to say the least of it, which looks exceedingly suspicious.

We next come to the diocess of Clogher, (in the province of Armagh,) which, including the bishopric, contains forty-five ecclesiastical benefices. In glebe and see lands it contains altogether 88,011 acres, of which no fewer than 81,210 are estimated as belonging to the see alone! Of the parishes in general, which are pretty well divided, few valuations are given, the money value of the bishopric is subsequently stated at the annual sum of 9,000*l.*, late currency! One vicarage is as low as 83*l.*; but none of the parishes valued in the return are under 100*l.*, while many are at 300*l.*, 400*l.*, 500*l.*, and more than one at 800*l.*, and upwards. Of the thirty-nine promotions included in the return, comprehending twelve dignities, and thirty-six parishes, only seven of the former and twenty-three of the latter appear to have been taxed to the first fruits.

The diocess of Meath (province of Armagh) offers to the clergy some exceedingly snug berths; it contains, with the bishopric, 102 ecclesiastical benefices; in glebe and see lands it counts 21,854 acres, of which 18,374 have been sliced off for the see. In a supplemental paper we have a money valuation of the bishopric at 5,815*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.* annually: of the parishes and other benefices, amounting in number to 89, the valuations are pretty generally given; few of them are under 100*l.*, while many of them exceed 200*l.*; but upon the whole they are not so much disproportioned to each other as in other dioceses. Many of them, however, are held by pluralists. Robert King was, in 1814, vicar of six parishes; Joseph Turner, in the same year, of four; the Hon. Henry Pakenham, in 1818, vicar of one parish, and rector of five others; Robert Norman, in 1820, rector and vicar of eight parishes; seven different benefices were held, in 1821, by George Leslie Greson; George Brabazon was, in the same year, vicar of one parish, and rector of three others; Brabazon William Disney was in 1823 and 1828, vicar of two parishes, and rector of six others; George Hardman was, in 1828, rector of one parish, vicar of two, and rector and vicar of two others; and Richard Radcliffe, Joseph Stevenson and Joseph

Turner, in 1829 and 1830, held amongst them no fewer than twenty benefices of different descriptions. There is only one dignity included in the return, and that paid first fruits; but of the 177 parishes which it includes, only fifty-three were taxed for that contribution.

The registrar gives a curious reason for not returning the number of acres belonging to the see of Down (same province), namely, that "there are no maps of the see estate of that diocess!" Had he been inclined to give himself the trouble of inquiring into the matter, he would have easily ascertained the information which the House required. We need hardly add that no money valuation is given of the bishopric. The diocess contains thirty-five benefices, of which we have the valuation of only eleven; three of these are estimated at 208*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* each; two at 550*l.* each, one at 665*l.*, four at 795*l.* each, and one at 800*l.* Twelve of the thirteen dignities in the diocess are taxed for the first fruits, but not one of the parishes. It is manifestly a most opulent diocess, but the whole amount of its payments to that impost does not exceed 92*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

We are likewise without any return of see lands for the diocess of Connor, which is united with that of Down, and without any money valuation of the bishopric. The number of parishes mentioned in the return is thirty-seven, of which only two are taxed for the first fruits, paying altogether, including five dignities, only 100*l.*, whereas three of the benefices are estimated at the sum of 1,015*l.* each.

The return for the diocess of Derry (same province) leaves the bishopric altogether unnoticed; but in a supplementary paper, the annual money valuation of the latter is certified at the moderate sum of 10,000*l.* and *upwards*, late currency.* The church in that quarter, is moreover proprietor of nearly 96,000 acres of land, upon which the family of the Knox's seem to have alighted as upon a domain of their own. We have James Spencer Knox, rector of Fahan; the Hon. Charles Knox, rector of Urney; William Knox, rector of Upper Bandony; the Hon. Edmond Knox, rector of Tamlaght O'Crilly; James Spencer Knox, again, rector of Magheras; James Spencer Knox, a third time, rector of Kilcrouaghan; Willliam Knox, again, rector of Fahan; William Knox, a third time, rector of Tamlaghtard; William Knox, a fourth time, rector of Clonleigh; William Knox, a fifth time, rector of Ballinasoreen; and Edmond H. Knox, rector of Killowen. Well may we say with Lucretius—

At *nox* obruit ingenti caligine terras!

In the whole diocess we observe only one rectory estimated so low as 160*l.* per annum, while there are several at from 300*l.* to 800*l.*, four at 1000*l.* each, one at 1350*l.*, and no fewer than four at 1440*l.* The amount of the first fruits is stated only at 763*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

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* It might safely have been stated at 30,000*l.*

The usual ominous silence is observed in the return concerning the landed possessions of the bishopric of Raphoe (same province): the supplement states its annual money valuation at 5,379*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.* The glebe lands annexed to the parishes amount to 8,375 acres; and of the thirty-two ecclesiastical benefices which the diocess contains, one is valued at 1,100*l.*, one at 1,569*l.*, and none under 230*l.* Only eight of the twenty-three parishes contribute to the first fruits, the amount of which is stated at 533*l.*

The return for the diocess of Kilmore (same province) omits to mention the bishopric, its lands, or its money value. Nor does the supplement afford any information on these subjects. Here the Knox's again make their appearance:—James Spencer Knox, being vicar of Inismagrath, and John Russell Knox seems to have succeeded him in that promotion. There are 7,545 acres of land annexed to the thirty-four benefices which the diocess contains; the first fruits are stated at 122*l.* Of the few livings which are valued, none are so low as 140*l.*, while several are estimated at 480*l.*

We learn as little from the return of the money or land value of the bishopric of Dromore (same province), as we have learned of that of the diocess of Kilmore. The supplement gives the annual valuation of the bishopric at 4,863*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.* There are 1,114 acres annexed to the twenty-four benefices which it contains; none of which are valued under 150*l.* The first fruits amount to 115*l.*

The diocess of Ardagh appears to be held in conjunction with that of Tuam, by Power Le Poer Trench. We shall see subsequently the value at which the bishopric is stated. We need only add, that it contains twenty-four benefices, to which are annexed 4,651 acres of land, and that its first fruits amount to 69*l.* The Trenches are a very ecclesiastical tribe in this diocess. Besides, the bishop of that name, we have the Hon. Charles Le Poer Trench, rector and vicar of Cloughish, and archdeacon also, and William Le Poer Trench, rector and vicar of Cloon.

The number of acres returned to parliament as belonging to the see of Dublin, is 15,048, exclusive of mountains and bog; but no money valuation is given: the glebe and see lands united amount to 31,649. The diocess contains eighty-eight benefices; among the incumbents of which, the Hon. Charles Knox, whose ecclesiastical ubiquity is marvellous, once more, or rather four times more, makes his appearance, as prebendary at Rathmichael, rector and *vicar* of Bray, (an office admirably suited to him,) vicar of Connaught, and vicar of Kilternan. The Magee's,—sons, doubtless, of the archbishop, are also a promising race in this diocess; William Magee being successively vicar of Finglass, and rector of Dunganstown, and Thomas Perceval Magee being, in due order of promotion, rector and vicar of Inch, vicar of Kilgorman, perpetual curate of Booterstown, prebendary of Tipperkerin, curate of St. Michael, and prebendary of Wicklow.

There is no return for the bishopric of Kildare (province of Dublin); the diocess contains forty-four benefices, to which are annexed 447 acres of glebe.

The number of acres returned as belonging to the see of Ossory (same province) is 13,391: the annual money valuation mentioned in the supplement is 3,000*l.* The diocess contains sixty benefices, to which, exclusive of the see lands, there are annexed 2,241 acres of glebe.

The return for the bishopric of Ferns (same province) states the number of acres belonging to the see, at no more than 7,673, whereas the estimate gives the number at 15,346. We have in the supplement the annual money valuation of the bishopric, united to that of Leighlin, at 5,000*l.* The glebes annexed to the forty-six benefices, which it contains, exclusive of the see lands, amount to 536 acres. The pluralists in this diocess seem to have had no conscience whatever. We have William Eastwood, in 1813, at the same time chancellor of the diocess, rector and vicar of Tacumshane, rector and vicar of Rosslare, rector of Kilscoran, Ballymore, and Killenane, vicar of Kilrane, and curate of St. Margaret's! Simon Little (oh! that his *little* were *less!*) in the same year was rector of Taghmon and Ballycumick, and curate of Ballymithy. In the same admirable year, Thomas Otiwell Moore was rector of Horetown, Kilganan, and Ambrosetown; vicar of Inch, Ambrosetown, and Duncormuck; and curate of Ballyingly, Downown, and Ballylenan! In 1816, Archibald Stevenson shines out as rector of one parish, vicar of one, and curate of three others: Edward Bayly as vicar of one, and curate of four; and in 1820, the same reverend gentleman appears as vicar of one parish, rector of two, and curate of three. Nor do we still lose sight of Thomas Otiwel Moore, (doubtless the son or near relative of some bishop,) for in 1820 we find him vicar of one benefice, and curate of four; and again in 1821, treasurer of the diocess, and rector of four different parishes! But this notorious pluralist is as nothing compared to the Rev. Charles Strong, who, in 1819, was contented with the single rectory of Kilnemaugh; but in 1824, grasped in one hand the rectory of St. Patrick's (Wexford), the rectory of Drinagh, the rectory of Maudlintown, the rectory of Killelogue, the rectory of Ardcanrish, the rectory of Kildarin, the rectory of St. Mary's (Wexford), the curacy of St. Iberius (Wexford), the curacy of St. John's, the curacy of St. Bridget's, the parsonage of Selskar, the parsonage of St. Tullogue, the parsonage of St. Michael's of Faugh, the rectory of Rathaspeck, the rectory of Ballybrenan, the rectory of St. Peter's, and the rectory of Carigg!!—in all seventeen benefices, not one of which is taxed for the first fruits; not one of which is valued in this return! Do these astounding facts require any comment? There are several other pluralists in this diocess; but they ought not to be mentioned in the same page with the Otiwell Moores and the Strongs.

The number of acres returned as belonging to the see of Leighlin (same province) is 4,024, but the estimated number is exactly double that amount, 8,048. The diocess contains forty-eight benefices, to which are attached only 126 acres of glebe; but the money valuations of several of the parishes are stated at considerable sums, at three, and four, and five, twelve and fifteen hundred pounds each. Pluralists abound; but upon a *moderate* scale, few holding more than five or six benefices at the same time.

The number of acres returned as belonging to the see of Cashel, in the province of that name, is 13,372, and it is a proof of the well-known integrity of the Archbishop (Laurence) that the estimated number coincides with this. The diocess contains thirty-eight benefices, to which are annexed 675 acres of glebe. These benefices are not very generally valued; neither have we any money valuation of the archbishopric. Dr. Laurence has provided pretty well for his son, to whom he has given eleven benefices. Irwine Whitty (1816) held four; Arthur Lord, same year, four; Robert C. Armstrong (1817) five; Christopher Darby (1822) eight; Henry Cotton (1824) eight; Benjamin H. Banner (1826) seven; George Foster (1828) four; Henry Cotton again (1828) four; and Samuel Adams (1829) the same pleasant number.

The diocess of Emly being united with that of Cashel, and the lands belonging to it being included in the return already given, we need only add, that the twenty-one benefices of which it is composed, possessing 1,049 acres of glebe, are parcelled out among a few pluralists.

The want of space obliges us to sum up the remaining returns in an abridged form—

Diocess.	*Province.*	*See lands.*	*Glebe lands.*	*Benefices.*
Limerick	Cashel	13,440 acres	562 acres	55
Ardfert and Aghadoe	..	Included in Limerick	512	52
Waterford	..	8,600	127	12
Lismore	..	Included in Waterford	960	41
Cork	..	No return	833	58
Ross	..	No return	1,096	21
Cloyne	..	31,742	615	78
Killaloe	..	33,243	802	46
Kilfenna	..	Included in Killaloe	373	7

Among the pluralists who abound in Killaloe, Francis Synge is returned as rector, in 1825, of eight different places, and half rector of one; John Charles Stapleton as rector, in 1828, of seven different places, and half rector of one; and William Young as rector, in 1829, of nine distinct parishes! We apprehend, however, that these gentlemen have found very little difficulty in the due performance of their spiritual obligations, for speaking within the

bounds of probability, we do not suppose that among them all, they had the care of more than one hundred families!

Diocess.	*Province.*	*See lands.*	*Glebe lands.*	*Benefices.*
Tuam	Tuam	49,281 acres, including the diocess of Ardagh	462	25
Elphin	..	31,017	529	38
Clonfert	..	No return	344	22
Kilmacduagh	..	No return	73	11
Killala	..	No return	337	12
Achonry	..	No return	785	10

The pluralists in this province of Tuam are numerous and not at all exorbitant, considering the scantiness, we might have said the almost total want of a Protestant population, compared with the number of the incumbents. John Warburton held, in 1813, only six benefices; John Meara, in 1816, no more than eight; Marcus Armstrong six; Charles Seymour, in 1820, ten; Anthony Thomas, in 1822, a similar number; Henry Vesey Fitzgerald, in 1815, nine; and John Burke, it seems, limited his cares to eleven. And well he might, for we suppose that in his eleven benefices, he had not as many persons to hear his sermons!

Among the minor dignities the following snug berths are enumerated; in the province of Armagh, the archdeaconry is certified at 1,662*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.*, the chancellorship at 2,385*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*, and the precentorship at 2,300*l.* annually, all late currency: in the province of Dublin only the deanery of St. Patrick's is certified, and this at the sum of 927*l.*

The total number of acres returned as belonging to the sees in the four provinces will then stand thus: Armagh, 326,911; Dublin, 40,698; Cashel, 78,399; and Tuam, 119,133; giving a result of 565,141 acres of land attached to the episcopal portion of the church in Ireland. It is to be observed that four of the sees, viz. Down, Connor, Raphoe, and Dromore, have made no return of the lands annexed to them, and that therefore they are not included in this account. The glebe lands annexed to all the parishes are estimated at 82,645 acres, which, added to the episcopal item, make up the number of 647,756 acres, which are set apart for the support of the religion established by law in Ireland; a religion constantly repudiated by more than six millions of the people of that country, and not followd by more than four, or at most, five hundred thousand of its inhabitants. So that for each person who professes the faith of the Anglican church in Ireland, there is an acre and a fraction of an acre of land allotted, in order that he may thereby be enabled to call himself a Lutheran Christian! This is a state of things to which no other country in the world presents any thing like a parallel. Do we wonder at the periodical famines which afflict the Sister Kingdom, can we be astonished at the universal

poverty of the peasantry, when we find that, even upon the face of the parliamentary returns, defective as they avowedly are, there are nearly 650,000 acres of the best land in the whole island appropriated to the support of the state worship?

But is this all? Very far from it. Besides the land thus consumed by the hierarchy and the many pluralists and singularists who swarm throughout the kingdom, there are the tithes, an abundant source of wealth, a most prolific source of oppression, of which we have here nothing like an adequate account. The total number of parishes comprehended in the promotions mentioned in this return is 2,061, of which 1,194, or little more than half, have been valued under the tithe composition act. Yet the total amount of the tithe valuations of these 1,194 parishes, is 303,620*l.* We might venture to state, that if all the parishes were valued under the act, they would produce at least the sum of 600,000*l.*, taken at a moderate calculation. Let us then suppose the glebe and see lands to produce 2*l.* per acre per annum, and we know that this is but a small rental, considering the fines upon the renewal of leases and the general high rent of land in Ireland, and we have an amount of 1,900,000*l.* annually expended upon the support of the English church in Ireland! This assuredly is a monstrous sum, extorted from such a country, for such a purpose. It is a burthen which Ireland ought not to be called upon to bear. Let it be observed, that this sum is exclusive of the revenues of the Dublin University, and of the different endowed schools which are planted in different parts of the country for the maintenance of the state religion. Upon the whole, we might safely state in round numbers, that the church in Ireland appropriates to itself, in various ways, a sum annually not less than 2,000,000*l.* sterling. And for what? Why to have a particular form of service, and a great number of persons, who wear the gowns of clergymen, maintained for the supposed spiritual instruction and edification of about one thirteenth part of the population; the remaining twelve parts having nothing to do with that service, except to pay tithes to those clergymen, whose assistance they not only never require, but would reject with loathing and scorn if it were tendered for their acceptance. This is a state of things which cannot possibly last. It is unnatural, inequitable, in the highest degree oppressive and intolerable. In no country has a system of servitude been established more galling than this. The villeins in England, the boors in Russia, the helots in Sparta, had the consolation of rendering their stated services to masters who protected them, who took an interest in their welfare, and shewed them many acts of kindness. But the tithe-payers in Ireland, at least the vast majority of them, are obliged to render a portion of their miserable gains to men who are not their protectors, who are opposed to their religion, who have no sympathy with their feelings, whom they generally look upon with peculiar odium, and never with veneration.

It is impossible that a church situated as that of Ireland is, can stand twenty years longer, against the force of public opinion which is setting in against it, the more so as that opinion will have been formed upon a basis of truth and justice that cannot be shaken. Even in England the interests of the establishment are already in a precarious state, for the people are every where turning their attention to the church, and asking themselves why it should be connected with the state, why it should be so richly endowed, why the two archbishops and several of the bishops should be possessed of such immense revenues, considering that the founder of Christianity had neither revenue, nor palace, nor equipage, and that his disciples gave up every thing in the shape of property which they possessed, in order to follow him. That the present condition of the church of England is unsatisfactory, even to persons who adopt all its theological doctrines to their fullest extent, is manifest from the sentiments expressed by Mr. Hull, a Master of Arts of St. John's College, Cambridge, and the minister of a chapel which is attached to a charitable institution in Liverpool.

The object of this gentleman in putting forth his work upon the 'Institution and Abuse of Ecclesiastical Property,' is not to overthrow but to support the established church. He insists that its polity is 'in many respects imperfect,' and that there is one evil in it, that of pluralities, so 'glaring above all others, that unless it be removed, the church of England, as an establishment, must ere long cease to exist!' 'Many good and learned men,' he adds, 'have bitterly lamented this evil, and have used their best endeavours to eradicate or modify it. But such has been the power of those who have had an interest in upholding the corruption, that all their efforts have been unavailing.' 'Perhaps,' he continues, 'the fears of those who are interested in the continuance of the church may work that reformation, which principle and a regard for the welfare of religion have hitherto failed to achieve. The understandings of the people of this country are much better cultivated than they formerly were, and an inquisitive spirit pervades them. They will soon look into the constitution of our church establishment, and will no longer endure the abuses, which for ages have disgraced it. If the rulers of the church do not speedily submit to the legislature the necessity of putting an end to the present shameful misapplication of her revenues, the clamour of the people will soon do it for them. And if this clamour be once raised, and be successful (as in so just a cause it must be) in attaining its object, who shall say when it will be allayed, or with the attainments of what objects it will be satisfied?' *Non noster hic sermo*, we might say, for it is the language of one of the children of the church herself, who appears to us very clearly to understand, and who expresses freely and without circumlocution his sentiments upon, the actual condition of the church of England.

Mr. Hull then goes on to insist, that, under the Christian

dispensation, the clergy derive no right whatever to tithes from the Scripture; and that this right, such as it is, springs entirely from acts of the legislature, and not, as some have argued, from the spontaneous liberality of the pious owners of the soil. He next attacks the hydra of pluralities, and adopts the language of the Rev. Augustus Campbell, who says that "if the revenues of the church, instead of providing for the splendour of the national religion, are devoted to foment the luxury of indolent ecclesiastics, they no doubt notably deviate from their sacred purpose, and the legislature is bound to give them a direction agreeably to the purposes of their first institution." In consequence of the non-fulfilment of these conditions, adds the author, 'the church of England has lost, and deservedly lost, much of the affection and veneration of the people:' an opinion strongly confirmed by Mr. Campbell, who declares that "the minds of the common people are in a great measure estranged from the church, and their affections are rapidly passing to other modes of worship. If to this estrangement of the lower orders be added the indifference of the higher, it requires no prophet's wisdom to prognosticate her fall." This assuredly must be considered as ominous language, proceeding as it does, not from the Taylors or the Carliles, but from ordained ministers of the church itself, and men who are sincerely attached to its doctrines.

Alluding to the bill for the composition of tithes, Mr. Hull describes it as 'an expedient suggested by timidity arising from a consciousness of weakness; and the weakness of the church arises from the badness of her polity.' To this sentence he appends the following note. 'One bishop has as many thousands a year as another has hundreds. I have been only eleven years in this great diocese, and have been under three bishops, owing to translations.' After expressing his opinion that the liturgy of the church is by no means perfect, the author proceeds to expose in vigorous terms, the evils which arise from pluralities and the non-residence of the clergy; evils which must, in his opinion, end in the overthrow of the church, unless they be remedied in time. 'That the church,' he emphatically concludes, 'has, in great measure through her corruption, lost the veneration of the people; that she is now tottering to her foundation, through the ill will which exists against her; and that she cannot long survive the machinations of her enemies, unless some mode be adopted of regaining their esteem, and of converting their hostility into friendship, no man can for a moment entertain a doubt.'

It is but fair before quoting any extracts from Mr. Stratten's work, to announce that he is a member of one of those sects, who think that there ought to be no such thing as an order of priesthood in any Christian church. We certainly do not agree in that proposition, for nothing, in our humble opinion, can be more absurd, than the system of those dissenters who hold that a tailor or a cobler, a weaver or a shoemaker can instruct the people, with

as much efficacy as an individual particularly educated, and withdrawn from all other pursuits, for that purpose. At the same time we cannot but admit that Mr. Stratten propounds some undeniable truths. We may instance his comparison between the French and the English Clergy.

'The French catholic clergy have no tithes. That burden was thrown off from the shoulders of the French, never more to be fastened on again, at the revolution. The English protestant clergy have succeeded in keeping the burden upon the more patient shoulders of the British people till the present day; and whenever they have appeared uneasy under the load, uttered any complaints, given any indications of a wish to relieve themselves, the most talented of the tithe-receivers have been immediately set to work to manufacture more chains, upon new and improved principles, which should bind it firmly and for ever; while others, with stronger lungs but inferior brains, were employed in alarming weak and superstitious people, the majority among our ancestors, with the terror-striking sounds, "the church is in danger;" so that they, instead of offering any obstacle, might assist the hands which were making, and fitting, and fastening the ancient burden with the new chains.

'The French catholic clergy receive very moderate stipends from the State, which are equally divided according to their different degrees. The English protestant clergy receive, many of them, very immoderate and exorbitant stipends, which have no scale of proportion corresponding with official rank and duties, while the princely revenues of the prelate of the episcopal palatinate would themselves nearly support the nine archbishops and forty-one bishops of France, who altogether receive 38,113*l.**

'The French catholic clergy are expected to reside among their flocks, each pastor inspecting his own fold. The English clergy may become the owners of several flocks, and receive such valuable fleeces from them, as to enable them to rove unfettered through any part of the United Kingdom, to throng the watering places, and spread themselves over the continent of Europe. Perhaps, however, their foreign tours may be undertaken for more enlightened and pastoral purposes—they may leave the ninety-and-nine in the parish at home, and go in quest of the one which has wandered.

'The French catholic clergy are the ministers of the religion professed by the great majority of the French nation. The English episcopal clergy are the ministers of a religion which, if their own writers and advocates, in the absence of well-ascertained statistical details, are to be believed, has been abandoned by the majority of the English people.

'The ministers of all other religious denominations in France receive stipends from the State, equal in value to those enjoyed by the catholic clergy; so that to them attaches not the odium of being the only ecclesiastical pensioners upon the public purse. The ministers of other religions in England increase and multiply, communicate the greatest portion, by far, of efficient religious instruction which the people receive, are loyal to the Sovereign,

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* 1 Archbishop of Paris . . . . 4160*l.*
8 Archbishops, at 1041*l.* each . . . 8328
41 Bishops, at 625*l.* each 25625
Almanach du Clergé de France, 1822.

are firmly attached to the principles of the British Constitution, and labour, through evil report and good report, for the promotion of social order, and the extension of every thing that is peaceful, benevolent, and purifying, in Christianity, at home and abroad, without receiving, or asking, or desiring, to be paid for their labours by the State; thus leaving the episcopal clergy in a relative situation, which, if it is not voluntarily relinquished, will, at length, turn the scale of popular favour, hitherto, not by the most honourable means, kept on their side, decidedly against them; endanger their continuance in the national religious buildings in which they minister; and expose to public odium the polity to which they are attached.

'The French have a manageable public debt, and feel little inconvenience in paying the moderate salaries which the clergy receive. The English are pressed to the earth by the weight of their eight hundred millions of debt, principally incurred in the prosecution of a war which the clergy were the most forward in abetting, as the church was then in danger from revolutionary principles; and, without the sacrifice of the country's and of Europe's best blood and treasure, could not be maintained. Is it so destitute of all feeling, that the groans of a people, burdened beyond the power of endurance, cannot affect its heart? Is it so insatiable in its appetite as to covet all the advantages resulting from the war, without being willing to sacrifice even the *increase* of its wealth, which, by the advance of prices, was derived from that war?'—pp. 203—206.

We shall not go into the author's reasoning upon the respective sanctions of the Jewish and English tithe systems: that is a question beyond our province. But we must adduce his testimony, for we believe it to be true, as to the consequences of the alliance, the unholy alliance, which has for some time subsisted between the church and the state.

'It is undeniable fact, that the greater part of those who continue nominally attached to the established church, have their hearts as little interested and excited in that attachment, as they would be in a matrimonial alliance, entered into with some dull piece of stiff and formal antiquity, for the sake of financial convenience or state necessity. They may support,—or rather, *require others* to support it, as a part of their dignity. They may pay their cold and infrequent visits to her assemblies, as a part of their ceremonial duty, but there are none of the elements of life and passion entering into the relation which they profess to bear, and imparting pleasure, freedom, and enjoyment to the intercourse which is maintained.

'The period is come, when names will no longer rule, and ancient forms no longer fetter the expanding intellect of the country: the principles of all institutions will be investigated, and those which are founded in fallacies, and burdensome in their support, will be exposed and removed. There is no fallacy which is so utterly groundless, or which has proved so extensively injurious, both to the temporal and spiritual interests of mankind, as that which assumes the necessity of State endowments to preserve and perpetuate the religion of the New Testament. Christianity is reduced to a mere lifeless form, before it can receive these endowments; and then, in the corrupting process of that form which follows, infidelity is engendered and grows and riots on the plenteous food prepared for its nourishment. So soon as reason expels blind prejudice from the authori-

ties of the country, every relic of the blundering and mischievous legislation by which the character of religion has been debased, its evidences obscured, its power neutralized, its purity converted into contaminating defilement, and its heathful frame into a body of "wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores," will be cleared away, and then the era of the nation's moral and political regeneration and prosperity will commence.

'We contend that the laws by which the English tithe system and the English church are supported, are odiously partial, making impolitic, unjust, and absurd distinctions between those who equally love and serve their country. This might not, indeed, have been intended nor foreseen when these laws were enacted; but it has arisen, as a necessary consequence, from the unsound and unenlightened principles on which they were constructed. And the enormity of the evil lies here, that they have conferred a bounty for the perpetuation of error and intolerance; have engaged many of the most powerful and learned writers on religious subjects in an unnatural war against some important parts of those Scriptures which they have undertaken to defend; have induced suspicion on the motives by which they were influenced in advocating so much of Christianity as they retained, and have thrown a reproach on the name and character, and raised formidable obstacles in the path of those who were desirous of pursuing the radiant steps of banished truth wherever they might discover them. It deserves to be very thoughtfully and honestly inquired, whether the influence which has neutralized the beneficial effect of the works which have been written on the evidences of Christianity, which has prevented the light of those evidences from shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; which has thrown theology into the shade, while every other science has been advancing towards meridian clearness, and which has restricted the blessing of God on the exertions of the church, may not be found in the love of filthy lucre by which every part of the church has been more or less infected; and in the unauthorized and coercive means by which it has sought its gratification? The book of nature would have been no better known than is the book of Scripture, if similar endowments and *influence* had been connected with the ancient but unscientific mode of interpreting its laws.

'Viewing the question politically, it may be asked, whether the government, in these times, can afford to maintain the ancient system of religious favouritism, or possesses strength enough to uphold it? Whether, if the Church and State do not voluntarily agree to dissolve an alliance, which God never sanctioned,—which enlightened reason condemns,—which the Scriptures describe as spiritual fornication, and which, in the too painful experience of the country, has been found to involve all the corruption, extravagance, and folly of such a connexion, both parties to the illegal contract may not suffer shame and loss. Above all, it deserves to be seriously inquired, whether the clergy can answer for the share which they have had in nullifying the divine sanctions of Christianity, by resting its support on the coercion of a fleshly arm? Are not they bound to enforce in all things, and more especially in those things which relate to religious affairs, the precept, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ?" Are not they bound to exemplify his spirit, and carry their own views, and those of their hearers,

forward in the direction which he looked, who said, "Not that I desire a gift, but fruit that may abound to your account?" Is it nothing to them, that Christianity has been divested of its ethereal spirit, and presented to mankind in cold, and cheerless, and heartless forms? Is it nothing to them, that the scrutinizing eye of the public should see in those forms the corruption which must be turned from with loathing? Is it nothing to them, that truth is shorn of the splendour of its beams, and thrown out of the harmony of its proportions, by rites of human invention being ranked with the sacred symbols of Christ's mediatorial work, and called "decent ceremonies?" Is it nothing to them, that religion should be classed with the country's heaviest burdens, instead of its richest blessings? Is it nothing to them, that the things which they call sacred, should afford the readiest channel through which to pour the stimulants of infidelity into the cup of which the thirsty multitudes are drinking? Is it nothing to them, that the ills of poverty, instead of being soothed by the consolations of gospel truth, should be exasperated by the demon which can say to them, The lowly Jesus I know, and the laborious Paul I know, but who are ye? Is it nothing to them, that on their account, as on that of Jonah, the country resembles the troubled sea, and the storm is rising which threatens to toss and engulf the vessel of the State? Are they asleep in the hold, while the less enlightened mariners are wondering at the omens of the sky, and exerting every nerve to keep the vessel buoyant in the storm? Could they not calm the raging sea, without offering to be thrown themselves into it? Could they not, by saying, We give back, for the public relief, that which from the public was fraudulently obtained,—we cast ourselves, like others, upon the providence of God, and the affectionate liberality of those who are benefited by our ministrations, and would be themselves blessed in their giving, and then, at length, joyful in their reward,—throw oil upon the waves, and calm the tumult of the people? *Now* they may do this with dignity and efficiency; if they wait till the storm gathers more blackness, and the waves rage more furiously, and the vessel strains more fearfully, the counsel may at length be taken to heave them overboard.'—pp. 243—248.

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has introduced into the House of Lords a bill for the composition of tithes in England, which, at least, admits the fact that that charge, in its present form, is not relished by the people. It is also, so far, a token of homage to the progress of public opinion, if not indeed, as Mr. Hull forcibly puts it, 'an expedient suggested by timidity arising from a consciousness of weakness.' It is the object of his Grace to secure to the church the payment of the same amount of contributions, but only in a different shape, such as might be less odious to the party paying, and equally beneficial as the other, to the party receiving. The archbishop seems not yet to have thought of a bill for reducing his own enormous revenues, and those of his brethren of York, Durham, and London. We fear that no idea of such a bill as this has as yet arrived at maturity in his mind, though he must be aware that the day of reckoning is not far off. Vain legislator! Does he flatter himself with the hope that with such a sop as his composition bill, he can quiet the growing indignation

of the country, and persuade the people that they ought to pay for the perpetual maintenance of a church which great numbers of them have already abandoned?

However we may differ from Mr. Stratten upon other points, we cordially agree with him upon this, that in no part of this free empire ought any particular form of worship to be exclusively upheld by the state. It is unjust and tyrannical that any man should be obliged to contribute to the support of an ecclesiastical ministry, whose services he never requires, and whose doctrines he perhaps rejects as erroneous. Either the clergy of all religions should be paid by the Treasury, or none. We are of opinion that the non-maintenance of any by the state, as in America, would be preferable in every respect to the pensioning of all by it, as in France. Let every man pay his own pastor as he pays his own doctor. These, it is true, are first principles; but to such principles the country is now rapidly returning, after too protracted a course of artificial policy, the cushioning and bolstering system, which will do no longer. The reform of our jurisprudence and of our legislature, which may be said to have already taken place, is but a partial symptom of the progressive tendency which men's minds have had for some years,—and never more strongly than at this moment,—towards the removal of inveterate abuses, and the adoption of measures which shall afford the best guarantee for the general welfare of the people.

ART. II.—*The Lives of the Players.* By John Galt, Esq., author of "The Life of Byron," &c. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

MR. GALT has the modesty to introduce these volumes to the world, by assuring it that 'they will probably be among the most amusing books in the language.' For once we are not disinclined to agree with an author in his estimate of his own labours, particularly as in this case, they have been principally confined to the abridgment of larger works, and derive but a small portion of their merit from his own intellectual power. Undoubtedly there is not in the whole range of biography any class of characters that is at all to be compared with that of the actors. The profession being seldom one of choice, and being only adopted in most instances as a *dernier ressort*, those who follow it are a set of adventurers, alternately raised to the summit of prosperity, or plunged in the abyss of despair. They command our best sympathies, because they have at some time or other afforded us entertainment by the exercise of their talents, eliciting the exquisite tear or the loud laugh, as the scene varied from grave to gay, and often, even when their capabilities are not of a high order, leaving upon our minds impressions that are not easy to be removed. For our own parts we never see a poor devil of a shabby genteel player in

town or country, off the stage, without feeling, that of all mankind he is the most to be pitied. In his countenance misery would appear to have taken up her permanent abode, and yet night after night, it is to be wreathed in smiles for the amusement of his more fortunate fellow-beings. A certain degree of mental cultivation he must have reached, which only renders his sensibilities more acute, and constantly stimulates him to a course of action, which, in the lapse of a few years, fills his life with an abundance of strange, and often of highly interesting, events.

The first personage commemorated in these volumes is Charles Hart, the grand nephew of Shakspeare. Few particulars have been preserved of his career beyond the fact, that he was distinguished by eminent professional merit. A somewhat more extended notice is given of Betterton, whose Hamlet is supposed to be the best that ever appeared on the stage. Colley Cibber does not hesitate to declare that he was as an actor, what Shakspeare was as an author. It was usual at the period in which Betterton lived to have the female characters performed by men. One of the most celebrated of these representatives of the softer sex was Edward Kynaston, who was so beautiful, that ladies of high rank frequently used to take him in their coaches to Hyde Park in his stage dress after the play was over—a gratification which they might then have easily enjoyed, as dramatic performances occupied a much shorter time at that period than they do now, and were commenced at a much earlier hour. From his constant imitation of the female voice, he contracted a whining tone, which, in his latter days, became very disagreeable. To the last, however, he was distinguished for the beauty of his person, of which he was not a little vain, and that rather to his inconvenience on one occasion. Believing himself, as he was generally supposed to be, very like the celebrated Sir Charles Sedley, he dressed one day in a suit of clothes, copied in every particular after the style of Sir Charles, which offended the latter so much, that he hired a bravo to pick a quarrel with Kynaston in the character which he had chosen to assume. In vain did the actor protest that he was not the baronet; the ruffian would hear of no defence of that kind, while he bastinadoed him most unmercifully. Sir Charles wickedly enjoyed this most unpleasant of practical jokes, assuring those who remonstrated with him upon it, that he had suffered in his character much more than the other had in his bones, as the whole town believed that the disgraceful chastisement had been inflicted upon himself. Kynaston quitted the stage rich, about the year 1706.

The life of Joe Haynes, as he was familiarly called, is a curious medley. Born of obscure parents in Westminster, the brilliant talents which he displayed at St. Martin's school, induced several gentlemen to join in sending him to Oxford, where he completed his education. He was next employed by Sir Joseph Williamson, then member for that university, who, on becoming one of the

ministry, made him his private secretary. Being, however, rather indiscreet in talking to his companions of the secrets of office, he was again restored to Oxford, where he took the degree of master of arts. But his native turn for the stage became irresistible upon the appearance of a strolling company in that city. He joined them, and wandered with them for some time through the country. In due course he obtained an engagement at Drury Lane, where he was raised at once to the pinnacle of fame by his performance of *Bays*, in the *Rehearsal*. He thus won the patronage of its author, the Duke of Buckingham, who took him in his suite when he went upon his embassy to France, and treated him in every respect as a pleasant companion. Haynes became enamoured of his new situation, and was delighted with the French, to whom his volatile manners were particularly acceptable. So, when the Duke returned to England, Joe set up in the world as a count, and lived for some months, upon borrowed money, in great splendour. But his resources at length being exhausted, he was obliged to fly, and returned to the London stage, where he was exceedingly well received. He now figured as a dancer, but growing tired of flinging his legs about, he had again recourse to the borrowing system; but that again failing, he turned fortune-teller. Having been sent by Hart to Paris, for the purpose of gaining some insight into the machinery of the French stage, Joe spent, before leaving London, all the money that was given to him for his expenses; he went to Paris, however, raising the wind on the way, as secretary to the Duke of Monmouth, engaged upon an important confidential mission! But the ci-devant count was recognized by his creditors there, and he was obliged to decamp, as ignorant of French dramatic machinery as he was when he left England. One or two anecdotes connected with this incident in Joe's career, are highly amusing.

'Hart, who was a person of respectable conduct, and had not been too well pleased with Joe's negotiations in France, and with his having squandered so much money in Paris to no purpose, had some natural anger against him, and this was cause enough for Joe to cherish spite in return. In the play of *Cataline's Conspiracy*, acted about this time, a great number of senators of Rome were wanted, and Hart made Joe one, although his salary, being fifty shillings a week, freed him from any obligation to accept the dignity. Joe, however, after some symptoms of rebellion, complied. He got a scaramouch dress, a large full ruff, made himself whiskers from ear to ear, put on his head a merry-andrew's cap, and with a short pipe in his mouth, bearing a three-legged stool in his hand, he followed Hart on the stage, sét himself down behind him, and begun to smoke his pipe, and to laugh and point at him. This ludicrous figure put the whole theatre in a roar of laughter. Hart, who was a man of such self-possession and equanimity, that, happen what might, he never discomposed himself, continued his part without being aware of Joe's behaviour, wondering, however, at the seemingly unaccountable mirth. At last, happening to turn his head, he beheld Joe, and in great wrath instantly made his exit, swearing he never

would set his foot on the stage unless Joe were instantly dismissed. Joe was accordingly sent off, but nothing downhearted, he instantly joined a company of strollers at Greenwich, where he acted and danced for some time; but tiring soon, he lampooned them all and came to London.

'Joe had not forgotten that Hart had been the cause of his dismissal, and resolved to be revenged; accordingly, as he was one day walking in the street, he met a parson of an odd, simple appearance, whom he accosted in a friendly manner, as if they had been formerly acquainted, although he had never seen him before, and they adjourned together to a tavern, where the parson informed Joe that he had been chaplain to the ship Monke, but was then in lack of employment. Joe expressed great satisfaction at hearing the news, as it was in his power to help him to a place of sixty pounds a year, bed, board, and washing, besides gifts at Christmas and Easter, only for officiating one hour in the four-and-twenty, from nine to ten o'clock in the forenoon. The marine priest was delighted, and, returning his warmest thanks, entreated Joe to inform him of the particulars. Upon which Joe told him that his name was Haynes, that he was one of the patentees of Drury Lane theatre, and that he would make him chaplain to the playhouse.

'"Against to-morrow," said Joe, "I would have you provide yourself with a bell, and there is half-a-crown to buy one; and at nine o'clock go to the playhouse and ring your bell and call them all to prayers, saying, in an audible voice, 'Players, come to prayers! players, come to prayers.' This you must do, lest they mistake you for the dustman, both bells being so much alike. But there is one that I particularly desire you to take care of; on the third door on the left lives one Mr. Hart. That gentleman, whether he be delirious or frantic, or whether he be possessed of some notions of atheism, if you mention prayers, will laugh at you, perhaps swear, curse, and abuse you. If it proceed from the first, the poor unhappy gentleman ought to be pitied; but if from the latter, he shall quit the house, for I will never suffer such wickedness in any playhouse where I am concerned; and do, my good Sir, let it be your earnest endeavour to find out the cause, and by your ghostly exhortations to remove the effects,—such weeds must not be permitted to grow in a vineyard where you are the gardener; abuse you must expect, but your reward will be great gain—go to his house and oblige him to come along with you to prayers."

'Being thus advised, the parson, after a parting cup, withdrew and bought the bell.

'Next morning, according to orders, his reverence went to the theatre, ringing his bell, and calling aloud, "Players, come to prayers! players, come to prayers!" Finding Hart's door open, he went in bawling, "Players, come to prayers." Hart came down in a violent passion, and demanded to know why he was so disturbed.

'The parson replied, "Players, come to prayers!"

'Hart, seeing no help, bridled his passion, and said, "that he wondered how a gentleman of his gown and seeming sense, could make himself so ridiculous." The parson looked at him with an eye of doubt, then rang his bell again, and bawled to the pitch of his voice, "Players, come to prayers!" Hart, in desperation, now began to swear; but the other informed him "I have been told of your cursing and swearing and atheistical blasphemies; but, nevertheless, I will do my duty," and accordingly laid hands on Hart to drag him away, bawling, "Players, come to prayers!"

'At this new absurdity, Hart began to suspect that his reverence was mad, or that some trick was played upon him, and asked him to walk into his room, when, after they had drunk a cup of sack together, the parson told the whole story of his engagement. The poor man was soon undeceived; the story, taking wings, reached the ears of King Charles, who was so mightily pleased with the joke, that he sent for Joe, and had him reinstated in the theatre.'—vol. i. pp. 33—36.

This was not all. A scene followed that would have cut a capital figure in the part of *Bob Acres*. The son of the deceived parson, who was reputed to be a dangerous swordsman, and conducted himself in consequence as a swaggering bully, declared that he must have satisfaction for the insult which Haynes had offered to his father. Meeting Joe in the street, they came to high words, and adjourned to a tavern to end the dispute. Before they fell to fighting, Joe required a few minutes to say his prayers, for which purpose he adjourned to an adjacent room, where, in language sufficiently loud to be heard by his opponent, he fervently besought forgiveness for having killed seventeen men in different duels, and for being just about to add another to that formidable number. The parson's son was perfectly satisfied, and took to his heels without further ceremony.

Joe, in his most eccentric course, next figured as Signor Salmatius, (a mountebank, according to his own report, celebrated all over Europe,) and proceeded into the country, attended by a numerous retinue of tumblers and dancers. His adventures in this new capacity are of the most ludicrous description, as, indeed, are all those in which he is subsequently concerned, he being at one time obliged to enlist as a soldier, now resuming the sock, now figuring as a dancer, in which quality we find him at Florence, teaching the Grand Duke's family; now acting the great count once more, and that, too, under the auspices of the Pope at Rome, who had his portrait painted. Returning to England, he next became successively an attorney, a puritan, and a quaker, and, finally, died as an actor.

Of a different, less varied, but more romantic description is the biography of Robert Wilks, in whose character we perceive many traces of high feeling and generosity. He commenced his career with a clandestine marriage, and for some years laboured on the Irish stage at a miserable pittance. There he became acquainted with the well-known George Farquhar, whose dramatic productions form, by their wit and pleasantry, so striking a contrast to the miseries of his life. Wilks, upon coming to England, joined the Drury-lane company under Betterton, and performed with great eclat, *Roebuck*, in *Love and a Bottle*, written by Farquhar, *Palamede*, in *Marriage à la Mode*, and *Sir Harry Wildham*, in *The Trip to the Jubilee*—a character which his friend drew purposely for him. He was so attentive to the study of his parts, that he is said not to have misplaced so much as an article in any one

of them during a period of forty years. He is highly praised by Sir Richard Steele, and by Davies, in his *Dramatic Miscellanies.* His *Castalio* was particularly admired. It is said of him, that in delicacy of address to ladies, he surpassed the best actors of his own time. In *Hamlet*, also, he displayed great power. He became joint manager of the Haymarket theatre, and also of Drury-lane, in which office he is said to have performed many acts of the most generous kindness. One of these, of which the ill-starred Farquhar was the object, is worth transcribing. It is necessary to premise that Farquhar, in the vain expectation of receiving higher preferment from the Duke of Ormond, had just reduced himself to ruin by the sale of his commission, as a lieutenant, which he had held for several years in the Earl of Orrery's regiment.

'Wilks endeavoured to cheer him, by representing that the Earl was a man of so much honour, that he would not show or even harbour in his breast any resentment upon that account, especially as the fault, if any had been committed, ought to be laid at the door of the Duke of Ormond. He then gave him his best advice in his kindest manner, and said there was but one way left for him to pursue, viz. "Write a play, and it shall be got up with all imaginable expedition."

'"Write!" cried Farquhar, starting from his chair, "is it possible that a man can write common sense who is heartless and has not one shilling in his pocket?"

'"Come, come, George," replied Wilks, "banish melancholy, draw your drama, and bring the sketch with you to-morrow, for I expect you to dine with me. But as an empty pocket may cramp your genius, I desire you to accept my mite," and he presented him with twenty guineas.

'When Wilks was gone, Farquhar retired to his study, and drew up the plot of *The Beaux' Stratagem*, which he delivered to Wilks next day, and the design being approved, he was desired to proceed and not to lose a day with the composition. This comedy, which is one of the best extant, was begun, finished, and acted in the space of six weeks; but too late, with all that haste, for the advantage of the author. On the third night, which was for his benefit, Farquhar died of a broken heart.'—vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

We subjoin one or two more anecdotes, which will place the character of Wilks in an interesting and honourable point of view.

'Another anecdote of a different kind shewed that the good-nature and liberality of Wilks was not confined to objects of compassion or of friendship. He originated the proposal, by which a benefit was granted to assist the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields to rebuild their church; and the splendid Corinthian fabric that has been so long one of the principal ornaments of the metropolis, still stands a monument of dramatic munificence. There is something singularly ridiculous in making the playhouse a coadjutor of the church. It is subversive of all our established notions—accustomed to say with De Foe,

'"Where'er the Lord erects a house of prayer,
The Devil's sure to build a chapel near."

'But we must go no farther, for in this case, and even in these days of decadence, we fear it must be said,

' " It will be found, upon examination,
That Satan has the largest congregation ;"

for whether the preachers are in fault, or the players more attractive, certainly St. Martin's-in-the-Fields cannot boast of being too greatly frequented.

Among other of the many instances of Wilks's kindheartedness, we should not forget his liberality to the wretched Savage. The life and miseries of that unhappy poet are too well known to be related here, especially as I shall have occasion, in his own life, to speak both of the extraordinary source from which they arose, and the remarkable circumstances by which they were distinguished. In the shifts for shelter, to which this ill-fated man was reduced, he was sometimes obliged to take a dog's bed among the scenes of the playhouse. When Wilks was made acquainted with this, and the many hardships he had undergone, he went to the reputed mother of Savage, and so represented his desolate state to her, that she was moved to give him sixty guineas: at the same time, she assured Wilks that Savage was not, indeed, her son; that he was palmed upon her for the child which she had put out to nurse, and that she could never acknowledge him as hers; but as this is a point which Dr. Johnson, in his celebrated life of Savage, has disingenuously slurred over, we shall, in the proper place, treat of that particular more at large.

The second Mrs. Wilks having followed her predecessor, Wilks married again; and even in his third marriage he was as much ruled by affection, and as disinterested, as in the former two. The lady was a gentlewoman in Westminster, whose narrow circumstances compelled her to work with her needle, to support herself and family. Wilks having bought some holland for shirts, desired one of his acquaintance to get them made by a good sempstress, and it happened that they were given to this respectable person. When half a dozen were finished, they were delivered to Wilks, who was so well pleased with the niceness of the work, that he requested the gentlewoman might herself bring the remainder to his lodgings. This she did, and from that day he looked upon her as the only woman that could then make him happy; and, accordingly, he courted her in the most honourable manner.

' A little time after their marriage, one of his acquaintance asked what could induce him, who had realized a plentiful fortune, to marry a woman who had none? The reply of Wilks was characteristic. " Sir, as Providence has been pleased to bless me with a competency sufficient to maintain myself and a family, could I do better than take to my arms one who wanted such a blessing? I assure you, that as love was the only motive that prompted me to marry the gentlewoman who is now my wife, the unhappy circumstances she was in shall not in the least diminish, but rather serve to increase my affection to her; and I am fully convinced, that as our love is reciprocal, there will be no room for complaint on either side. I shall look upon her children as my own; they shall not want anything that is necessary or convenient for them, nor am I under any apprehension of their not discharging a filial duty to me, since they have been educated in the best and most virtuous principles." '—vol. i. pp. 65—67.

The too celebrated Nell Gwin, obtains as an actress, a small niche in Mr. Galt's gallery. She is followed by William Mountfort,

for aiding in whose murder, the reader will perhaps recollect that Lord Mohun, of duelling memory, was tried by the House of Lords and acquitted;—by Samuel Sandford, once admired for his representation of robbers and murderers; Mrs. Elizabeth Barry, famous for her performance of Monimia and Belvidera, but more so for her licentiousness;—Mrs. Anne Oldfield, of whom Pope has sung—

> "Engaging Oldfield! who with grace and ease
> Could join the arts to ruin and to please:"—

Richard Savage, who is too universally known to detain us;—Mrs. Centlivre, and Colley Cibber, to whom the same observation applies, and by Dogget, Booth, and George Farquhar.

Although the name of Quin is oftener heard of than that of almost any actor who has preceded or followed him, yet, as Mr. Galt properly remarks, there is no good life of him extant. It was therefore a matter of some difficulty and labour to collect from a variety of sources, the numerous and curious facts which constitute his biography in this collection. Contrary to the commonly received impression, Mr. Galt has ascertained that Quin was neither born in Ireland, nor of an Irish family. He was descended from an ancient English family of that name, and was born on the 24th of February, 1693, in King-street, Covent-garden. Some time before his birth his father had been settled as a barrister in Dublin, of which capital, his grandfather, Mark Quin, had been Lord Mayor in 1676, and in which he received the principal part of his education. Being destined for the bar, he came in due time to London, took chambers in the Temple, and studied "Coke on Littleton," with the usual success of volatile minds. Upon the death of his father he had scarcely any means of support, and his talents strongly directing him towards the stage, he obtained an engagement at Drury Lane, in August, 1717, where he continued to act for some time in characters of no sort of importance, until, by an accident, fortunate for him, the tragedy of Tamerlane was ordered to be revived by the Lord Chamberlain, and the actor who performed Bajazet, happening to be taken ill, Quin was appointed to read the part. This difficult task he executed with so much success, that the following night he made himself perfect master of it, and acquired considerable reputation by his appearance in it. It was however in Falstaff, which he undertook in 1720, that Quin laid the foundation of his fame. The following year is a sort of epoch in theatrical annals, as being the first in which that very unseemly practice in a free country, the attendance of soldiers as guards at the doors of the principal theatres, was established. The circumstances that gave rise to it are so ludicrously contemptible, that one wonders at the continuance of the usage.

'The next year, 1721, of Quin's performance, is remarkable in dramatic history, as the first in which soldiers appeared as guards in the theatre: an useless pageant, and an event which may be ascribed to the occasional want of common sense, for which the English Government has been of old

distinguished. Before that season, the theatres had only been guarded by civil constables. A riot arising in that of Lincoln's Inn Fields, gave an occasion for the military power to be added to the civil, for the protection of the audience and the players from insult. The occasion was this:

'A certain noble Earl, whether Scotch or Irish the record does not say, much addicted to the wholesome and inspiring beverage of whiskey, was behind the scenes, and seeing one of his friends on the other side among the performers, crossed the stage; of course he was hissed by the audience. Rich, who was on the side that the noble Earl came to, was so provoked, that he told his Lordship "not to be surprised if he was not allowed again to enter." The drunken Peer struck Mr. Rich a slap on the cheek, which was immediately returned, and his Lordship's face being round, and fat, and sleek, resounded with the smack of the blow; a battle royal ensued, the players on the one side, and that part of the aristocracy then behind the scenes on the other. In the end, the players being strongest, either in number or valour, thrashed the gentlemen, and turned them all out into the street, where they drew their swords, stormed the boxes, broke the sconces, cut the hangings, and made a wonderful riot, just as foolish sprigs of quality presume even yet to do. Quin came round with a constable and watchmen from the stage, charged the rioters, and they were all taken into custody, and carried in a body before Justice Hungerford, who then lived in the neighbourhood, and were bound by him over to answer the consequences—they were soon, however, persuaded by their wiser friends to make up the matter, and the manager got ample redress. The King, on hearing of the affair, was indignant, and ordered a guard to attend the theatres, and there it nightly stands ever since, a warning monument of a Lord drinking too much whiskey.'—vol. i. pp. 187, 188.

It is very well known that the soldiers, though they have arms in their hands, never interfere in putting down a row, when one happens to take place; this duty, if performed at all, is executed by the police. The presence of the military is therefore nothing more or less than a piece of mere idle pageantry, which ought long since to have been dispensed with. At that period, however, riots and disputes at the theatres were much more frequent than they are in our time, as the following anecdotes will shew.

'Quin, indeed, never on any occasion lost his self-command. It is related of him, that there was a riot once at the stage-door, when he wounded slightly in the hand a young fellow who had drawn upon him. The spark presently after came into one of the boxes over the stage-door. The play was *Macbeth*, and in the soliloquy where he sees the dagger, as Quin repeated,

'"And on thy blade are drops of reeking blood,"

the young gentleman bawled out—"Ay, reeking indeed—It is my blood." The actor gave him a severe side-look, and replied, loud enough to be heard, "D——n your blood!" and then went on with the speech.

'Not long after this affair a circumstance occurred painful to repeat. Notwithstanding the rough fantastic manner which Quin often delighted to assume, no man was of a more humane disposition, or less addicted to revenge, at the same time he would not tamely, in any way, submit to an insult. It happened that at this period there was a Mr. Williams, a native

of Wales, on the stage of Drury Lane, who performed the part of the messsenger in the tragedy of *Cato*, and in saying "Cæsar sends health to Cato," Quin was so amused at the manner in which he pronounced the last word—"Keeto," that he replied with his usual coolness, "Would he had sent a better messenger!" a retort which so stung Williams, that he vowed revenge, and followed him when he came off into the green-room, where after representing the professional injury in making him ridiculous before the audience, he challenged Quin to give him the redress of a gentleman. Quin, with his wonted philosophy and humour, endeavoured to rally him, but it only added fuel to the rage of Williams, who, without further remonstrance, retired, and waited for him under the piazza, where he drew. In the scuffle Williams was killed. Quin was tried for the murder at the Old Bailey, and a verdict brought in against him of manslaughter, which at the time was applauded as just and most equitable.'—vol. i. pp. 191, 192.

Unfortunate as this affair was, it did not prevent Quin from rising rapidly to the top of his profession, and after he performed Cato, he is said to have no longer had a rival near his throne for nearly ten years. Though sometimes gruff and phlegmatic in his manner, he was always gentlemanly in his habits, and associated with men of high rank and talents. 'He was naturally a handsome man, beloved by his friends, and always on joyous terms with himself. Few understood the inclinations of man better, and none could be more indulgent to unpremeditated error. While he cherished a little affectation in himself, to conceal the warmth and mildness of his dispositions, he discerned every degree of it in others with a shrewd eye. He was an accomplished man of the world, of the right sort, for he was more amiable than he really seemed to be.' In these few sentences we believe that Mr. Galt has given an accurate picture of Quin's character. Innumerable are the anecdotes which are told of his wit and epicurism. We must however content ourselves with a few of these, which, though not absolutely new, have the merit of being well told.

'Quin had many amusing extravagances of humour, and, among others, of making an annual excursion. In these he selected some agreeable lady, and agreed with her to accompany him on his tour as long as one hundred pounds would carry them. Quin gave the lady his name for the journey, and when the money was nearly spent they returned to London, and had a parting supper at the Piazzas, Covent Garden, where he paid her the balance, and dismissed the accommodating gentlewoman in nearly the following words; "Madam, for our mutual convenience I have given you the name of Quin for this some time past. There is no reason for carrying on this farce here; and now, Madam, give me leave to un-Quin you, and restore to you your own name for the future." Thus the ceremony ended, and the damsel went away.

'Since I have broached the jokes and jests of Quin, I may as well go on with a few more. One day, at an auction of pictures, some one pointed out to him old General Guise, adding, "How very ill he looks!"—"Guise, Sir!" said Quin, "you're mistaken; he is dead these two years."—

"Nay," said the other, "believe your eyes,—there he is." Quin put on his spectacles, examined him from head to foot for some time, and then exclaimed, "Why, yes, Sir, I'm right enough; he has been dead these two years, it is very evident, and has now only gotten a day-rule to see the pictures."

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'Quin was considered by the public as a kind of wholesale dealer in rough fun, and as much attention was paid to his wit sometimes as it probably deserved. Dining one day at a party in Bath, he uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight; a nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, "What a pity it is, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin flashed his eye and replied, "What would your Lordship have me to be,—a Lord?"

'Some of his sayings had, however, though not often, a playfulness and poetical beauty that merited no common praise. Being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, "It is," said he, "in conformity with the arrangements of Nature, Madam; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

'On another occasion, a lady one day, in speaking of transmigration, inquired of him "What creature's form would you hereafter prefer to inhabit?" The lady had a very beautiful neck, Quin looked at it, and said, "A fly's, Madam, that I might have the pleasure of sometimes resting on your ladyship's neck."

'He sometimes made occasional visits to Plymouth to eat John Dories, and for some time he lived at hack and manger; on these occasions he resided at one of the inns which happened to be much infested with rats. "My drains," said the landlord, "run down to the quay, and the scents of the kitchen attract the rats."—"That's a pity," said Quin; "at some leisure moment, before I return to town, remind me of the circumstance, and perhaps I may be able to suggest a remedy." In the mean time he lived expensively, and at the end of eight weeks he called for his bill. "What!" said he, "one hundred and fifty pounds for eight weeks, in one of the cheapest towns in England!" However, he paid the bill, and stepped into his chaise. "Oh, Mr. Quin," said the landlord, "I hope you have not forgot the remedy you promised me for the rats."—"There's your bill," replied the wit, "show them that when they come, and if they trouble your house again, I'll be d——d!"'—vol. i. pp. 199—202.

The incursion of Garrick upon the stage introduced altogether a new and more perfect style of acting, which drove Quin rather prematurely from his profession, but not before he had realized an income sufficient to secure him all the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life, and he was thus enabled to spend the latter sixteen years of his life at Bath, in cheerful society, of which he continued to his last hour to be an ornament. He died in January, 1766.

The lives of Lacy Ryan, the friend of Quin; of Mrs. Woffington, Garrick, Foote, Macklin, and Henderson, the celebrated mimic, occupy many agreeable pages in these volumes. But of all the eccentric biographies we ever read, we think that of Mrs. Charlotte Charke the most extraordinary. She was the youngest

daughter of Colley Cibber, and seems to have been born in the possession of strange humours and considerable talents. The stories told of her juvenile vagaries are abundant, we are almost inclined to say incredible. She shot game, superintended her father's horses, cultivated his garden, physicked all the old women in the neighbourhood, and in this way prepared herself to be, at the early age of seventeen, the wife of Mr. Charke, a worthless, though accomplished, prodigal, who was ambitious of being allied with the daughter of Colley Cibber, then a patentee of Drury Lane theatre. This marriage was a most unhappy one, and Mrs. Charke, in order to procure support for herself and her only child, was obliged to direct her natural talents towards the stage. Her debut afforded a high promise of future success, which, however, was not realized; and after trying her fortune at different theatres, she turned oil-woman and grocer, and established herself, with a very slender stock indeed, in a shop in Long Acre. This business failing, as she knew nothing about the mode of conducting it, she next opened a grand puppet show over the Tennis Court, in St. James's-street, which, after doing pretty well for a season or two, also fell to nothing. She then got, of course, into debt, was arrested for the sum of 7*l.*, and thrown into prison, from which she was extricated by the charity of the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes. At this time Mrs. Charke usually appeared in man's attire, and went by the name of Sir Charles, conducting herself in every respect as a mere adventuress on town, her disguise being occasionally varied, in order to elude the vigilance of the many bailiffs who were in quest of her. She was accused of having encountered and robbed her father in Epping forest, a story which mortified her so much, that she nearly killed a fellow whom she heard relate it, he not knowing that the heroine of his tale was so near. Indeed, through all her diversified career of guilt and misfortune, her feelings towards her father were never altogether diverted from their natural channel. In the midst of her miseries she implored his forgiveness; he returned her letter unopened, a circumstance that 'did not, as might have been expected, produce a sudden gust of passion, but sank into her heart, and preyed upon it with the slow and eating fire of grief and despair, ending in a fever, which long consumed her spirits, and was never effectually overcome.' We find her, however, subsequently in the capacities of a valet to a noble lord, a manufacturer and vendor of pork sausages, a beggar in the streets, a singer at Mr. Yeates's New Wells, and an exhibitor at Bartholomew Fair. It is grievous to learn that, even from these miserable employments she was obliged to abscond, in consequence of the pursuit of the bailiffs, although the total of what she owed did not exceed 25*l.* She next assumed the name of Brown, and retired to Petticoat-lane, Whitechapel, where she became a partner in a legerdemain concern. After this, with the assistance of a friend, she set up a public house, failed, became a waiter to a

tavern, returned to the stage, again tried at a puppet show, ate the bitter bread of a strolling player for some years, after which she established herself as a pastry-cook at Chepstow, and next at Pill, near Bristol, with similar success. She eventually entered on a literary career, which she commenced with little tales, written for a newspaper, but the printer not being able to pay her, she once more took to the stage, as a prompter, and, in short, attempted, by every means possible, or thought to be possible by a wild imagination, to earn some sort of a maintenance. Her life is a blank for several years, but it appears that in 1755 her literary occupations were not laid by, for in that year, being in possession of a public house at Islington, she was visited by a bookseller, who went to treat with her for a novel which she had just finished. The description of her menage is a curiosity.

'Her house was then a thatched hovel, in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, on the way to Islington, not far from the New River Head. Mr. White and his companion having at last reached her door, they were admitted by a domestic, a tall, meagre, ragged figure with a blue apron before her, who spoke with a solemn voice and a hungry smile. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four delf-plates, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of its mouth. To the right of the dresser sat the mistress of the mansion, on a maimed chair, under the mantelpiece, with a fire sufficient to put her visitors in mind of starvation. On one hob sat a monkey chattering, on the other a tabby cat of a melancholy aspect, and on the flounce of his lady's dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost only the skeleton of one. He raised his shaggy head, and staring with bleared eyes, saluted the strangers with a snarl. A magpie was perched on her chair, and on her lap lay a mutilated pair of bellows; their pipe was gone, but they served as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes, in the shape of the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken tea-cup; her pen was worn to the stump—she had but one. A rough deal board, with three supporters, was brought for the convenience of the visitors, and, after they were accommodated, they entered upon business.

The work was read—and she read it beautifully—remarks were made, and thirty guineas demanded for the copyright. The squalid hand-maiden looked with astonishment at the amount of the demand. The extortionate bookseller offered five pounds; some altercation ensued, but after it the man of trade doubled his offer; matters in the end were duly accommodated, the lady stipulating for fifty copies in addition to the money.'—vol. ii. pp. 72, 73.

The unfortunate woman died in 1760. The facts here stated are principally derived from her own memoirs, and assuredly they exhibit a most extraordinary picture of the exertions which a mother can make for the support of her offspring!

The character of Mrs. Georgiana Bellamy is so well known from the celebrated letters which pass under her name, though written for her by Alexander Bicknell, the editor of Carver's Travels in

Africa, that we need not dwell upon it. Nor need we say more of the remaining lives, consisting of those of Arthur Murphy, Thomas King, Thomas Holcroft, Cooke, Mrs. Baddeley, Miss Farren, Mrs. Jordan, John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, than that they are in general well executed. By a remarkable coincidence, the latter died just as the last sheet of the work was undergoing correction for the press.

The style of these volumes is precisely what it ought to have been, fluent, lively, and devoid of all circumlocution. Occasionally a deep and just reflection upon the errors of human nature, but always leaning to the side of benevolence, is intermingled with the busiest parts of the narrative, which arrests the attention, and, apparently without intending it, reminds us of a useful and practical truth. Mr. Galt did not consider it his duty to paint the actors and actresses as all monsters of iniquity. He certainly never throws a veil over their vices, but neither does he exaggerate them. His portraits are in general favourable likenesses, but not more so than all persons who love the stage would wish them to be.

ART. III.—1. *Cholera Morbus—Return to an Address to His Majesty, dated 24th June, 1831; for copies or extracts of all information or opinions communicated to Government, relating to the Nature and Extent of any infectious Disease, prevailing in the eastern parts of Europe, and to the precautions recommended to prevent the introduction of such Disease into this country; also*

2. *A Return of the names of persons appointed as a Board of Health, to consider of the measures proper to be adopted to watch the Nature of such Disease.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 27th June, 1831.

THE anxious attention of the public has been for some time fixed upon the progress of that formidable disease, which, rising like an evil spirit from the marshes of India, has already marched with fatal and gigantic strides through the finest districts of Persia, over the Caucasus to Moscow; has invaded several of the provinces of Russia, infesting even the well guarded capital of Petersburgh, and finally appearing on those shores which are in constant communication with our own country. The acute mind of Lord Heytesbury, our ambassador at the Russian court, was led to observe and report upon the advance of this universal enemy, so early as the summer of last year; but neither the government nor the people participated in the apprehensions which he then intimated rather than expressed. The malady was still at a distance; we had no fear of being attacked by it, and hence many precious opportunities have been lost for the acquisition of those data, which now seem to be so necessary for fixing its real character. It was not until the cholera morbus arrived at Riga, in view, we might say, of England, and waiting as it were for a favourable chance of wafting itself to our ports, that measures were at length adopted for obtaining informa-

tion concerning it, and for establishing the requisite machinery of precaution for providing, as far as human arrangements can provide, against the introduction and diffusion of the malady amongst us.

It would be too much to expect that those arrangements, even if put into execution with the most scrupulous punctuality, should completely protect us from the threatened danger. Persons are not wanting who maintain that the cholera morbus has already made its appearance in England, and it is not long since that one of our steam-boats underwent inspection in a French port, before any of the passengers were allowed to land, in consequence of its having been reported that the contagion, if such it be, had reached our shores. We are not prepared to say whether the rumour be true or false; at all events it indicates the suspicious circumstances in which we are placed by the prevalence of the malady at Riga. Instead therefore of confiding with perfect security upon the care that the government, its medical board, and its quarantine regulations are to take of us, we should be prepared to meet it by all the means which Providence has placed in our power. We should study its history for ourselves, without trusting too implicitly in the skill of the physicians, who, upon this subject, are as uninstructed as it is possible for men to be; we should calmly observe its progress, scrutinize its character, and ascertain the circumstances which assist or impede its diffusion. It is by thus acting that we shall really know the peril which we have to encounter, and, instead of filling our minds with chimerical horrors, which are always engendered and magnified by ignorance, we shall possibly light upon a few practical conclusions, which may enable us, if not to conquer the malady, at least to neutralize its venom.

We understand it to be the opinion of more than one eminent professional person, that even if the Indian cholera were to arrive here in all its native energy, the nature of our climate would not only retard its propagation, but disarm it of much of its fatal power over the human frame. However that may be, we believe that little doubt is entertained that the very general cultivation of our territory, in which few extensive marshes are permitted to remain, the cleanly habits of our people, generally speaking, both in town and country, and the superior quality of their food, would afford us many advantages in combating the contagion, which the inhabitants of Russia, of Persia, and of India do not possess. To these favourable circumstances may be added the general industry of our community, that gives them little time for those depressing apprehensions, which, according to all accounts, are very active causes in pre-disposing an individual for the reception of the disease. Then our island situation gives us the benefit of constant currents of fresh air from the surrounding seas, which, at all events, must frequently alter the state of our atmosphere, and prevent it from being, as the atmosphere is supposed to be in Russia, a con-

ductor, or at least a receptacle, of the disease for any considerable period of time. Besides, we have medicine always at hand, and are not obliged to travel for it, as they are often compelled to do in Russia, some forty or fifty miles; and whatever can be effected by the best medical skill in Europe, for the proper and useful application of that medicine, may be accomplished amongst us with a rapidity that no other nation can equal. These are all circumstances on our side, which should prevent the public mind from feeling any very great alarm, even if the cholera should visit us in the course of its appointed progress. At the same time, as, on the the one hand, we ought to give way to no senseless clamour or exaggerated apprehensions of danger, neither should we, on the other, deem ourselves inaccessible to a disease, the true nature of which is not yet understood, and has baffled all previous experience.

From the first and second reports of Dr. Walker, an eminent English physician long resident in Russia, to whom the Lords of the Privy Council applied for information in consequence of his professional character and knowledge, it appears that even in the March of the present year, the disease was not quite extinct, though it had then greatly subsided, in Moscow. He mentions what we consider to be a very surprising circumstance, considering the numbers that had already fallen victims to the malady in that capital, that the patients were generally in such an advanced stage of the disease, when they were taken to the hospitals, that curative means had little effect, and more than half fell victims. This assuredly is a species of negligence upon the part of the authorities, or of apathy upon that of the families to which the patients belonged, which never could happen in England. It is Doctor Walker's opinion, and he is borne out by the almost universal testimony of the Moscow physicians, that the malady is not the plague, or any complication with it, but the true India cholera. 'The symptoms of the disease,' he says, 'and the appearances on dissection, are exactly the same as those described in the official reports from the medical boards of the three presidencies in India, and by the various medical men who have written on the disease in that country.' As to the important question, whether the cholera is contagious or not, the Doctor hazards no opinion, the facts for and against not having been yet sufficiently examined; but he adds that 'by far the greater number of medical men in Moscow were disposed to think it not contagious, but produced by some peculiar state of the atmosphere, not cognizable by either our senses or by instruments; that this was proved by almost every person in the city feeling during the time some inconvenience or other, which wanted only the exciting cause of catching cold, or of some irregularity in diet, to bring on cholera; that very few of those immediately about the patients were taken ill; that persons had put on the clothes of patients who were very ill, or had died of cholera, had lain in their beds, or even alongside of corpses, had

bathed in the same water where very bad cholera patients had been bathed just before, and that none of these persons were taken ill.' These are undoubtedly very strong facts on the side of the non-contagionists; but facts similar to these, if not still stronger, have been known to occur in cases of plague, and of other diseases, the contagious character of which, nevertheless, no man of competent experience could doubt. When we find great numbers of individuals suffering in the same country from precisely the same malady, and when we find that that malady is conveyed from that place to other places by means of human intercourse, we can come to no other rational (certainly no other safe) conclusion, than that the malady is contagious, no matter by what concealed and undiscoverable process it is communicated from individual to individual. It seems that even those who maintain the contrary doctrine in Moscow, 'acknowledge that where a number of cholera patients are collected together, it is perfectly possible that the disease, like others, may become contagious.' Dr. Walker mentions that one gentleman, the inspector of an hospital, 'was at first a *non*-contagionist, but that he found himself forced to adopt the opposite opinion, because so many of the attendants at the establishment under his superintendence were attacked with the disease.' The evidence collected by the Doctor on this point, and on that of the communication of the disease by inanimate objects, as well as his own reasoning upon the subject, are well worthy of attention.

'At Jaroslaw, Minsk, Mologa, Ustuskna, Somina, Titzvin, through all which places the disease made its approaches towards St. Petersburg, and where, from the small extent of the field of observation, every case came under more immediate inspection, I found every where the medical men and others convinced that the disease was brought to them somehow or other by the boats which came up the Volga from Nishni Novgorod, and other places where the disease had been; they said that the first attacked with the disease were always boatmen, and it was only afterwards that the disease appeared among the towns-people. But after the disease got into a town, that it could not be traced from one to another, and that very often, perhaps most frequently, only one in a family, while in others every one was attacked with it.

Combining this with its slow and gradual progress from Astrachan (whither one party consider it proved that it was brought by a vessel from Saliany, which the other party deny), along the great lines of water communications, I think it more than probable that it is carried along by men *somehow or other*, although it has not been ascertained in what way. It has been alleged that it follows the tracts of rivers, not because it is carried by people going along them, but because the miasma, or whatever it is that predisposes to, and excites, the disease, has a great affinity for humidity. But if this were the case, it should go along all rivers and streams, whereas I believe it follows only those where there is navigation; and it also would not proceed along the great roads, as we are assured it does, more than along others which are less frequented. The question is a very difficult

one, and the disease has manifested the same caprices in its progress in Russia that it showed in India, missing occasionally places that lie directly in its apparent route, and not attacking them till some time after; attacking sometimes the high situated houses in towns, but more frequently the lower ones.

'With respect to the possibility of the disease being communicated by clothes or goods, no cases have as yet come to my knowledge sufficient to prove it. I have heard of several instances brought forward in support of the opinion, but they are not fair ones; as in all of them the persons had either come from places where the disease was, or it was already prevalent in the place where they were living. And by far the most general opinion, even among the contagionists, is, that it is only through the medium of the body that it is propagated.

'So that the result of what information I have been able as yet to collect on the subject, is, that I believe it is capable of being conveyed from one place to another by men, although it cannot be considered completely proved: while, although there is not evidence sufficient to prove its communication by clothes or goods, still we cannot say that it is impossible.

'Although it does not admit of legal proof, yet there is no doubt that, from the great difficulty, or indeed impossibility, of keeping quarantine strictly in such a great extent of country as that where the disease prevailed last summer and autumn, numbers of persons and quantities of goods from infected places, evaded the quarantines, and came even to this city (Petersburgh), but fortunately without bringing the disease.

'I may state, that also the Prussian and Austrian Medical Gentlemen, who have been sent here by their respective Governments, have adopted the same opinion with myself; the Austrians could speak more decidedly, as they had seen a good deal of the disease in the southern provinces, before they came to Moscow.

'Although such is my opinion, yet I should not conceive it necessary to have any Quarantine for vessels arriving in England from Russia, unless the disease prevailed at the place of loading or in the neighbourhood, and even then perhaps only in the event of any person on board having had the disease during the passage. For although there are not as yet any observations regarding the length of time that the disease may lie dormant in the system, the general opinion is, that it does not probably exceed fourteen days, and therefore there would be little or no risk in admitting a vessel that had been at least fourteen days on her passage, without having any sick on board. Persons however might get in a considerably shorter time from here to England, by the steam-boat to Lubeck, if there should not be any quarantine there.

'All sorts of goods, except tallow and linen, are, I am told, opened out in the most complete manner here, and handled for the purpose of being bracked, so that if they could communicate the disease, they would in all probability do it here before they could be sent abroad.

'With respect to the present state of the disease (April), it still prevails in the southern and western frontiers. A few cases, eight or nine, occurred in Moscow after I left that city, and I should not be at all surprised if a case occur still now and then for some time. Whether it will again increase with the warm weather is a complete conjecture, as there are no data to

form an opinion about it, but there is still a sort of apprehension, of which people cannot entirely divest themselves. I found that five cases (and all fatal) had occurred in the town of Ustuskna, 460 versts from hence, in the course of the ten days, just before my passing through, *i. e.* from the 19th to the 29th March, but I have not been able to learn whether any cases have occurred since. That, I believe, is the nearest point at which it has been since the autumn. As the government of Vologda, where the disease has prevailed to a considerable degree not long ago, has more direct communication I believe with Archangel than with this place, it is not improbable I think, that if the disease still spreads, it will get there before it comes here.'—pp. 6, 7.

Dr. Walker, in further elucidation of his opinion, which he supposes not to be sufficiently expressed in the above report, adds, in a postscript, that he is himself *convinced* of the contagious nature of the disease, but that the *proofs* of its transmission from one individual to another are not *quite perfect* as yet. Nor is he without apprehension that it may also be conveyed by clothes and other articles, which have been in more immediate contact with the sick, although the proofs of this are, as yet, still more defective. 'It is,' he observes, 'a disease *sui generis*, and must have its own laws, as well as the plague, typhus fever, and other contagious or infectious disorders, but these laws we do not yet sufficiently know. Its attacks seem to be favoured by depressing passions, especially *fear of the disease*, great fatigue, low bad living, bad air in crowded dirty dwellings, drunkenness. I have been informed that in Austrian Gallicia, where it had made its appearance, a better diet furnished to the lower orders at the expense of the government, seems to have contributed as much as any other measure to prevent the spreading of the disease.'

The report of Dr. Walker is followed, in the papers before us, by that of Dr. Albers, a Prussian Physician, who had been sent by his government to Moscow upon a similar mission. This gentleman is also, to a certain extent, a decided contagionist. He states as a fact, the converse of that mentioned by our own countryman, that when the cholera first reached Moscow, the physicians generally were persuaded that it was a contagious disease, whereas, experience convinced them of the contrary. According to their report, no fewer than 40,000 inhabitants quitted Moscow during the epidemic, and yet no case is recorded of the cholera having been thus transferred from that capital to other places. But might not this negative evidence have been attributable to the want of proper attention upon the part of the authorities to the recording of such cases? Dr. Albers assures us that but few reports were sent in, that these were unsatisfactory; that the depositions by which they were accompanied were uncertain, and that they were frequently influenced by personal motives, it being the direct interest of all individuals connected with commerce, that the doctrine of the contagionists should be discountenanced, as it was calculated to throw

serious impediments in the way of trade. He then mentions the facts already alluded to by Dr. Walker, of one individual only being attacked in a family, without the disease being communicated to the rest of the inmates; and of nurses, in order to quiet timid females who were labouring under the cholera, sharing their beds during the nights, and, notwithstanding this, escaping altogether uninjured. In spite of all these facts, however, Dr. Albers is of opinion that the cholera is contagious, although he thinks that 'such contagion differs from all known contagions, and seems to approach nearest to that of *typhus*. With whatever obstinacy the correctness of the facts is disputed by the anti-contagionists, it still appears highly probable, that the cholera may be communicated by persons proceeding from one place to another, and may lay the foundation of a fresh epidemic, if circumstances favour the communication.' So far the Doctor is a contagionist. But with respect to the question whether the disease may be transmitted from one place to another by inanimate objects, he holds the opposite doctrine. 'Only one point,' he asserts, 'seems to be completely made out by testimonies innumerable; namely, that the cholera is not communicated by articles of merchandize, or by any inanimate objects. This principle has been adopted by the public authorities of St. Petersburg, and been acted upon now for nearly three months without any sinister consequence having ensued.'

'On our journey hither, we met many thousands of sledges loaded with goods, going from Moscow to St. Petersburg. As the rates paid for carriage are extremely reasonable, any stoppage in their conveyance would prejudice the merchant; hence the carriers, as I myself saw, proceed no further than the barriers of the quarantine establishment, and remain there, as far as their persons are concerned, and their sledges alone pass through, which being met on the other side by their partners or servants, are taken on without hindrance. The result of my own daily experience, therefore, perfectly agrees with the above stated principle; namely, notwithstanding all my inquiries, *I have met with no instance which could render it at all probable that the Cholera is disseminated by inanimate objects.*'—p. 9.

This conclusion appears to have been adopted by the extraordinary committee established by the emperor at Moscow, for the purpose of discussing the expediency of a general purification of all merchandize in that capital after the cessation of the cholera. Such purification they deemed altogether unnecessary, being convinced that the disease is not communicated even by those articles which are most frequently in contact with the patient. The same doctrine is supported by Sir William Crichton, whose report on the progress of the cholera morbus in Russia, we shall extract, correcting the names of some of the places mentioned in it, which are misprinted in the return.

'In the spring of the year 1830 the first authentic accounts of the Cholera Morbus having appeared in Persia were received by the Medical Council of St. Petersburg. It spread itself from the province of Corasan

to Tabrez, the residence of Abbas Mirza, where it made great havoc. A number of the Russian mission to that Prince fell a sacrifice to it, and Prince Dolgorouky, the Russian Minister at the same Court, was saved with great difficulty from a serious attack of it.

'In the beginning of July the disease penetrated the Russian provinces of Schirvan and Bakou, from whence it spread by land as far as Tifflis and by sea from the port of Bakou to Astracan.

'It broke out in these two last-mentioned towns nearly at the same time; that is to say, on the 20th of July. It appears from the accounts we have received, that neither at Tifflis nor at Astracan any precautions were taken to prevent its spreading further, probably from its not having been thought contagious, so that it extended with rapidity from Tifflis throughout Georgia and the province of Caucasus, always following the principal roads.

'At its first appearance at Astracan, (which took place soon after the arrival of a vessel from Bakou, on board of which eight men had been seized, during the voyage, with the Cholera, and had died of it,) thousands of people, employed in navigating the Volga, together with fishermen of that river, made their escape from the town, the first re-ascending the Volga, the others going up the river Pural or Jaik. The disorder showed itself at Gowrieff on the 26th of July, at Ouraesk on the 3rd of August. Let us now observe its course along the Volga, the great line of communication by which the disease penetrated into the interior of Russia. At Senolayerisk the Cholera broke out the 22nd or 23rd of July, at Krasmoyar the 25th of the same month, at Tzaritzen the 6th of August, at Donbooka and Saratoff the 7th, at Khoalinsk the 19th, at Lamara and Neigni Novogorod the 27th, at Kostroma the 3rd of September, at Zaroslaff the 6th, and at Rybinsk the 11th of the same month. In all those places the first victims of the disease were either navigators of the Volga or individuals arrived from places where it already raged.

A Cossack, who had been sent the beginning of August from the station named Katchalinskara on the Don, to buy provisions at Donbooka on the Volga, died of the Cholera on the 7th, after his return to the station. After that circumstance, the malady spread successively through the different Cossack villages along the river Don; without enumerating all these, suffice it to say, that the first deaths from Cholera at Novetcherkash, the principal town of the Cossacks, took place on the 18th of August; at Rastaff its ravages began some days later, and that on the 9th of September it had penetrated as far as Taganrog. A great number of persons of all ranks escaped from Saratoff, (a town containing 40,000 inhabitants,) and took refuge in the next government of Peusa, but the Cholera did not fail to follow them, and commenced its depredations in that province on the 13th of August.

'The first death at Kasan was on the 9th of September, an individual who had come there from Nigni Novogorod.

'It has not been exactly ascertained who was the first individual who died at Moscow of the disorder, as most of the physicians of that city did not believe in its having visited them, consequently no exact information was then taken of those who were attacked with it. There is, however, reason to believe that the first victim was a student, who had leave of

absence from Saratoff, and whose servant died on the road thence to Moscow.

'*Symptoms of the Disease.*

'General uneasiness; violent headache and giddiness; great langour; oppression at the chest; pain at the pit of the stomach and at the sides; a very weak pulse, and frequent vomitings, first of undigested food, and then of a watery fluid mixed with phlegm; frequent purging; severe pains, which make the patient roll about and scream; cessation, or very scanty secretion of urine; excessive thirst; cramp in the legs, beginning at the toes, and by degrees reaching the body; voice feeble and hoarse; the eyes dull and sunk in the head; the features changed, and like those of a corpse; coldness; contraction and bluish tinge of the extremities; a coldness over the whole body; the lips and tongue become blue; a cold and clammy perspiration. The vomiting and purging soon exhaust the strength of the patient. The spasms become greater, attacking successively the most vital parts. The pulse ceases, the beating of the breast becomes scarcely sensible, and the patient, after having suffered the most horrible martyrdom, dies quietly, having a few minutes' ease just before his end. The duration of the malady is, generally speaking, from twenty-four to twenty-eight hours; but sometimes its course is still more rapid; and sometimes slower.

'*Of the Causes.*

'Although there is still a difference of opinion among physicians on this subject, the Medical Council of St. Petersburg is obliged to acknowledge that the exciting cause of this disorder (and the only one well proved,) is a specific contagion, less virulent, perhaps, than that of the plague, and requiring a certain pre-disposition in the human body for its developement, but which contagion certainly exists; numerous proofs of this fact, were presented by the epidemic of 1829 and 1830.

'1st.—The progress of the Cholera along the high roads.

'2d.—The remarkable circumstance that the first who died of it wherever it appeared, were individuals who arrived from some infected place.

'3d.—That the places where immediate precautions were taken, were not attacked by it, as for example, the small town of Sarepta (inhabited by a colony of Moravians,) situated on the high road from Astracan to Tzaritzen, and only twenty-five versts from the latter place. Also, several farms and country-houses near Astracan, and German colonies in the government of Saratoff, the military school of cadets at Moscow, &c., around all of which the malady raged furiously.

'4th.—That in Moscow, which contains at least 200,000 inhabitants, there have been since the 16th September, up to the present instant, 6th January, only 6,000 or 7,000 sick, or one-twenty-ninth of the population; an incredibly small number, if we look for the general cause of Cholera Morbus in atmospheric influence.

'*On the mode of Treatment in Russia.*

'Circumstantial accounts not having yet been received from all the places where the Cholera has raged, we are not able to give any exact information relating to the best mode of treatment. Bleeding at the commencement of the disorder, has been generally recommended. At Astracan

and in Georgia, calomel with opium, after the Anglo-Indian method, has been found of use. At Saratoff, a diaphoretic treatment was found efficacious; after bleeding, vapour and warm water baths, warm drinks, aromatic and stimulant frictions were applied with a good deal of success. At Moscow, where there are several physicians of various nations, many different modes of cure were of course tried; but the diaphoretic method was that most generally preferred. Our information respecting the differences of practice in Moscow, is not sufficiently complete to enable us to decide which has been the best. Detailed reports are equally wanting from Nigni Novogorod, Kasan, Kostrona, &c.

'The mortality has been great, the deaths almost every where exceeding the number cured; but this circumstance may be accounted for; 1st, By the novelty of the case; 2d, By the rapidity with which it overran the districts, and caused death in four or in six hours: 3d, By the fool-hardy indifference of the Russian character, from which cause most of the invalids did not apply for succour till too late.

'*Means of Prevention.*

'Considering the contagious nature of the disease, and the rapidity with which it spreads, the Government, at the recommendation of the Medical Council, ordered quarantines to be formed on the frontiers of every province in which the disease raged; and afterwards entirely to surround all places where it existed. After the experience of the epidemic in 1829, the Medical Council found that a quarantine from fourteen to twenty-one days was sufficient to ascertain the state of health of any person coming from an infected place, instead of confining him six weeks, as in the case of the plague. During the whole course of the years 1829 and 1830, *there is not a single instance* that can be relied on of the contagion being communicated by articles of dress or furniture.'—pp. 9—11.

When these various reports were laid before Sir Henry Halford, Doctors Turner, Macmichael, and Hawkins, they gave it as their opinion that the disorder was infectious, but that it was not communicable by means of inanimate objects; nevertheless, the College of Physicians, to whom the papers were subsequently referred, felt a doubt whether the infection was conveyed by articles of merchandize or not, and recommended that all such articles, as well as all persons, coming from places where the disease prevailed, should be subjected to a quarantine of fourteen days. This doubt they repeat in a second report; for although there are some statements which appear to support a contrary opinion, yet, say the College, 'they are neither numerous nor distinct enough to convince us that this disease does not and will not observe the laws which regulate other infectious disorders.' Upon their recommendation a medical commission has been dispatched to Riga and Dantzick, on the Baltic, for the purpose of making further inquiries with regard to the disease now prevailing at those places. A board of health has also been constituted, consisting, amongst other public officers, of Sir H. Halford, Doctors Holland, Maton, Turner, and Macmichael, whose duty it is to make such suggestions as to

them may seem meet, respecting the quarantine regulations, and for confining the contagion, if it should appear here, within the narrowest possible compass.

These papers, and the precautions which have been adopted by government, appear to us to be well calculated to quiet the public mind upon the subject of the cholera. In the mean time the community at large should be taught to feel, that even if the disease invade our shores, it is in the power of most individuals to preserve themselves from it by attending to their diet, by perfect cleanliness in their persons, by the careful ventilation of their houses, and, above all, by a severe temperance with respect to the use of intoxicating liquors.

ART. IV.—*A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot; with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery. Illustrated by Documents from the Rolls, now first published.* 8vo. pp. 333. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1831.

THIS work is one of the most laborious, and at the same time, one of the most chivalrous enterprizes on behalf of the great cause of historical truth, that it has been for some years our fortune to encounter. How small is the number of those persons, even in the most civilized parts of the world, who care one jot about the degrees of justice with which fame has been distributed among the navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries! How few are they who feel any concern whether Columbus preceded Cabot, or Cabot Columbus, in the discovery of the new continent! The name of the one is familiar in every mouth, that of the other is hardly ever heard of; and it would seem now almost a bootless task to write a book for the sole purpose of pointing out the errors, which exist in many popular publications upon the subject of his voyages; and of reclaiming for his memory, the glory which has been hitherto withheld from it. But we ought not to consider the matter in that narrow point of view. The truth of history is an object so sacred in itself, that we ought never to shut our eyes against the exertions of any writer, who endeavours to repair its omissions, and rectify its mis-statements. The operation of doing justice to the name of Sebastian Cabot, even if it be as successful as we could desire, will not make the sun of joy shine brighter in our breasts, will not soothe the sense of pain, or multiply the sources of delightful emotion. But it is no unworthy application of our time to investigate, however superficially, the claims of such a man to a higher rank in the temple of celebrity, than that which he has yet enjoyed. Mankind are but too prone to underrate the merits of those who have conferred upon them the most precious advantages. It is therefore the duty of the generous and the wise, and of those who love truth for its own sake under all circumstances, to assist in exalting the benefactors of our race to

the place which they ought to hold in the estimation of posterity, and of which they had been for ages deprived, possibly by the malignity, but more probably by the ignorance or carelessness of their contemporaries.

In one of the most voluminous and remarkable productions of modern times, the "Biographiè Universelle," which has been lately concluded in fifty-two tomes, it is stated, with respect to Cabot, that "although no evidence exists to establish the scene of his discoveries, yet they ought not to be deemed altogether fabulous, as some historians would represent (comme fabuleuses ainsi que quelques historiens ont été tentés de le penser)." It is certainly not much to the credit of that compilation, which affects an extraordinary degree of accuracy, to hazard so strong a doubt as this passage implies with respect to the discoveries of Cabot. The evidence of their certainty and of their extent has not been altogether hidden under a bushel. It exists in print and in manuscript, and might easily have been examined by any person who would give himself the trouble, as the present author has done, of inquiring for it in the proper quarters.

It would appear clearly enough, upon the authority of Gomara, a Spanish writer, and of others, that Sebastian Cabot, who was the son of a Venetian, born at Bristol, penetrated to a much higher degree of latitude in the northern seas, than the English historians seem to have been aware of, although it is well known that the expedition, if not exclusively fitted out at the expense of our Henry VII., was materially assisted by his patronage. Cabot's object was to find a passage to Cathay by the North Seas, in order that spices might be brought from the Indies by a shorter course than that of the Cape of Good Hope, which was then used by the Portuguese. He evidently reached a point at which the days were very long, and in a manner without night, being as De Bry, Belle-forest, Chauveton, and other authorities, state it sixty-eight degrees of north latitude; he appears indeed to have been the real discoverer of the bay, which was afterwards called by the name of Hudson, and to have been prevented from making further efforts in that quarter by the mutiny of his crew, who refused to go any farther. The part of America supposed to have been first seen by Cabot on the 24th of June, 1497, was not Newfoundland, as is generally supposed, but a small island in latitude 56°, immediately on the coast of Labrador. The fact is of importance, as it removes some difficulties which would exist, if Cabot's description of this island were supposed to have applied to what is now called Newfoundland, although in strictness that was a name that once extended to all the newly discovered islands and continental tracts in that quarter. In the same manner the name of the West Indies has long been exclusively applied to those groupes of islands which are near the eastern coast of America, although they were originally so called in consequence of their supposed connection with India.

The period of Cabot's first discovery of the American continent has been strangely misstated by different writers. A patent, however, has been discovered in the Rolls' chapel which sets this question at rest, and undoubtedly ascribes to Cabot the distinguished honour of being in truth the original discoverer of America. In that document, which is dated the 3d of February, 1498, there is an express recital of the lands and islands *already* discovered by Cabot, which recital being connected with a map drawn by him, that was hung for several years in Queen Elizabeth's gallery at Whitehall, leaves no doubt of Cabot having preceded Columbus and Americus Vespusius in those regions. The patent is made out in the name of John, the father of Sebastian Cabot, but this is ascribed to the avaricious caution of Henry VII., who thought that his stipulated share of the profits of the expedition would be more secure, if John Cabot, at that time a wealthy Venetian merchant, and carrying on business at Bristol, were bound for the due performance of the contract.

The next question that arises is, how far did Cabot proceed along the coast of America to the southward. It appears that he sailed in a vessel called the *Mathew*, of Bristol, and from a mass of confused evidence, it would seem that he succeeded in coasting along the American continent *almost* as far as Florida. But the reasoning of the author is not very clear upon this point; he quotes authorities, and endeavours to reconcile contradictions, without however arriving at any definite conclusion. He contends, indeed, that his hero even made a voyage to Maracaibo, in South America, in the year 1499; his reasoning upon this point is curious enough. Seyer in his historical and topographical memoirs of Bristol, copies from the ancient calendars of Bristol the following paragraph:—"This yeare (1499) Sebastian Cabot, borne in Bristoll, proffered his service to king Henry for discovering new countries; which had no greate or favorable entertainment of the king, but he with no extraordinary preparation sett forth from Bristoll, and made great discoveries." This passage evidently refers to Cabot's first voyage, which was performed chiefly at his own expense, or rather at that of his father; whereas the patent of 1498 shews that the king did favour the enterprizing mariner at that period. The expression *proffered* would imply that it was for the first time, and the paragraph has no reference to any prior discoveries. The date is manifestly a mistake for 1497, to which period it probably applies. Upon this false foundation, however, the author proceeds to erect his airy edifice. He found in Navarette, whose extracts from the Spanish archives reflect so much credit upon his intelligence and industry, an assertion wholly unsupported by any authority, and which, in fact, is a mere gratuitous supposition, couched in these terms:—"Lo *cierto* es que Hojeda en su primer viage hallo à ciertas Ingleses por las immediaciones de Caquibacoa"—"What is *certain* is, that Hojeda, in his first voyage, found certain

Englishmen in the neighbourhood of Caquibacoa" (Maracaibo.) Even supposing we admit this to be the fact, and that, as Navarette informs us, Hojeda sailed from Spain on the 20th of May, 1499, and was only one year absent, how does it follow that Cabot was one of the English whom he met? 'The mere fact,' says the author, 'that Cabot is known not to have entered a foreign service until long after this period, would suffice to satisfy us that he was the only man who could have been the leader of such an enterprize from England, particularly as we find that when, two years afterwards, an expedition was projected, three Portuguese were called in and placed at its head. We can only say that this argument does *not* 'suffice to satisfy' our minds of any such thing: the fact may have been as the author infers it; but his premises certainly warrant no conclusion of the kind. Let Cabot have his due, and let it be told of him, as it may be with truth, that he visited the continent of America fourteen months before it was beheld by Columbus, and full two years before Americus Vespusius, who has given the whole of the new world his name, had been west of the Canaries.

Our indefatigable countryman having, perhaps in vain, solicited further encouragement from the crown of England, entered into the service of Spain about the year 1512; in 1518, Cabot appears to have been appointed Pilot Major of Spain, an office of great importance and responsibility, which, however, he soon resigned for a situation of greater activity. A company of merchants having been formed at Seville, for the purpose of trading with the Moluccas, Cabot was solicited to take the command of the enterprise, the government furnishing three ships and the requisite complement of men, and the association supplying the necessary funds for commercial objects. The title of Captain General was conferred on Cabot; and it was proposed that, after passing through the straits already discovered by Magellan, the expedition should explore the western side of the continent. It was appointed to sail in August, 1525, but various delays having interposed, it did not quit the shore until the April of the following year. The author spends many pages in vindicating his hero from several cruelties which were imputed to him in the course of this voyage. It will be sufficient for our purpose to state, that Cabot proceeded up the river La Plata, and having reached an island opposite Buenos Ayres, he pushed his way in boats to a river, which he called St. Salvador. Here finding a commodious harbour, he returned and brought up the ships, which he placed under the protection of a fort. He then resolved to ascend the Parana in the boats, taking with him a caravel, which was cut down for the purpose. No account has been kept of the incidents which attended his movements until he reached the Parana, which he is said to have found 'every where very fayre, and inhabited with infinite people, which with admyration came runnynge dayly to the

shyppes.' He ascended the Parana thirty-four leagues, but not without a severe collision with the savages inhabiting its banks, which cost him twenty-five of his men. Of the natives three hundred were killed. It would seem that the rich ornaments which he found in possession of the natives altogether diverted him from his appointed route to the Moluccas; for as he had reached the waters which, rising in Potosi, fall into the Paraguay, there is reason to believe that he had ascertained from the natives the quarter to which they were indebted for the precious metals with which they were decorated, and his attention was thenceforth fixed upon Peru—the empire of those golden visions which allured so many adventurers soon after that period to South America. Cabot now reported to the Emperor (Charles V.) the progress which he had made, and solicited permission to follow up his enterprize. But Charles was at the time struggling with pecuniary difficulties, and could afford no assistance. The adventurer Pizarro was more fortunate. He obtained, in 1528, a grant of the entire range of the western coast, which it was part of Cabot's original plan to visit. The author speculates upon the different results that would have followed, if Cabot, instead of Pizarro, had been the first discoverer of Peru. We fear that there is more of fancy in his picture than he would be inclined to admit. We doubt much whether Cabot would not have been just as bad as Pizarro.

'It were idle to indulge the imagination, in speculating on the probable result had the expedition to Peru been conducted by Cabot. With all the better qualities of Pizarro, it is certain that the very elevation of his moral character must have stood in the way of that rapid desolation, and fierce exaction, which have made the downfall of the Peruvian Empire a subject of vulgar admiration. In following Pizarro, the heart sickens at a tissue of cruelty, fraud, treachery, and cold-blooded murder, unrelieved even by the presence of great danger, for after the resistance at the island of Puna, which detained him for six months, no serious obstacles were encountered. Even the Guaranis, who had achieved an easy conquest over the unwarlike Peruvians, in the preceding reign, were guiltless of the atrocities which marked his progress. Of one thing we may be certain. Had the conquest fallen to the lot of Cabot, the blackest page of the History of Spanish America would have been spared. The murder of the Inca to gratify the pique of an illiterate ruffian, forms one of the most horrid images of History. It was no less impolitic than atrocious, and roused the indignation even of the desperadoes who accompanied Pizarro. The career of Cabot who, at the Council Board of the Indies, had been a party to the order forbidding even the abduction of a Native, could not have been stained by crimes which make us turn with horror from the guilty splendour of the page that records them.'—pp. 161, 162.

It is not contended on behalf of Cabot that he was the discoverer of the La Plata; that good fortune belongs to De Solis, who is supposed to have entered the river in 1515, which he called La Plata,

or the River of Silver, in consequence of some pieces of that metal having been found in it. The result of the expedition must be told by the author:—

'Cabot's residence in the La Plata, though measured tediously by hope deferred, and finally blasted, was not passed inactively. The small force which remained, after one of the vessels had been despatched to Europe, might be supposed insufficient to enable him to maintain his position; yet it is certain that his operations were of a very bold and adventurous character. He seems to have pushed his researches as far as could be done without quitting the waters which enabled him to be promptly advised of the arrival of the expected reinforcement.

'Of these operations we are left to gather the extent rather from circumstances than any direct information afforded by the Spanish historians. In a Memoir prepared by the Court of Spain, to resist the pretensions of Portugal, in this quarter, it is made the leading argument, after an enumeration of a vast number of tribes, that Sebastian Cabot erected forts in the country, administered justice there in civil and criminal cases, and reduced all these Nations under the obedience of the Emperor.

It is impossible not to be struck by the reflection which this passage suggests, as to what may almost be termed the ubiquity of this adventurous and indefatigable seaman in the new world.

As no supplies were received from Spain, subsistence must have been drawn from the labours of the party. Experiments were made on the fertility of the soil and the results carefully noted. Cabot's final report to the Emperor described, with great minuteness, the various productions of that region, and spoke also of the wonderful increase of the hogs, horses, &c., brought out from Spain. This Memoir would be, even at the present day, highly curious and interesting. It is, doubtless, preserved in Spain, and there was probably a copy of it amongst the papers left with Worthington.

'In the midst of his labours the same evil spirit which had pursued him to the La Plata was preparing a final blow. The Portuguese, Diego Garcia, would seem to have quitted the country immediately, with the specimens he had obtained of the precious metals, but he left behind a party of his followers. These men were guilty of some act which roused the wildest resentment of the Guaranis with whom Cabot had made a treaty. It is expressly declared that the latter had no concern with the cause of exasperation, but the vengeance of this fierce and sanguinary people made no distinction, and it was determined to sacrifice every white man in the country. Secret meetings were held, and a plan of action deliberately concerted.

'A little before day-break the whole nation burst upon the feeble garrison of Sanctus Spiritus. It was carried, and the other position, at St. Salvador, furiously assaulted. We have no particulars, but know that Cabot must have repelled the shock, for he was enabled to prepare for sea and to put on board the requisite supplies. This done, he quitted the ill-omened region.

'Amongst the wild tales which have passed into the traditions of the La Plata, one would represent Cabot to have fallen in the course of the sanguinary conflicts with the natives. This misconception is embodied in the

" Argentina y Conquista Del Rio de la Plata," a poem on its early history, written by Don Martin de el Barco.'—pp. 165—167.

Cabot seems to have been well received on his return to Spain. After a few years, however, he transferred his residence to England, where he obtained a pension, and afforded his advice and assistance to several commercial speculations, connected with the whale fishery, and the trade to Russia. The particulars which have been preserved of the latter years of his life, though scanty, are characteristic of the seaman.

'Sixty-one years had now elapsed since the date of the first commission from Henry VII. to Sebastian Cabot, and the powers of nature must have been absolutely wearied out. We lose sight of him after the late mortifying incident; but the faithful and kind-hearted *Richard Eden* beckons us, with something of awe, to see him die. That excellent person attended him in his last moments, and furnishes a touching proof of the strength of the Ruling Passion. Cabot spoke flightily, "on his death bed," about a divine revelation to him of a new and infallible method of Finding the Longitude, which he was not permitted to disclose to any mortal. His pious friend grieves that "the good old man," as he is affectionately called, had not yet, "*even in the article of death*, shaken off all worldlie vaine glorie." When we remember the earnest religious feeling exhibited in the Instructions to Sir Hugh Willoughby, and which formed so decided a feature of Cabot's character, it is impossible to conceive a stronger proof of the influence of long cherished habits of thought, than that his decaying faculties, at this awful moment, were yet entangled with the problem which continues to this day to vex, and elude, the human intellect. The Dying Seaman was again, in imagination, on that beloved Ocean over whose billows his intrepid and adventurous youth had opened a pathway, and whose mysteries had occupied him longer than the allotted span of ordinary life. The date of his death is not known, nor, except presumptively, the place where it occurred. From the presence of Eden we may infer that he died in London. It is not known where his Remains were deposited. The claims of England in the new world have been uniformly, and justly, rested on his discoveries. Proposals of colonization were urged, on the clearness of the Title thus acquired, and the shame of abandoning it. The English Language would probably be spoken in no part of America but for Sebastian Cabot. The Commerce of England and her Navy are admitted to have been deeply—incalculably—his debtors. Yet there is reason to fear that in his extreme age the allowance which had been solemnly granted to him for life was fraudulently broken in upon. His birth-place we have seen denied. His fame has been obscured by English writers, and every vile calumny against him eagerly adopted and circulated. All his own Maps and Discourses "drawn and written by himself" which it was hoped might come out in print, "because so worthy monuments should not be buried in perpetual oblivion," *have* been buried in perpetual oblivion. He gave a Continent to England: yet no one can point to the few feet of earth she has allowed him in return!'—pp. 222, 223.

The work might very well have ended here. The author might have been satisfied with proving, as we think he has done most

satisfactorily, that Sebastian Cabot was the first European discoverer of America, although fame has hitherto most unjustly denied him the honour of having executed that great achievement. But not contented with having established the fact, the author, whose love of minute criticism seems to have no limit, goes on, chapter after chapter, rectifying, in a most dictatorial tone, some minor mistakes which have been made by historians with respect to subsequent voyages to the new world. Into this desultory matter we have no desire to enter, particularly as the author's reasoning is in general confused, and frequently absurd and ridiculous.

ART. V.—*The Life of the Right Reverend Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta.* By the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A., Professor in the East India College, Hertfordshire, &c. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Rivingtons. 1831.

THOUGH we received this work in the early part of the present year, yet we purposely postponed the review of it, because we felt that it could not possibly obtain a fair hearing at a period when the public mind was full, almost to repletion, of biographies and recollections, sermons, correspondence, hymns, and a variety of other publications, connected with the name of the late Bishop Heber. The sense of weariness that was produced by almost daily references to the career of that lamented individual having in a great degree subsided, we can now turn to the life of his predecessor in the same extensive sphere of action, with the attention which such a work deserves. The Memoir of a Bishop of Calcutta is a history of the English church, as far as it goes, and therefore carries with it, especially in these times, a more than ordinary interest. It is in that point of view that the author of these volumes has uniformly contemplated the task which he undertook to perform, and we must do him the justice to say that he has accomplished it in a very successful manner. The style of his narrative is occasionally vigorous, often elegant and engaging. His extracts from the correspondence of Dr. Middleton, are generally introduced with great tact; although strongly attached to the memory of the individual, whose career he relates, yet he cannot, we think, be charged with any gross violation of historical impartiality; if he defends the Bishop from any accusation, he states the accusation itself in all its parts, and thus enables the reader, in a great measure, to form his own conclusions. If there be not that poetical attraction about these volumes which gleamed so abundantly throughout those that described the life of Heber, the want of it is to be imputed to the marked difference in this respect of Dr. Middleton's character from that of his successor, rather than to any deficiency of power upon the part of his biographer.

We have but few particulars of Dr. Middleton's early life. His father, the Rev. Thomas Middleton, was rector of Kedleston, in Derbyshire, where he was himself born, on the 26th of January, 1769. When ten years old, he was received into Christ's Hospital, of which he lived to be a governor. His education was completed at Cambridge; as soon as he received ordination, he entered on his course of professional duty as curate of Gainsborough, where he amused his leisure hours with the conduct of a small periodical work, called "The Country Spectator." It seems, however, to have had but very limited success in that quarter, for it was continued but eight months, having consisted of thirty-three papers, most of which were from the curate's pen. He must have been enthusiastically attached to literature at that period, when he was able to persuade himself that the good people of Gainsborough would read, and support, a publication got up after the fashion of Addison. Nevertheless, it proved to be the foundation of his fortune, for Dr. Pretyman, then Bishop of Lincoln, happening to peruse one of his productions, appointed him tutor to his sons, and afterwards presented him to the livings of Tansor and Bytham, which furnished him with so many of the conveniences of life, that he was enabled, in 1797, to marry Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of John Maddison, Esq., of Alvington, in the county of Lincoln. 'In the society of this lady,' says his biographer, 'he appears to have found all the happiness he could have anticipated. In her he had a companion admirably qualified to heighten the blessings of life, and to alleviate its burthens; whilst she was fully able to form a just estimate of his worth, and was at all times willing to render him every kind and obliging office by which the labours of a scholar can be relieved. With uniform cheerfulness, and unwearied care, she underwent the toil of transcribing every manuscript which he prepared for the press.'

He was, in due course, elevated by his patron to a prebendal stall in the cathedral church in Lincoln, and for some time he held a commission of the peace for the county. But it is very much to his credit that he did not retain that office beyond the period of twelve months, a period that was sufficient to convince him of the incompatibility of the duties of a magistrate with those of a clergyman. The apprehension of felons for robberies and rapes, and the commitment of them for trial, the quelling of riots, and the adjudication of minor criminals, are all very essential and important duties in a community like ours; but they are duties in which clergymen of any church ought not to be called upon to participate. We hope that the practice will soon be abolished altogether, for in times of political excitement, nothing can be more odious than the spectacle of clerical magistrates lending themselves to either party, and fomenting the passions of the people.

In 1811 he removed to London, having exchanged his livings of Tansor and Bytham, for those of St. Pancras and Puttenham, and

the archdeaconry of Huntingdon. He paid marked attention to the proceedings of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and for a season became editor of the British Critic; and when, in 1813, the charter of the East India Company was renewed, and the diocess of Calcutta thereby established, comprising the whole of the territory, stretching from Delhi to Cape Comorin, and from the Indus to the mouth of the Ganges, he was, upon the recommendation of Doctor Tomline, then Bishop of Lincoln, nominated to the new Bishopric, with a salary of 5,000*l.* per annum. He did not accept the office without hesitation. No wonder, for how is it possible that a single individual could ever perform, in a manner satisfactory to his own conscience, the multifarious duties which a diocess of such an enormous extent imposed. The rules which he laid down for the guidance of his future conduct well deserve to be held up for the example of others, although we shall find that he did not succeed, upon all occasions, in reducing his own precepts to practice.

'"Invoke divine aid—Preach frequently, and as 'one having authority.'—Promote schools, charities, literature, and good taste: nothing great can be accomplished without policy—Persevere against discouragement—Keep your temper—Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand—Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate—Keep up a close connection with friends at home—Attend to forms—Never be in a hurry—Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction—Rise early, and be an economist of time—Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride: manner is something with every body, and every thing with some—Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak, never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions—Beware of concessions and pledges—Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to demand them—Be not subservient nor timid in manner, but manly and independent, firm and decided—Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent—Be of no party—Be popular, if possible; but, at any rate, be respected—Remonstrate against abuses, where there is any chance of correcting them—Advise and encourage youth—Rather set than follow example—Observe a grave economy in domestic affairs—Practise strict temperance—Remember what is expected in England—and lastly, remember the *final account*,"'—vol. i. pp. 60, 61.

The state of the English church in India at this period, was far from being encouraging to the new Bishop. In the early stages of our connexion with that country, our countrymen were dependent for their spiritual concerns, not upon rectors, and vicars, and curates, as at home. In India there were no ecclesiastical districts or divisions of any kind, and the few clergymen who officiated there, called chaplains, were either appointed at particular stations by the Company, under the control of the local agents, or were attached to the army. In 1814, the total number of English clergymen in the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, did not exceed thirty-two—a number that was moreover sub-

ject to continual reductions by illness, death, and necessary absence. It so happened, in consequence of such casualties, that in the year just mentioned, there was only one efficient clergyman in the whole extent of the presidency of Bombay. In several places no clerical person had been seen for many years. The offices of marriage, baptism, and burial, were administered by lay persons, generally by the magistrate, or commanding officer of the station. So much indeed was the cause of religion neglected by the government, that the natives looked upon the English as altogether a godless race, and destitute of religious sentiment or belief. The English clergy in India, were certainly for the most part a disgrace to the church. Some of them ventured on the performance of functions, which the degree of their ordination had not authorized them to undertake; many of them were careless and dissolute, and of course inattentive and irreverent in the execution of their sacred duties. At the seat of each presidency there was only one church: in the country there were one or two churches at important stations, but generally speaking, the mess-room or the barrack formed the only place of meeting; and among the minutes of the Bengal Government in 1807, we find an order given for the erection of an edifice, which was to serve 'for the double purpose of a place of worship and a riding-school!' It was under such circumstances as these that the church was placed in India, when Dr. Middleton became its Bishop, the whole country having been included in one extensive diocess.

The new Bishop arrived in Calcutta towards the latter part of the year 1814; he was received without any eclat, owing, it is said, to the fear that was entertained of doing violence to the prejudices of the natives. His arrival was no more noticed than that of any other person,—a want of attention which he seems to have felt rather strongly, and which, in truth, was to be imputed to the leaning of the authorities towards a different faith. Neither was any residence prepared for him; and he was indebted to the hospitality of a member of the council until a house could be procured and furnished for him. For this house he had to pay the enormous rent of 630*l.* per annum! We do not wonder that he is soon found complaining of the scantiness of his income. His expenses, to use his own language, trod so nearly upon the heels of his receipts, that he had very little hope of amassing a fortune—a hope which, of course, he very naturally entertained. He was but a few months at Calcutta when he was attacked with the disorder called the *prickly heat*, upon which he was congratulated by his friends, as it is generally supposed to be a sort of substitute for the fever. 'It has,' he says in one of his letters, 'ignited my whole frame; and what with the sensations of pricking, and burning, and itching, and soreness, and lassitude, and irritability, I am little qualified for any thing that requires attention.' It continued to annoy him for several months to such a degree, that he seldom had a tolerable night's rest, and

during the day was in a state of such irritation, that he was seldom able to collect himself for an hour together. The thermometer in the shade varied from 93° to 96°, so that the heat alone would almost have prevented him from proceeding with his labours.

One of the first difficulties which the Bishop had to arrange was the law of marriage, which he found in a state very far from satisfactory.

'The Supreme Court are certainly empowered by their charter "to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction, in the same manner as it is exercised in the diocese of London." These are the words, and they construe this to extend to the granting of *marriage licenses*. I believe it has nothing to do with it. It extends, no doubt, to the decision of matrimonial causes, divorce, &c.; but as to granting of licenses, it was never thought of here till within a few years; when it occurred to some of the officers of the Court, that it might be a source of emolument. The Court acted under their charter a great many years without making this discovery. For my own part, I see no means of settling this question, but by reference to the government, and to legal opinion, at home. Indeed the whole question of marriage law in India is involved in so much uncertainty, that something must be declared authoritatively on the subject; and an affair is now proceeding which is likely to bring on the discussion. The daughter of a gentleman here wishes to marry a young man in college. The Governor-General withholds his consent. The Supreme Court, in consequence, refuses a license; for their *licenses* are never granted, but when *leave* is already given;—and the parent, therefore, insists on the publication of banns. The clergyman must, of course, comply, unless the government will save him harmless, (for the question will be tried,) and how they can do this, it is not easy to see. At any rate, they will often be called upon for such indemnifications, when the door has once been opened. It is possible the business will be got over in the present instance; but it can only be a temporary expedient. As to the marriages of young men in college, there must be a check somewhere. And as to the publication of banns, it would be merely nugatory with respect to young men whose parents and guardians are at home. There could be no use in publishing banns, where they could not be forbidden, and, under the colour of a legal proceeding, the writers would be ruined."'—vol. i. pp. 118, 119.

A much more serious difficulty than the law of marriage, however, also forced itself upon Dr. Middleton's attention. When the erection of the Bishoprick of Calcutta was under discussion in Parliament, a Scotch member also proposed that a clergyman of the Scottish kirk should be established at each of the presidencies, with a salary of 1000*l.* per annum. The proposition was rejected, as its adoption would give rise to a principle which might be inconvenient with respect to other colonies. The Court of Directors, nevertheless, amongst whom the Scottish kirk had many staunch friends, determined otherwise, and placed the Scottish clergy upon the same footing with the English chaplains; and the same ship which took out Dr. Middleton, conveyed also Dr. Bryce to found a Presbyterian establishment at Calcutta. Both religions being thus

equally sanctioned by the Indian authorities, Dr. Bryce conceived himself entitled to the alternate use of the cathedral with the Bishop, which was refused. He then obtained the use of the hall belonging to the college of Fort William, which he opened with a tremendous invective against the episcopal church, thus adding not a little to the annoyances already experienced by Dr. Middleton. The latter had next to complain that while the Protestant congregations were obliged to assemble in barns and riding-schools, for the purposes of public worship, churches were immediately ordered upon the most liberal scale for the Presbyterian residents, which were to be ornamented with conspicuous and lofty spires, and with organs! The troubles of the Bishop were still farther from being composed, when, on St. Andrew's day, (30th November, 1815,) the first stone of a kirk, named after that saint, was laid at Calcutta, the ceremony being attended by nearly 'the *whole* of the settlement, partly in the character of North Britons, partly in that of freemasons.' 'That nothing,' adds the biographer, 'might be wanting to complete the solemnity, the Bishop of Calcutta actually received an invitation to attend, with the offer of a seat in the tent provided for the occasion; a mark of respect which, it is needless to add, he most respectfully declined.'

It would appear that before this period the Presbyterians in India in a great degree acquiesced in the forms of the episcopal church. We are not, therefore, surprised at the indignation with which Dr. Middleton viewed these proceedings, calculated as they were to deprive the church of all its expected splendour. The effect of these rivalries upon the natives was also to be apprehended. They were already under the impression that the Europeans had no religion at all, and now they were naturally a good deal puzzled at the variety of the visible shapes under which English Christianity displayed itself to their view; the two Reverend Doctors being, as it were, pitted one against the other, each maintaining that the other was in error! The observation of the natives generally was, says the author, 'that they should think much better of Christianity, if there were not quite so many different kinds of it!'

A trial of strength between the rival establishments soon occurred, which we shall give in the biographer's language:—

'About the middle of May, 1815, a circumstance occurred which threatened to realize the Bishop's worst anticipations of embarrassment from the claims of the Scottish kirk. It accidently came to his knowledge, and that of the clergy, that the members of that community had transmitted a petition to parliament, praying, among other matters, that marriages in India by Scottish ministers might have equal validity with marriages celebrated in the English church. As yet the Bishop had taken no public notice of the somewhat intemperate proceedings of Dr. Bryce; but he now felt himself called upon to resist further encroachment on the rights of the church over which he presided. The solemnizing of marriages by the Scottish clergy might not be objectionable, provided the

concession were carefully limited to the marriage of persons who might be, *bona fide*, members of the Presbyterian Church. But if the concession went beyond this, it is evident that the privilege of the English establishment would be impaired; and, moreover, that the peace of families might be seriously endangered by an irrespective celebration of matrimony, according to rites not sanctioned by the church to which the parties should belong. Instances, indeed, had actually occurred, in which, on refusal of a licence for want of the necessary consent of parents or of guradians, minors had obtained their object, without delay or difficulty, on application to the minister of another communion. At the Bishop's desire, archdeacon Loring requested, by letter, "to be favoufed with a sight of the petition, and the names subscribed to it; some of the objects of which might affect the rights of our clergy." The reply of Dr. Bryce was, that compliance was impossible; the petition and its duplicate having been some time dispatched to England. The archdeacon then requested that, *if no copy was reserved in Calcutta*, he might be favoured with information as to the prayer of the petition, and the persons to whom it was addressed. The answer of Dr. Bryce protested that the petition had, properly, no reference to ecclesiastical matters, but purely to civil rights; that it was addressed to the House of Commons, by 200 Presbyterians and members of the Church of Scotland, and prayed that the right of being married after the forms of their own church might be placed beyond a doubt. On this, the Bishop desired the archdeacon to call together such of the clergy as happened to be in Calcutta; and by them, accordingly, a counter-petition was framed, expressing regret for the want of more full information relative to the contents of the Scottish petition,—praying that the law regarding matrimony might not be hastily altered,—and representing the confusion which must unavoidably attend "the hitherto untried experiment of two churches, equally accredited in the same country, and fully recognised by the same law." Neither of these petitions was, in fact, presented to Parliament; but the subject having been taken into consideration by the authorities at home, it was deemed advisable to pass a bill authorizing the Scottish ministers at each presidency, to solemnize matrimony, in certain instances, and where the parties made a written declaration of their being members of the Presbyterian Church.'—vol. i. pp. 132—134.

Thus the presbyterian had a decided triumph over the episcopal establishment, and that too upon a point of essential importance, connected with the influence of the church over the community at large. The Bishop was sadly perplexed. "Here," he observes, "something is set up against me which I cannot reach. Its opposition is not levelled at any particular tenet, but at my very function and appointment; so that explanation and conciliation are rendered absolutely impossible." He then goes on to lament his acceptance of the Indian mitre, and to complain of the general apathy which he found with respect to the church. "No man," he says, "gets any credit in India, or is remembered three months after he leaves it; all this *earthly* encouragement must be looked for in England." To all these annoyances he had to add the marked disinclination of the Directors to give up the patronage which they had hitherto exercised in the nomination and promo-

tion of chaplains. The duty of the Bishop was thus reduced to that of a mere inspector of the moral conduct of the clergy; he might censure, but he had no power to reward them.

The picture which Mr. Le Bas draws of the state of religion at this period, among the Europeans, is truly lamentable. 'They were,' he states, 'virtually degenerated into a race of confirmed scorners; and this utter dissolution of religious principle was, in many instances, followed by a corresponding looseness of personal morality.' With respect to the natives, the Bishop had scarcely any hope of producing an impression upon them. He refused to become a member of the society established in Calcutta for the distribution of the Bible amongst them, and in this respect we are glad to observe that his sentiments correspond precisely with those which we have taken the liberty, more than once, to express.

'The habit of keen and watchful observation soon led him further to the belief, that the general dispersion of the Scriptures among the natives, however admirable for its grandeur and beneficence of design, was destined to experience a very serious disappointment. This persuasion was founded, not merely on the unavoidable imperfection of a multitude of hasty translations, but on the incapacity of the native mind, in its present state, for extracting the rudiments of true religion from the mere perusal of the Scriptures, in the most perfect version. Their intellects were in a degree of childhood, which would *literally* require *a school-master to bring them to Christ*, even if they were not pre-occupied by their own evil superstitions. In their present mental infancy, the Bible itself would only bewilder and oppress them. This view of the matter was afterwards strongly illustrated and confirmed to him by the expression of a Parsee at Bombay, who observed that *there should be no great books, but little ones to begin with.*'—vol. i. pp. 154, 155.

The Bishop had, in consequence, recourse to the small tract system, which, so far as the natives are concerned, has hitherto been just of as little avail as the distribution of bibles. Indeed, of what use can either be to a people who cannot read, and who, if they could, have no predilection for a religion which has scarcely any visible form to recommend it to the attention of a community, so long accustomed to gorgeous processions and pageantry of every kind in their own mode of worship. We find in a letter, addressed by Dr. Middleton to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Norris, a picture of his every-day life, which presents his character in an interesting point of view. It will be observed, that his episcopal consequence was a matter upon which he was, perhaps, rather too nice.

'"I could accomplish a good deal here, notwithstanding all other difficulties, if it had not been the policy to prevent the Bishop from having his proper consequence. My rank was taken from me on the plea that the place next the governor-general was unalterably appropriated to the chief justice by the law-patent: but the law-patent, I now find, adds,—'with the exception of such persons as in England take place of the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench,'—*i. e.* the Bishop, if any should be appointed! And as to my salary, the chief justice has 4000*l.* more, and the puisnes

2000*l.*, allowing for a different mode of payment, though their jurisdiction is limited to Bengal, and mine extends over India. As to my reception on landing, it was any thing but what it ought to have been. It surprised every one; so that, on the whole, there are no prejudices in my favour. Every thing is to depend on incessant exertion.

'"To give you some idea how my time is taken up here, I should tell you that, immediately after breakfast this morning, I had a first call from a rich Portuguese merchant, who apologised for not having paid his respects earlier; but heard that I was going to Bombay, and offered, in case I should visit Goa, to give me letters to the archbishop and others. This led us to a long disquisition on the Portuguese establishments, especially religious, in India; and to do them justice, they did a vast deal more than all other nations put together, though it was not in the right way. This gentleman was, in due time, succeeded by a native, a Brahmin of consequence, who came also to pay his respects, and to consult me about a project of charity. I believe he means to endow an almshouse, and he wishes to lay before me all the particulars of his plan; but I have desired him to come again at my return, as I am now overwhelmed with business; which he has promised to do. However, he sat an hour; and these people, to whom time is of little value, seldom sit less. I have *almost* acquired the talent of concealing my impatience, and am getting into repute among them. When the Brahmin was gone, a clergyman called to take leave before he set out for his station, about 700 miles up the river, and to receive my verbal instructions; desiring at the same time, to be recommended as a member of our Promoting Christian Knowledge Society, and promising to mention it at Cawnpore. And now my secretary has arrived on business, and we are all going to tiffin, it being about two o'clock. All that I have to shew for my morning is about two pages of this letter; and three or four notes have been answered. One has just arrived from Lord Moira, announcing peace with Nepaul, on very favourable terms for the Company.

'"I have visits sometimes from a Brahmin,* who meditates a voyage to England. He has renounced idolatry, with some hundreds of his countrymen, and is acquiring a knowledge of Christianity. At present he has got no further than Socinianism, and was actually about to form a 'Unitarian Society,' if I had not dissuaded him. But he has called it 'The Friendly Society.' Our next conference is to be on the divinity of Christ, &c.; what will you say to me if he and his companions should be baptized at the cathedral by myself? I should observe, however, that this man requires to be assured that Trinitarianism is not Polytheism, of which he has a very just abhorrence. I am very often placed in very singular situations. This Brahmin requested me the other day to read over to him my Advent Sermon, (which had been mentioned to him,) on 'thy kingdom come;" and it engaged us, with notes and comments, for two hours. And yesterday evening, at the grand fête, at the government-house, there was a very extraordinary personage,—whose like had never been seen at at Calcutta,—a nobleman from the kingdom of Ava, most whimsically attired, and with a brass head-piece, just like the tower of a pagoda, surmounted by a weather cock. And this man desired to be introduced to me, to ask my blessing!"'—vol. i. pp. 176—179.

* Rammohun Roy.

The year 1816 was chiefly spent by the Bishop in visiting his wide-spread diocess. He proceeded first to Madras, next to Bombay; but, as no journal appears to have been kept of his progress, the particulars which the author gives of it are few and not very satisfactory. On his return to Calcutta he touched at Goa, and also at Cochin, near which is Mattencherry, the residence of a sect of Jews, whose history is curious. The town is altogether unlike any other in India; the streets are regular, the houses, which are in general two stories high, have doors and windows after the European fashion, and are repeatedly whitewashed; the countenances of the inhabitants are perfectly fair, compared with the Indian face in general, and yet they have all the Jewish physiognomy. Their synagogue is like those of the Jews in Europe, and their history is as follows:—

'Their history, according to their own account, is this: that they belong to the tribe of Benjamin, Judah, and half Mannasseh, and that their forefathers left Sappanat (probably the same with Sepharad mentioned in Obadiah 20) after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; that they originally dwelt at Cranganore, from which they were driven by the Inquisition of Goa about 300 years since; and that soon after they were settled at Cochin, they assisted the Dutch against the Portugeuse. With regard to the dispersion of their nation, one story current among them is, that the ten tribes are to this day beyond the river Sambattin, which is continually throwing up stones and earth to prevent their return; except on the Sabbath, on which day, as their law forbids them to stir, the miracle is suspended! They all believe that they shall be restored to the Holy Land in peace, in the year 1839, and that the temple is then to be rebuilt by the freemasons, with Solomon at their head. They are perfectly enraged at the mention of Jesus as the Messiah. They have a high veneration for the book of Job; and believe the house of Esau to be the Christians! *Shiloh* they interpret as the name of a city, and the prophecy which says, *his name shall be called Emmanuel*, they apply to Hezekiah. They read the whole psalter frequently in their houses; the ninety-first psalm every night. They follow the customs of the Portuguese Jews, and have their books from Amsterdam.'—vol. i. pp. 261, 262.

Dr. Middleton extended his visitation to Ceylon, where also he found "the mere distribution of Bibles without note or comment, almost useless," He met there, nevertheless, with Christain missionaries of almost every denomination,—Wesleyans, Baptists, Portuguese Catholics, and American Puritans. The latter, it is said, talk in a strain which has not been heard in England since the days of the Roundheads. The island he thought delightful, the climate moderate, and the people more English than in any other place he had seen. Upon his arrival at Calcutta he resumed the usual routine of his duties, and, we may add, the same round of disappointment and mortification, which he had already experienced. He was still obliged to pay the heavy rent of his house, no residence having been found for him; the law of marriage was still in such a state of confusion, that he

had no means of controuling it; his rival, Dr. Bryce, still celebrated marriages, without being very nice as to the congregation to which the parties belonged; the bishop was very anxious to be allowed to assign small salaries to half-castes, whom he would have ordained for the purpose of preaching to the natives, but his propositions on that subject were not approved by the directors; he wished his own salary to be increased, but it remained still at 5000*l.* per annum; in short he was shackled in so many ways, and his wishes and hopes were so ardent, that he seems to have been something like a lion in an iron cage. Writing at this period (1817) to his friend Mr. Norris, his language often assumes the tone of despair. "The difficulties," he says, "and the mortifications which I have to encounter, are sometimes too much for me." He speaks of "a multitude of adverse circumstances which, though perhaps, in some measure accidental and undesigned, yet *seemed* to be united, as in a sort of conspiracy, to crush the church in its infancy." In the following year (1818) he writes: "I have certainly great difficulties and discouragements to contend with; and I have also to struggle against all sorts of irregularities and anomalies, such as have no existence in England, while my powers are fettered and curtailed. Why I do not sink under all these discouragements I can hardly tell. In my present debility, they do indeed seem tremendous: but at other times I persuade myself that perseverance in the course of duty will finally prevail over all impediments; and I look forward to the time when, after all my toils, I may close my career in England. A wise man, at least in the stoical sense, should be indifferent upon this subject; but at present I am not so. At the utmost, I could not expect to carry back any thing better than enfeebled faculties and a worn out constitution; but still I cannot repress the desire of passing my last days, however few, in England. By that time indeed, or long before, I shall feel that I need retirement. My life here is anxious and laborious, but I hope, and I believe it is generally felt that I am doing good. It would be a great relief to me at this season, and very conducive to my health, if I could cruise for a fortnight or three weeks at the Sand Heads, (the mouth of the river,) but I cannot well leave my business, nor can I take it with me."

We need not follow Dr. Middleton through the whole course of his episcopal labours, which undoubtedly appear to have been very extensive. Voyages of visitation in the course of a year, which exceeded the distance between England and America, broken only by his occasional stoppages at Ceylon, which was added to his *see*, must have tended to impair a constitution, at no period of his residence in India a very strong one. He derived some consolation in the midst of his arduous and incessant labours from the establishment (under his immediate auspices) of a missionary college

at Calcutta; nevertheless, he became more and more oppressed with the weariness which he felt from his frequent voyages, and "the severance from his friends and all congenial society." A new cause of dissatisfaction sprung up from the proceedings of the Brahmin, Rammohun Roy, who has been already mentioned, and who, we believe, is the same individual that is now figuring in London. Through the instrumentality of an English Baptist missionary, this person had renounced the grosser doctrines of his national creed, but without making, in exchange, any considerable advance in Christianity. He became a mere deist, and being a man of no ordinary acquirements and abilities, he wrote a work, which he entitled, "An Appeal to the Christian World," the object of which was to refute what he called the polytheism of the trinity, and translated it into the native language, for the instruction of his countrymen. The Baptist who had assisted him in overcoming the prejudices of his original faith, became himself a convert to the Brahmin's doctrine with respect to the trinity, and not only acted as his auxiliary in the concoction of the "appeal," but also set up a Unitarian chapel in Calcutta. The counter-exertions of such an individual as this, were calculated more powerfully than almost any other circumstance that could be mentioned, to frustrate the labours of the episcopal church in India. Doctor Middleton felt this most forcibly, and accordingly, in the midst of his overwhelming occupations, he drew up a formal and detailed answer to the "Appeal," under the title of "Letters to a learned Hindoo," but he had not time to finish them before his death. The greater part of the manuscript has been destroyed, in consequence of a direction to that effect in his will, but an extract has been preserved in the appendix, from which it appears to us to have been upon the whole rather a declamatory production. The fact of the Bishop having applied his mind at such a period, to a task of that description, shews how truly formidable to the church was the effect of the "Appeal" among the natives.

The system of the new sect was supported in a Monthly Magazine, consisting of about twenty pages in each number, in which the doctrines of Christianity generally, but especially that of the trinity, were incessantly attacked. In addition to these, the Bishop enumerates (October 29, 1821) several other signs of the times, which appeared to him of an ominous character.

'"I believe I mentioned that, in Calcutta, we have an Unitarian chapel opened, which has arisen entirely out of the opinions of Rammohun Roy. I hear also that Dr. Bryce is coming out, with a Presbyterian schoolmaster, to revive the Scotch Church; and all the principal gentry of Calcutta, including the Governor-general, the counsellors, the judges, &c. &c., aided by the government, in the name of the Company, have been subscribing for a very handsome Popish chapel at Dum—Dum (the artillery station, seven miles distant), for the use of the soldiers,—so that religion may be said to flourish here! I suppose there is no capital in the world in which it exists under so many forms. Besides the Church of England, we have

Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Unitarians, Papists, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, all of them with some place of worship, besides Parsees, (the followers of Zoroaster, or Zurdusht,) Hindoos, and Mahometans. In such a state of things it is not possible to expect that Church principles should be very well understood, or much regarded; they have, in fact, no advocates who come forward and publicly maintain them. The question here seems to be between Christianity and Paganism; and a pretty general indifference is felt what sort of Christianity shall prevail in the contest."' —vol. ii. pp. 228, 229.

It would appear from a letter written by Doctor Middleton, to one of his correspondents, in May, 1822, that he wished some steps to have been taken for shortening the period of his residence in India. The idea of *never* returning to England, was one which he could not contemplate with tranquillity. The feeling was interwoven with all his affections. He hoped that if he could return with some remnant of health and activity, he should still be useful to the church at home, more useful in fact than he could be in India, beset as he was with numerous difficulties in the performance of his most ordinary duties. He believed that in the cool and refreshing atmosphere of England, he could labour the whole day long; the languour of the Indian climate permitted him to do very little in the course of a day, which he thought the worst of all discouragements. He seldom allowed himself a respite from employment connected with his duties, until six o'clock in the evening; and then the only recreation was the regular evening drive, "which presents," as he expresses it, precisely the same variety as the horse enjoys in his mill; the horse performing his revolution in a minute, while *our* round occupies about an hour. Then we have no Tunbridge Wells, or Ramsgate, or any change or variety whatever. As to incidents and events, which serve to agitate and exercise the mind, and prevent stagnation, there is nothing here of the kind; for every thing like news we depend upon England." We own that when we add such complaints as these, to others of a more importunate nature, concerning his rank and precedence as a Bishop at court, we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion, that there is something in the episcopal character of the church of England, rather more of worldly-mindedness than becomes so sacred a function.

We think that the wisdom of those churches which demand *all* the thoughts, and *all* the labours of their ministers, can hardly be doubted, after reading the expression of such silly whinings as these, emanating from a Christian Bishop already advanced in years, and whose sole business it ought to have been to attend to the important ecclesiastical interests that were confided to his care. But so it ever is with those who seek to combine their own ease and luxurious enjoyments with the performance of pastoral duties. The two things are utterly incompatible; and we may see in the case of Dr. Middleton, the constant and exhausting

struggles which they produced in his mind, between his sacred office and his personal comforts. Mr. Le Bas lets us into another secret, which adds tenfold strength to these remarks. We need hardly say that in every station of life, the duties of which are compatible with those that spring out of the endearing bonds of marriage, we shall always be found strenuously recommending the formation of those bonds, as the best safeguard of society. But let those persons who doubt the uses of celibacy, in offices connected with severe missionary labours for the propagation of the Gospel, read of the almost total prostration of intellect, natural and amiable in itself we fully admit, but highly inconvenient and detrimental to the cause of religion, by which the Bishop was affected, in consequence of the indisposition of his lady—of whom we desire however to speak with the utmost possible respect. The Bishop says in one of his letters, "I sometimes wonder at the manner in which, amid the continual havoc around me, I have been preserved, and my wife also, without whom, in solitude and destitution, I should be as nothing!"—upon which his biographer observes:—

'In this last sentence he touches upon a subject of heavy disquietude. There was nothing which he appeared to contemplate with deeper consternation than the possibility of his being left to survive the faithful companion of his fortunes. This feeling was rendered more intense by a severe indisposition, under which she was then suffering, and by the recollection that he had once, since his residence in India, been actually on the point of losing her, by an attack of cholera, from the effects of which she was with great difficulty recovered; and this, at a time when that dreadful scourge was sweeping off the native population by myriads. His terrors were further aggravated by the circumstance that he was without children, and that the loss of Mrs. Middleton would, therefore, consign him to a state of the most hopeless and appaling desertion. She had been the partaker of all his anxieties; and, without her, the world was, to his imagination, a scene of such dreariness and bereavement, that his heart sunk at the very thoughts of it.'—vol. ii. pp. 308, 309.

Look also at the petty murmurs that follow, than which we ask, what can be more inconsistent with the true elevation of mind and spiritual character of a Christian Bishop?

'At this time, too, his mind was kept almost upon the rack by his extreme anxiety to hear from England, and by the repeated disappointment of his expectations in that particular. From this source of uneasiness, indeed, he had, in the course of his residence in India, suffered almost continual disturbance. Not a vessel could enter the Ganges without bringing out something, whether in the shape of letters, or pamphlets, or money, or missionaries, to some of the religious societies established in Calcutta; and it very frequently happened that the Bishop learned from others, the proceedings of those with whom he was so closely connected in England, long before the slightest intimation of their movements reached him, officially, from themselves. He was frequently kept in a state of harassing suspense by this irregularity and delay in public communications. At this period, more especially, it happened that ship after ship arrived at Cal-

cutta, without bringing him a single line on any one of the various and pressing matters which then absorbed his thoughts. That some of his papers relative to the college, and to other important and difficult affairs, had reached England a twelvemonth before, he had fully ascertained; and he was awaiting, with agitation and anxiety, the letters which should satisfy him that his measures had been approved. Under these circumstances, it can be no subject of wonder that, in allusion to the opening passage of the above letter, he should continue thus:—

..... '"There is something gloomy in this commencement: I ascribe it partly to the remembrance of the day; partly to the weather (as gloomy and comfortless as I ever knew in England in November); and partly to the sad disappointment which I have lately sustained in not having any tidings from home. Three ships, bearing several thousands of letters for Calcutta, have brought me but two or three, of no interest, and of a very old date. *It is impossible that any man in England, in the centre of life and business and intelligence, can comprehend the sensations which such disappointments create. He must first place himself in my situation!*"'—vol. ii. pp. 309, 310.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that by this time the nervous energies of Dr. Middleton's constitution had begun to fail. Every year seemed to bring with it some fresh embarrassment, with which he had hardly resolution to contend. Nor were these difficulties of a fundamental nature, but of mere routine, which compelled him, as it were, 'to waste his force in overcoming friction and resistance, instead of bringing it to bear at once upon the grand and vital interests of the church.' 'He laboured,' adds his biographer, 'under the anxiety and terror incident to a consciousness of decaying powers, impaired resources, and a constantly accumulating task.' This was a situation the worst of all others for a constitution like that of the Bishop. Among other causes of depression which overwhelmed his mind, he looked with a sort of morbid apprehension upon the existence of what was then a comparatively free-press, with which he believed the long continuance of the church incompatible. In short, every thing around him appeared to his troubled vision as fraught with opposition to his plans, and he describes himself, in his correspondence, as a man who is doomed to work in chains, as consuming his life in endless beginnings, and as condemned to a sort of Sisyphean toil. It is impossible not to perceive from all this that the calibre of Dr. Middleton's mind was not of that degree which the duties of an Indian Bishop demanded. It was affected to an unusual excess, upon his being informed that proceedings were instituted against him in the supreme court, by one of his clergy, whom he had censured; the episcopal authority not having been fully defined by law in India, he feared that he should not be sufficiently protected for doing what he conceived to be his duty in the case. A day or two afterwards (the 3rd of July, 1822) he spent eight hours in writing to government respecting the proceedings in question, and feeling

exhausted, he rode out in his carriage with Mrs. Middleton, before the sun was down. The consequences of this imprudent act are described in an affecting style by his excellent biographer.

'They had not proceeded far, when the slant sun, which is always dangerous, and especially at the damp and sickly season of the year, shone full upon him. This slight cause, acting upon a shattered frame of nerves, was sufficient to produce fatal effects. He immediately declared that he was struck by the sun, and returned home. On retiring to rest, he said that he thought himself seriously ill, and that he knew not what would be the consequence. He, nevertheless, positively refused to call in medical advice. In the course of the evening his symptoms became aggravated to an alarming degree, and indicated the presence of fever of a type and character scarcely known in England, and very rare even in India. The high pulse, hot skin, and other ordinary symptoms, were present only in a very slight degree; neither were they prevalent, in any considerable extent, during his illness. But there appeared, from the very first, a most distressing anxiety, irritability, and restlessness, which it was impossible to subdue, and which made his illness doubly painful to his family and his friends. He repeatedly insisted on getting up to write; and it was not without the greatest difficulty that he was restrained from actually doing so. All this while, he most strictly forbade Mrs. Middleton to send for a physician; till, at last, on Thursday, the fever had become so violent, that he was persuaded to call in Dr. Nicholson, on whose experience and skill he placed the greatest reliance. He was now, perhaps, fully conscious of his danger. Still, it seems, he would not allow any intimation of his alarming condition to be conveyed to his friends; and, almost to the very last, they remained in total ignorance of the extremity of his danger. In the course of the following Monday there were slight appearances of amendment, some hopes were even entertained that the danger was passing by, and that a favourable crisis might be at hand; but these were soon dissipated by an alarming accession of fever and irritability, which came on towards the evening. He then quitted his library, and walked incessantly up and down his drawing-room, in a state of the most appalling agitation. About nine o'clock his chaplain, Mr. Hawtayne, was admitted to see him; and was inexpressibly shocked to find him on his couch, in a state, to all appearance, of violent delirium; his thoughts wandering, his articulation gone; his faculties, in short, a melancholy wreck, at the mercy of the tempest which had shattered them. In that condition he lay, breathing and struggling violently, till a short time previous to his departure. The severity of the conflict then appeared wholly to cease. A smile of unspeakable serenity and peace spread itself over his features, and, in a few minutes, he gently expired. Such was the tranquillity of the last moment, that it was not marked by a struggle, or even by a movement.' —vol. ii. pp. 320—322.

At the period of his decease Dr. Middleton was in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and the ninth of his episcopal career. In person he was rather above the common stature. His complexion is described as florid, his features as handsome and commanding, his form as remarkable for vigour and activity. Upon the examination of his body, no indication of premature decay was discerni-

ble in any part of his frame; but some peculiarities were observed in the structure and conformation of the skull and brain, which, 'in the judgment of professional men, amply accounted for that susceptible disposition, and liability to nervous excitement so frequently displayed in his life-time.' Mr. Le Bas says that he was unquestionably an ambitious man, animated by an ardent passion to be distinguished among the wise and the good. This characteristic is conspicuous in all his writings and actions; indeed, too much so, considering that worldly fame is one of the last things which a truly spiritual mind would be desirous of possessing. In literature he was particularly attached to the Greek prose classics, for which his admiration was enthusiastic. His favourite pursuit, however, was ecclesiastical history. He seems to have been warm and generous in his affections, charitable and benevolent, single hearted and high minded. In India he was, however, not very popular. His manners were not polished or conciliating, and in this respect he sunk in the comparison with his successor, the elegant and accomplished Heber. Mr. Le Bas does not in terms tell us this, which we have heard from another quarter, but his duty of impartiality compels him to acknowledge that, 'by many in India, his personal demeanour was thought to be rather too deeply stamped with official solemnity and rigour;' a fault which he excuses by imputing it to the novelty of the Bishop's situation, 'which demanded inflexible firmness and unwearied vigilance.' 'Under these very peculiar and trying circumstances,' he adds, 'it would not be surprising if the posture of dignity, which he often felt himself compelled *defensively* to assume, should, gradually and imperceptibly, have given to his manner an air of constraint and reserve, very far from natural to the man.' In two words, the episcopal dignity sat uneasily upon his shoulders, and deprived his manners of that simplicity which is the charm of life in every situation. An official gentleman, we believe Mr. Bayley, chief secretary to government, writing to one of his friends in England of the Bishop's death, says, in language which cannot be misunderstood, that "his influence was unfortunately weakened by a defect in his own character; his notions of his office led to the assumption of a formal and rather haughty manner; and he was, in consequence, thought pompous, repulsive, and too acutely alive to any supposed want of respect on the part of others." Nevertheless, it would be unjust not to admit that his zeal in the discharge of his duties was unquestionable; if his personal pride and ambition had been less, he must have been deemed one of the greatest ornaments of the protestant church in modern times.

ART. VI.—*Facts relating to the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis.* By Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Esq. 12mo. pp. 198. London: Ridgway. 1831.

IN giving to our readers an account of this work, we shall not make a single allusion to the unhappy celebrity which the name of its author has acquired, as it seems but just that every man should be allowed to live down the indiscretions of his early life, especially when he has undergone the punishment assigned to his transgressions by the laws of his country. We cannot, indeed, avoid congratulating Mr. Wakefield on the good use which he appears to have made of the three years of his imprisonment in Newgate. He does not scruple to inform us that he has held frequent conversations with thieves and criminals of every age and degree, for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of their usual habits, and we have here the results of his inquiries. It is obvious that an individual, situated as he was, possessed facilities for the attainment of his object, which could have fallen to the lot of very few others of equal intelligence. He was the fellow-prisoner of numerous delinquents, and of course supposed by them to sympathize in their fate; he was amongst them as often as he pleased, during the period of his incarceration, and they could have had no suspicion that he intended to communicate his remarks to the world. They were, therefore, in a great measure thrown off their guard, and were easily induced, by his superior tact and address, to make confessions to his ear, which they would never have been induced to communicate to a mere casual visitor, much less to the officers of the gaol. It is highly creditable to his character, that he seems to have received not the slightest contamination from this impure contact, and that, instead of avenging his own sufferings upon the virtuous part of society, he has, on the contrary, endeavoured, in this little work, to turn to their advantage many of the hours which he was condemned to count within the walls of Newgate.

His principal object is to illustrate, by the information which he has collected, the effects of capital punishment as administered in London and Middlesex. But to this object he has not confined himself exclusively, for a great, and by no means the least interesting, portion of his book, is occupied with notices of what may be called the art of thieving in this great metropolis, the haunts of those who follow that art as a regular calling, the artifices by which they seduce apprentices and other youths to become members of their fraternity, and, above all, of the defects in our system of police, whereby crime of every description is openly encouraged, and rendered more prosperous than it is in any other country upon the face of the earth. He discloses to us, also, the internal scenery and operations of Newgate, of which the world is

in truth as ignorant as if that famed prison were situated upon the wildest steppes of Tartary, instead of being in the very heart of the city of London, and he enumerates many facts, to which it is highly expedient that the attention of the legislature should be forcibly directed. He paints in glowing language the serious and unhappy consequences, that are constantly proceeding from the mode in which criminal justice is administered in the capital, a mode that differs in some essential points from that which takes place in all the other counties of England, and which, so far as we know, is only to be ascribed to the actual or supposed presence of the King within its jurisdiction. We have never seen the abuses of this system, for abuses they undoubtedly are, so clearly pointed out and commented upon as they are in this little work, and if it contribute in any degree to the correction of them, he will have no great reason to complain of the mischance which gave him the opportunity of collecting his materials.

The author apprehends that his representations of some of the scenes that have occurred within the walls of Newgate, will hardly be believed; that they will be looked upon as exaggerations, as the productions of a distempered fancy. We see no reason for any such apprehensions upon his part. He has no interest whatever in the invention of falsehoods upon the subject; it is manifest that his object in disclosing the observations which he made, is a laudable one, and that he can have no motive for making things better or worse than they really are. For our own parts, after perusing his work with the utmost attention, we shall freely acquit him of any such charge, if ever it be brought against him. He seems, indeed, to have formed a strong opinion against the expediency of the punishment of death in general, and so far he may be suspected of entertaining a bias upon a subject of which he professes to treat impartially. But we cannot therefore fairly suppose that he imagines or distorts facts for his purpose, since any trick of this kind would be easily discovered, and his efforts might thus be effectually marred.

It appears to us that no intelligent person can peruse the details compressed within these pages without coming to two conclusions, both of which will be of very great importance as affecting the present state of our criminal law. They will, in the first place, probably be of opinion, that the mode of punishment, whatever the sentence may be, should be the same within the metropolis as it is in the other counties; and secondly, that the penalty of transportation to the colonies is no penalty at all. With respect to the punishment of death, the facts here enumerated are sufficient to shake the attachment which many of our statesmen still preserve for that ancient usage; but into this part of the subject we shall enter presently, convinced that the ideas of the community have undergone a sensible change upon this important point, which must

lead, at no very distant period, to fundamental alterations in our criminal code.

The author is fully aware of the prejudices which are entertained in this country against the institution of a preventive police, prejudices which, we verily believe, may be traced rather to the gross abuse of such an establishment as it existed under Napoleon and his successors, than to any legitimate notions of personal liberty. It must, however, be admitted that there is something in the genius of our laws unfriendly to a preventive interference, as they most absurdly presume all culprits to be innocent until proved to be guilty. The only prevention that we have as yet admitted amongst us, is that which consists merely of bolts and bars, and sheet-iron linings to our doors and window-shutters. Some further advance has indeed been of late years made upon this subject, by the improved manner in which our streets are illuminated, and especially by the formation of the new police, a body whose great utility is strongly attested by the extreme dislike which all the thieves of the metropolis entertain towards it. When the new police was first established, the hostility of the thieves broke out against it in frequent acts of outrage, which some of our sapient newspapers represented as proceeding from a proper constitutional jealousy, that deserved rather to be encouraged than repressed. The author states that he repeatedly passed through the crowd which was assembled at Temple Bar on the evening of the 9th of November last, when it was expected that the King would dine at Guildhall, and he confidently assures us that the assemblage was composed almost exclusively of persons whom he had seen before as prisoners in Newgate. The new system thus appears to be greatly superior to the old, but, strange to say, it has not as yet effected any material diminution of crime in the metropolis. It renders the perpetration of it, perhaps, more dangerous, because it increases the chances of detection; but in fact it increases also the ingenuity, and multiplies the contrivances of the thieves, in order to elude the vigilance of the officers, and so far very little, if any thing, has been gained by the public.

It is well known, as Mr. Wakefield states, that there are organized bodies of thieves in haunts, which, though concealed from the glare of noon-day, are not unknown to the police, and also frequently discernible to the practised eye in the open streets, and yet they cannot be disturbed unless taken in the fact. To these are appended regular schools, in which children are seduced and taught to pursue thieving as a kind of trade or profession; nevertheless the law has not empowered any person to enter these nurseries of crime, and rescue the unhappy children from the misfortunes that await them. There are also, in many parts of the metropolis, establishments for facilitating the disposal of stolen goods; they are known to the initiated members of the fraternity by certain conventional signs, and although directly at variance with the safety of property, they cannot be subjected even to the inspection of the police, without

all the forms of informations and search warrants, the very preparation of which frequently affords sufficient time for the removal and concealment of every thing that might even justify suspicion. Mr. Wakefield strenuously recommends some essential alteration in our laws, with a view to the removal of these evils; his testimony upon the whole subject cannot be too highly valued.

'The importance of some effectual interference with the haunts and the free circulation of known thieves, can scarcely be overrated. If this enquiry had extended to every description of crime, I should have been able to shew that of the persons turned out of Newgate at each jail delivery —that is, eight times a year—a great number are practised criminals, whose experience enables them to defeat the law by means of perjured witnesses, compromise with the prosecutor, and corrupting the witnesses for the prosecution. If the laws were efficient, all such persons would be apprehended on leaving the prison, and sent to some penitentiary as notorious thieves. What becomes of them? Leaving the prison, generally pennyless, they go straight to their well known haunts, where, either by notorious thieves like themselves, who, as such, ought to be in confinement, or by publicans or others, who, as harbourers of thieves ought to be in prison, they are supplied with a loan of money for their immediate wants, and with information as to favourable opportunities of clearing the debt by means of robbery. These are, for the most part, persons who commit capital robberies, requiring previous arrangement. Others, such as pickpockets, if they leave the prison sufficiently well dressed, walk fearlessly through the streets, laughing at the police, and in the course of an hour or two acquire the means of passing the night in carousing and low debauchery, at public houses or other haunts of thieves. One little boy I remember, who, though only twelve years old, was a notorious thief, on the point of leaving the prison for want of prosecution. I asked him what he intended to do. "Go to work," was his ready answer. He was committed again some months later, and finally transported for picking the pocket of a police magistrate. When he was recommited, I asked him what he had done on leaving the prison? He answered—and I have no doubt truly—that he had walked through the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street, followed by two City officers who knew him, "but once through the Bar," said he, "I went to work and got twelve handkerchiefs between St. Clement's church and Charing Cross." This urchin was a most expert and industrious pickpocket, was known as such to the keeper of Newgate and the Police of the City, had been previously committed to Newgate more than once, and was seen by the Police-officers setting out on his predatory excursion when discharged from jail. All these facts might have been readily proved to the satisfaction of a magistrate or a jury,—yet the law did not interfere to prevent further crimes by that individual, and to save him from the gallows. The case is but a sample of hundreds that occur every year in London.

'Three things appear to be necessary, in order to suppress the haunts of the thieves and prevent the circulation of notorious thieves in the streets.

'First, That the law should be altered, so as to render its execution against notorious thieves and those who harbour them, less troublesome to the Police.

'Secondly, That the execution of such a law of Prevention should be confided to officers of Police, *having no other occupation, and responsible for that particular service*, though under the superintendence of higher authority, so as to furnish the immediate executors of the law with a sufficient motive for doing their duty.

'Thirdly, Some provision for unity of purpose and action throughout the metropolis and its suburbs; so that a person known to be a thief in Whitechapel should be equally notorious to the officers at Pimlico, and that a harbourer of thieves driven from Islington should not commence business in Southwark.

'The last-mentioned improvement could not, it may be said, take place without abrogating the present system of separate and independent Police jurisdictions, and interfering with what are called the privileges of the City of London. This is true; but which is it that the public requires,—separate jurisdictions, or effectual checks to crime?'—pp. 11—15.

The great nursery of crime in the metropolis is undoubtedly Newgate itself; but there are innumerable minor establishments for the same purpose. The author examined more than a hundred juvenile prisoners, between eight and fourteen years, as to the immediate cause of their delinquency, and in nineteen cases out of twenty, he assures us, 'it appeared that the boy had not committed his first crime spontaneously, but had been persuaded to commence the career of thieving by persons whose business it is to practise this kind of seduction.' The following statement is appalling, but we are perfectly persuaded that it is not in any respect exaggerated.

'The most numerous class of such seducers consists of experienced thieves, both men and boys, who look out for boys not criminal, to whom they represent the life of a thief as abounding in pleasure. The object of these representations is to obtain instruments, with which experienced thieves may commit robberies with less danger to themselves—participators whose ignorance of the trade subjects them to be put forward into the most dangerous situations, and to be cheated in the division of the spoil. But words are not the only means of seduction employed in such cases; food is given to the hungry, and all kinds of stimulating enjoyments are presented to others who do not want the means of subsistence. I state what I know to be a fact, in saying that a practised thief often spends as much as 10*l.* in the course of a few days, for the purpose of corrupting a youth, by taking him to play-houses and other shows, and allowing him to eat and drink extravagantly at pastry-cooks, fruit-shops, and public-houses. The inevitable consequence of such indulgences is the victim's discontent with his previous mode of life, and when this feeling predominates, he is considered ripe for receiving without alarm the suggestions of his seducer. Very often a still more effectual means of seduction is applied, viz. the precocious excitement and gratification of the sexual passion, by the aid of women in league with the thieves, and to whom is commonly entrusted the task of suggesting to the intoxicated youth that robbery is the only means, and a safe means, of continuing to enjoy a life of riotous debauchery. This method of seduction succeeds, I believe, *invariably*. For the information of those who may think the statement overcharged, I add that a large proportion of the boys above twelve years of age, and some even

younger, committed to Newgate, have been connected with women; a fact of which there is constant proof, since these boys are every day visited by their mistresses, under the name of "sisters;" and the greater part of their conversation in prison, which is sometimes, and might be always overheard, turns upon their amours. In very many cases women are wholly maintained by young thieves, whom they will dress in a frill and a pinafore to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey. But such boys as these, however young, are of the class of seducers, being already practised thieves. Where women are employed as seducers, they are but the instruments of practised thieves—of those whom the law designates as "notorious" thieves, and with whom, notwithstanding, the Police seldom interfere, unless they be taken in the act of robbery. From this statement it will be seen that one of the most effectual means of *preventing* robberies, would be an active, watchful, and constant interference with the measures pursued by thieves, for increasing the number of their own body.

'Another class of seducers consists of both men and women, but principally of old women, the keepers of fruit-stalls and small cake-shops, which stalls and shops they keep but as a cloak to their real trade,—that of persuading children to become thieves, and receiving goods stolen by children. The methods of seduction pursued by these people are, for the most part, similar to those adopted by the class mentioned above: but they are distinguished from the thieves by some peculiarities. Residing always in the same spot, and apparently engaged in an honest calling, they have superior opportunities of practising on children, who, until known to them, were perfectly well disposed. Several instances came to my knowledge of boys, the sons of decent tradespeople, carefully educated, apprenticed to some trade, and with every prospect of leading an industrious and honest life, who were seduced by persons of the class in question. The course of seduction is about as follows.

'The child buys fruit and cakes at the stall or shop, of which the keeper takes pains to form a familiar acquaintance with him, by conversation, artful it must be called in this case, but such as is used by all good teachers in order to gain a pupil's confidence. He passes the shop one day without money, and is invited to help himself upon trust. If he yield to the first temptation, it is all over with him. Considering his previous acquaintance with the tempter, it is almost a matter of course that he yields. Once in debt, he continues to indulge himself without restraint, and is soon involved far beyond his means of repayment. Where is the police to save him? No act of robbery has been committed, and the police therefore is absent. Probably his parents or master have impressed on him that it is wrong to run in debt. He is already criminal in his own eyes. Instead of confessing his difficulty to his friends, he thinks of them with fear. All his sensations are watched by the wretch, who now begins to talk slightingly of harsh parents and task-masters, and insinuates her own superior affection. By degrees, more or less slow according to the degree of her art and the excitability of the boy's temperament, she gets a complete mastery of his mind. At length she guides him to the first step in crime, by complaining of want of money, perhaps threatening to apply to his parents, and suggesting that he may easily repay her by taking some trifling article from his master's shop. The first robbery committed, the chances are a thousand to one that the thief will sooner or later be transported or hanged. He

goes on robbing his master, or perhaps his parents; the woman disposes of the stolen property, giving him only a moderate share of the money obtained. She introduces him to other boys, who are following the same career; he soon learns to prefer idleness and luxuries to labour and plain food; and, after a while, becoming an expert thief, deserts his original seducer, with whom he is no longer willing to share the fruits of his plunder, connects himself with a gang, probably takes a mistress, and is a confirmed robber on the high road to Botany Bay or the gallows.'—pp. 16—22.

If this statement be true, and of its truth no reasonable doubt can be entertained, the Secretary of State for the Home Department must be considered as extremely remiss in the performance of his duty, if he do not cause strict enquiry to be made into the facts, and render them the groundwork of a legislative measure, which shall be calculated to provide, as far as it is possible, against the continuance of such dreadful evils. What signifies the whole system of our new police, and of our administration of criminal justice, if it be a fact, which this author states to have come within his own observation, that the greater number of the smaller boys, who are discharged from Newgate for want of prosecution or evidence, or after undergoing a sentence of whipping, instantly proceed to these receptacles of debauchery, as to their proper home, and recommence their career of iniquity. 'At one time,' he says, 'I knew the names and addresses of more than twenty persons who lived by this villainous trade.' Nobody can doubt, that if the legislature were to set earnestly about it, it would, without much difficulty, frame a law by which the horrid hot-beds of wickedness might be completely rooted out, or at least very considerably diminished. The punishment need not be severe. The object to be accomplished is, in the first place, the removal of that domestic protection which at present shields them from disturbance. Let it be permitted to proper officers to enter at all hours such places as they may have reasonable ground for suspecting to be the haunts of thieves, young and old, and to bring the inmates before the magistrates to give an account of the mode in which they obtain their livelihood, and much will be gained, even though such a law might look tyrannical, and an innocent individual might sometimes suffer. Nor do we see any reason why the seduction of youth for the purpose of prompting them to the commission of robberies, and the harbouring and counselling them for the same object, should not be made punishable to the same extent that the receiving of stolen goods now is by a recent act of parliament.

Besides the resources and hot-beds of guilt already enumerated, the author mentions another class, of too much importance not to arrest our serious attention.

'Another class of nurseries of crime, not indeed to be found in every quarter of London, but confined to certain districts, such as St. Giles's, the low parts of Westminster, and both sides of Whitechapel, are lodging-houses, kept generally by receivers of stolen goods, and resorted to by none

but thieves, or those who are on the point of becoming thieves. Houses of this description often contain fifty beds. Into some of these, boys only are admitted; the purpose of such exclusiveness being, on the part of the boys, to preserve their independence, that is, to escape the control of persons stronger than themselves,—(they are equal and often superior to grown thieves in skill, presence of mind, and knowledge of their business,)—and on the part of the lodging-house keepers, to prevent the men from robbing the boys, so that they, the lodging-house keepers, may reap as much as possible of the boys' plunder. Women, however, are not excluded. It would be more correct to say that girls of all ages above ten (for it is seldom that the female companion of thieves lives to be a woman,) are admitted, not on their own account as independent lodgers, but as the acknowledged mistresses of the boys who introduce them. The scenes of profligacy that occur in these dens are indescribable, and would be incredible if described. Passing them over with no other remark, it must be stated, that one of these dens becomes the *new home* of a boy who is on the point of turning thief. Here, if he have any remains of honesty or wholesome fear, all impressions of that kind are quickly and for ever effaced. Here, too, receivers of stolen goods are admitted, who upbraid the boys if they have been unsuccessful, and show them handfuls of gold, as an inducement to greater daring the next day. At one time, early in 1830, there were half-a-dozen boys in the school-yard of Newgate, who had lodged together in one of these houses, and during their confinement a man, who had not been suspected before, was convicted of receiving stolen goods. This man happened to be placed in the yard next to that of the school; and I heard many conversations between him and the boys, and afterwards, when he had left the prison, frequently questioned the boys about him. Altogether I learned, that for several years past he had been in the constant habit of visiting a coffee-shop attached to a boy-thieves' lodging-house near Houndsditch, always carrying with him a quantity of gold, which he used to show to the boys, not merely urging them to earn some of it, by bringing to him stolen goods at a more secret place, but suggesting to them all sorts of robberies, the plan of which it was part of his busines to concoct, whilst apparently occupied with some honest calling. He was, as I understood, not unlikely to be pardoned, in consequence of the interference on his behalf of a nobleman with whom his brother lived as servant. My attention was first directed to him by seeing him give money to the boys; and I soon found that these presents were bribes for their silence. He passed for a religious man with the Keeper and Chaplain, always attended chapel with an air of great devotion, and generally snatched up a Bible when any officer of the prison was likely to observe him. His sentence was, I think, seven years' transportation; so that, as transports of seven years are generally kept in the hulks for not more than three or four years, he will probably be turned loose and resume his business some time in 1834.'—pp. 25—28.

With respect to the detection of thieves, that is a matter which, though strictly the duty of the police, falls in a great measure upon the parties injured, the consequence of which is that, in nine cases out of ten, the violators of the law are suffered to escape. 'I seldom missed an opportunity,' says Mr. Wakefield, 'of making inquiries on this point of the most experienced and intelligent thieves, who

had no motive for concealing the truth from me. The greater part of these prisoners admitted, that, for one robbery which had brought them before a magistrate, 'they had committed ten without the least inconvenience.' Some calculated the average of escapes to detections as high as fifty to one, which however can hardly be credited. But no doubt can be entertained that, notwithstanding the numerous criminals who are daily incarcerated in Newgate, the great majority of robberies are never traced to the individuals who committed them, and hence the trade actually prospers in comparative security.

Mr. Wakefield has copied from returns, printed by order of the House of Commons, several tables, the main object of which is to shew that severity of punishment has uniformly the effect of diminishing the number of convictions, with relation to that of the persons committed for capital offences, in a proportion that is not to be found in any of the classes of crime for which life is not forfeited. For instance, it appears that of four persons committed for cutting and maiming, only one is convicted, whereas for the offence of returning from transportation, which is never visited with death, every individual committed is, without exception, found guilty. In almost all cases short of murder, which are punishable with death, the grand jury in the first place ignore the bills with respect to nearly half of the number of individuals committed by the magistrates, and this, not from any weak feelings of humanity, but from a want of sufficient ex-parte evidence, which it is the business of the prisoner to reduce by all the means within his reach.

'If he have money, and his prosecutor, or the witnesses, be open to bribery, money is not spared. But the most common mode in which prosecutors are bribed, is by the return of property taken from them by violence, stealth, or forgery; and I may add, only repeating a statement oftentimes made to me by persons concerned in such transactions, that, in some cases, where stolen goods have been wholly, or partially, out of the prisoner's reach, other stolen goods, over which he has controul, supply their place, and are received without too careful an examination, by persons who would have rejected money with scorn. It may seem incredible that tender consciences should bear so gross a salve; but the shades of dishonesty, as of every human disposition, are various like the faces of men.

'Another mode of influencing prosecutors, and witnesses, in capital cases, is by appealing to the best feelings of human nature. Many an honest man, who, in the first heat of anger at being robbed, by violence, by stealth, or forgery, hurries before a magistrate, and by his straightforward evidence, sends the criminal for trial, and who would reject, with indignation, any proposal having the shadow of bribery, is found accessible by the tears of a distracted wife and wailing children. When mercy is claimed at his hands, he says, "No, I will not stop the course of justice;" but reminded, that by binding himself to the due course of law, the wife who addresses him will be made a widow, and the children orphans, he hesitates, and after a struggle between his sense of duty, and his feelings

of compassion, he determines not to be instrumental in taking the prisoner's life. If he be a religious man, you are almost sure of him; for, in that case, though he may have a stronger sense of the wickedness of perjury, he is impelled to conceal a part of the truth, by an unconquerable repugnance to having any share in what, upon reflection, he considers a judicial murder. I have taken a part in endeavouring to save the lives of many persons charged with forgery; and being now under the obligation myself to speak the whole truth, I solemnly declare that, in such cases, the first consideration of those who propose to save a life by tampering with a prosecutor or witness, is *the religious sentiments of the person to be influenced.* General character comes next. If he, on whose word depends the life or death of the prisoner, be a man of honour, and benevolence, just, humane, and generous, though not a religious man, the hope of inducing him to perjure himself is not forlorn, but if, in addition, you know him to hold decided religious opinions, of what christian sect is quite indifferent, so confidently may you expect to turn him against the law. If, on the contrary, he be reputed dishonest, selfish, hard-hearted, mean, and, above all, not a professor, or not sincere in his professions of religion; then the endeavour to set him against the law, by an appeal to his humanity, may as well be spared. In such a case your only dependence is on the weakness of the judge or the jury;—a matter to be considered presently.

'But it may be said, if these motives are so powerful in deterring prosecutors and witnesses from pursuing the criminal, how are we to account for the small number of escapes through total want of prosecution? Explain how so many true bills are found by the grand jury.

'The explanation is easy. First, the bribed prosecutor or witness, is generally desirous to avoid the forfeiture of his recognizance, and for that purpose goes through the form of his part in the prosecution, taking care to shape his evidence in favour of the accused. Secondly, the prosecutor or witness, whose humanity, or sense of religion, impels him to cheat the law of its prey, is actuated by a motive which would be condemned by society; or, rather, an honourable motive leads him to do that which is itself a crime, and which society would reprobate. He is ashamed, if not afraid, to avow his noble weakness; and he, too, consequently bears his part formally in the prosecution; preferring the crime of perjury to the ill-will of society. Thirdly, considerable allowance must be made for this, that the witness who desires to swear falsely to save a life, may have no opportunity of doing so, *without palpably exposing his intention* until he be subjected to cross-examination. Lastly, it often happens that the prisoner's friends do not exert themselves vigorously with the prosecutor and witnesses, until a true bill has been found, and the nearer prospect of conviction and execution comes to disappoint the idle hope which they had indulged of the bill being thrown out without their interference.

'There are legislators who may sneer at the endeavour to account for a plain fact, as they would call it, by reference to such complicated motives of human conduct; but it is to such law-makers as these—"practical men," they call themselves—whose ignorance of human nature disqualifies them from legislating rationally, that we owe the continuance of a barbarous, inefficient system of criminal law, and the prevalence of crime. The influence of the punishment of death, in rendering the law a nullity as to a great number of cases, is one of the first encouragements of crime. A rational legislature would ascertain precisely the extent to which this in-

fluence operates; and on the data so obtained would either remove the original evil cause, or provide some check to its injurious operation.'—pp. 55—60.

To these circumstances in favour of the prisoner, we must also add the universal disinclination of judges and juries, and even the prosecuting counsel, to convict him. This is a truth so notorious, that it needs no new facts by way of illustration. Mr. Wakefield, however, mentions one case, in itself so curious, as a commentary upon our present system, that we must transcribe it.

'Shortly after the execution of *Joseph Hunton* for forgery, in 1828, a man named Hunter was committed to Newgate, charged with forgery. A friend of mine was acquainted with the principal witness against the accused, and, merely from being so led to think on the subject, became desirous to save the prisoner's life. He consulted me as to the best course of proceeding for that purpose. I advised that the prisoner's defence should be intrusted to Mr. Harmer, whose experience and skill as an attorney in criminal matters are well known. This was done; but, on communicating with the prisoner's relations, my friend discovered that he was a bad fellow, and had committed several previous forgeries. There was not the least doubt of his guilt in this case. His friends dreaded, that, if he were acquitted in this case, he would commit other forgeries, and come to be hanged. It was therefore suggested, that the better course would be, to let him be capitally convicted; but on such evidence as would surely induce the King in Council to remit the sentence, so that he might be transported for life. The principal witness against him was induced to frame his evidence for that purpose; and the prisoner, aware of his own bad propensity, entirely concurred in the arrangement; the prisoner, therefore, his friends, his attorney, and the principal witness against him, went into court, bent on procuring a verdict of guilty. The evidence was conclusive; but the jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict of not guilty; and the prisoner was immediately discharged, to the great disappointment of every one interested on his behalf.'—pp. 63, 64.

The recent execution of Hunton, doubtless procured this acquittal. It is no less true than strange, that in the country, when the going judges of assize find from the calendar that a particular crime, as for instance, that of horse stealing, or sheep stealing, has been practised to an unusual extent, they resolve to put a stop to it by visiting it with capital punishment. They generally succeed in their object, but not until after the scaffolds have been drenched with blood. For some time afterwards, the instances of similar offences are rare, and are not punished with the utmost severity of the law. But in London, the reverse of all this takes place. The greater the number of the forgers or burglars who have been recently convicted and hanged in the metropolis, the greater the chance which a prisoner has of escaping a verdict of guilty, and this chance is regularly calculated upon.

We must here observe upon an inconsistency into which the author has fallen. There is a society of bankers in London, for the purpose of prosecuting, at the common expense, utterers of

forged notes "with a view to defraud." The solicitor for this society has been so active in the performance of his duty, that many cases of his have come before juries at the Old Bailey, and a strong prejudice has in consequence grown up in the minds of juries, and, we may add, of the public, against the society. The consequence is, that prisoners prosecuted at the instance of the society, have a much greater chance of acquittal than prisoners prosecuted by private individuals. Nevertheless, with this fact within his knowledge, Mr. Wakefield suggests the appointment of a public officer, to whose charge should be committed the prosecution of all the prisoners confined in Newgate. Does he not see that in the course of a single year, prejudices would be generated against this public officer, to the same injurious extent as they have already been, with respect to the solicitor of the society just mentioned? He was to all purposes a public prosecutor, within a limited sphere, yet his very character rendered his proceedings so distasteful to juries, that we believe he and his employers, the society, have been compelled to abandon their project altogether. It is in truth, against *prosecution*, that the prejudices are entertained, rather than against *prosecutors*, and this chiefly, if not solely, on account of the infliction, in so many instances, of the extreme penalty of death.

It is undoubtedly a hardship upon individuals to be obliged in most cases to conduct their own prosecutions; it costs them money, and, what is sometimes much more inconvenient, it causes them the loss of time. But we do not see how any alterations of the system could altogether dispense with the attendance of the person, whose house has been broken into, whose property has been abstracted, whose person has been maimed, or whose relation, friend, or fellow being has been murdered before his eyes. Any change that would have the effect of rendering individuals less careful of their houses, goods, and persons, by placing them, as it were, under the safeguard of a public officer, would not be, we suspect, a change for the better. But besides the payment of all actual expenses, prosecutors ought also to be allowed a reasonable compensation, according to their profession and station in life, for their loss of time incurred, as well in all preliminary proceedings, as before the grand jury, and in the court where the trial takes place.

It cannot be denied that the effect of the general system to which we have just alluded, the reluctance of prosecutors to come forward, of grand juries to find bills, of petty juries to convict, and of judges to sentence, on account of the too frequent infliction of death by our law, is to produce great uncertainty of punishment. This the practised and unpractised thieves well know. 'I have,' says the author, 'talked with hundreds on the subject; and the result of my inquiries is a conviction, that the average period of *perfect impunity* amongst regular thieves, that is, persons who live

wholly by crime, is at the least two years.' Then even when they are convicted, if they have the good fortune to be convicted in London, they have still, as it were, two more trials to undergo before they can be punished. The King's prerogative of mercy is the brightest jewel in his diadem; but the application of it to the ordinary course of crime in the metropolis, by insisting that within its whole extent no capital convict (murderers excepted) shall be put to death without the King's express *fiat*, is in the first place a peculiarity that does not occur in any other county than that of Middlesex, and, in the second place, it is the cause of great delay, and an additional cause of the uncertainty of punishment, which is the last thing that ought to be permitted in the administration of criminal law. When sentence of death is passed in London, the cases in which it is passed are all, with the exception above noticed, referred to the King in council, and after that, as Mr. Wakefield expresses it, to the King out of council, that is to say, to his Secretary of State for the Home Department; thus allowing prisoners, who, if they had been convicted in Wiltshire, would have had no appeal at all, the benefit, not of one, but of two appeals, first from the court that tried them to the privy council, and secondly, from the privy council to the Home Office. One of the effects of this practice, which, if good for Middlesex, ought to be equally good for Wiltshire, is described by Mr. Wakefield.

'It must not be supposed, however, that the keeper of Newgate, or his servants, treat prisoners under sentence of death with peculiar harshness. On the contrary, a stranger to the scene would be astonished to observe the peculiar tenderness, I was going to add respect, which persons under sentence of death obtain from all officers of the prison. Before sentence, a prisoner has only to observe the regulations of the jail in order to remain neglected and unnoticed. Once ordered to the cells, friends of all classes suddenly rise up; his fellow prisoners, the turnkeys, the chaplain, the keepers, and the sheriffs, all seem interested in his fate; and he can make no reasonable request that is not at once granted by whomsoever he may address. This rule has some, but very few exceptions; such as where a hardened offender behaves with great levity and brutality, as if he cared nought for his life, and thought every one anxious to promote his death. Speaking generally, prisoners under sentence of death are, I repeat, treated with peculiar tenderness; and the only distinction made among those who behave with common decency is, that persons convicted of forgery excite an extraordinary degree of interest in all who approach them. By observing this distinction, I was led to suppose, that the interest which is felt for every capital convict, except murderers, must be created by a sense of repugnance to the punishment about to be inflicted upon him; for there can be no doubt, that those who object to the punishment of death generally, are especially opposed to its infliction for the crime of forgery.

'The absence of distinction as to all other cases must be accounted for as follows:—During the early part of my confinement in Newgate, I used frequently to ask questions of the keeper and chaplain as to the probable fate of certain convicts, whose appearance in chapel had attracted my notice; and for some time I was astonished, by always receiving for answer,

in words to this effect—" it is impossible to say; the Council decides; we know some to be more guilty than others, and more deserving of the severest punishment, but it so often happens that those escape whom we think most guilty and those suffer whom we believe to be least guilty, that we can never give an opinion on the subject." I afterwards discovered that persons under sentence of death in Newgate are engaged in a lottery, of which the blanks are death, and that an attempt to foretell the result in any case would be mere guesswork.'—pp. 93—95.

He subsequently adds, that in Newgate, 'every one who comes in contact with a man whose death by the hangman is probable, treats him not as a criminal, but as an unfortunate. Why is the capital convict so favourably distinguished? Because the punishment of death shocks every mind to which it is vividly presented, and overturns the most settled notions of right and wrong.'

We cannot coincide altogether in the reasoning which the author makes use of with respect to the decisions of the privy council, and afterwards of the Home Secretary. He thinks that they are too often influenced by mere report, and by other classes of evidence which would not be received in a court of justice. It must always be remembered that the guilt of the prisoner is already decided by a competent tribunal, before it comes under the cognizance of the privy council, and that to the latter, strong grounds must be presented before it can altogether reverse, or even modify the sentence which has been passed. Inquiries are most industriously made in many cases, with regard to the character of the prisoner, the answers to which are conveyed in an unofficial form, and may therefore be, to a certain extent, looked upon as mere rumours. But, generally speaking, they are well founded; and although upon the whole we are inclined to think that no substantial injustice is ever done, either by the council or the Home Secretary, still this conviction does not at all reconcile us to the anomalous nature of these courts of appeal. If they exist in the metropolis, they ought also to exist in the counties; or rather we should put the converse and say, that as they do not exist in the counties, they ought not to be permitted in the metropolis, for life is just as precious in one place as it is in the other, and ought to be equally respected in Cornwall, or the Orknies, as it is at St. James's. There certainly is nothing in the mere proximity to royalty that ought to make any difference.

We have no hesitation in saying that had we a voice on the subject, we should decidedly vote for the abolition of death as a punishment in every case, save that of deliberate murder. We are not convinced that even in that excepted case death would be an adequate penalty; but it seems the only one that is suited to the nature of the offence, as the common sense of mankind forbids that a murderer should again be received into that society, of which he has by his own act proved himself an enemy. But for all other offences of a capital nature, we entertain little doubt that solitary

imprisonment would be the most effectual penalty to which a culprit could possibly be subjected. As to transportation, it has become a mere farce, or rather a material benefit to the offender. When it was originally devised, our colonial possessions were wholly uncultivated, and their insalubrity, the want of all the comforts, and of many of the necessaries of life, rendered them exceedingly disagreeable to new settlers, so that they were justly looked upon as places of real exile. But since that period the colonies have undergone most material changes. Labour has risen in them to a high price, the convicts are sought for with the greatest eagerness, and in the course of a few years they are enabled, by moderate industry and good behaviour, to acquire their freedom. Hence transportation is now looked upon as a favourable change of situation, easily to be obtained at the expense of the country by the commission of a crime, calculated to draw down a nominal penalty of that nature. It is high time that it should be altogether abandoned as a judicial instrument for the suppression of practices injurious to society. It does not suppress, on the contrary it increases them; and among the lower orders of distressed families it really requires many efforts of honesty and virtue, to resist the temptations which the law holds out, of conveying individuals to distant climates, at the expense of the nation. The only punishment that deserves the title will ultimately be found to be that of solitary imprisonment. Experience has proved that it is the only one of which culprits are afraid. It appals the stoutest heart, and it is known that prisoners who have been condemned to the solitary cell, have implored death itself, rather than be subjected to the terrible feelings which inform him that he is cut off for ever from the converse of his fellow beings; that he is still to live, but doomed never more to see the "human face divine." Of all sorrows, this is the most intolerable for a guilty mind; juries would never hesitate to justify, or judges to pronounce it by way of sentence, and it would afford to society an infinitely better guarantee than all the mock terrors of the gibbet, or the still greater humbug of Botany Bay.

ART. VII.—*The History of Poland, from the earliest period to the present time.* By James Fletcher, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge. *With a Narrative of Recent Events obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman.* 8vo. pp. 428. London: Cochrane and Pickersgill. 1831.

"A SANGUINARY and obstinate struggle is prolonged in Poland. This contest has already awakened the most lively emotions in the breast of Europe. I have felt bound to hasten the termination of it. After having offered my meditation, I have provoked that of the Great Powers. I wished to arrest the effusion of blood, to preserve the south of Europe from the plague of the contagion which war propagates, and, above all, to assure to Poland, whose courage has resuscitated the ancient affections of France,

that nationality which has resisted time and its vicissitudes." Such is the animating language in which the king of the French has recently alluded to the noble cause, in which the Poles are engaged for the liberation of their country from the iron yoke of Russia. It is glorious to France that she has taken upon herself the initiative in this difficult and dangerous negotiation, for from the terms of the speech little doubt can be entertained that she is prepared to risk the chances of war itself, rather than allow the brave people, whom she has thus openly taken under her protection, to be again subjected to the sway of the Northern Autocrat. These hardly can be considered as idle words, when we know that they have emanated from the portfolio of Casimir* Perier, a man of moderate but determined principles, who would hardly stake his reputation and his ministerial existence upon a negotiation of this important character, if he had not also been resolved to carry it through to a successful issue.

So far it is cheering to observe the prosperous career of liberty in different quarters of Europe. It would really seem as if on the same day on which Charles X. signed his fatal ordonnances last year, a decree had also gone forth from the hand of Providence, directing that the old freedom of the nations should be once more restored in all its primitive strength and beauty. Within the twelve months that have intervened between the last Julys, what surprising and permanent changes have we not seen;—a revolution, an extended charter, a new sovereign, elected by the people, reigning in France;—a revolution, a new system of constitutional liberty, and a new monarch, also elected by the people, reigning in Belgium:—the apparently settled and invulnerable ministry of the Duke of Wellington overthrown in England, and a new charter, granted by his successors, with the king's consent, whereby our ancient liberties are restored, enlarged, and secured against future spoliation. But the greatest miracle of all has been the revolt of the Poles, at the very moment when the war in Turkey having terminated in the complete triumph of the Czar, his hordes of armies were prepared to pour down at his command upon the territory of the insurgents, to overwhelm them, as it were, "at one fell swoop" with the speed and fury of a thunderbolt. *The Decree* of a higher Power had, however, directed otherwise. The courage of the Poles was able to withstand the first mighty shock of the enemy without quailing before them, and a thousand accidents have since operated in their favour. They have proved themselves in battle, hand to hand, well deserving of the liberties for which they are fighting; and fortune, or rather we should devoutly say, Providence has been upon their side. The "Passer of the Balkan," as he was proudly styled, has

* Casimir is a Polish name. Who can say what effect this single accident may not have had upon the councils of France with respect to the Polish question?

been cut off in the very midst of his guards, by the mysterious instrumentality of the cholera morbus; the same irresistible agent of Heaven has put an end to the career of the original provoker of the revolt, the Grand Duke Constantine; and, as if for the purpose of compelling Nicholas to read the will of the Deity in language that cannot be mistaken, the plague is at the same time raging in both the contending armies and in his own capital, and has become itself a powerful motive with the southern states of Europe, as we may observe from the speech of the King of France, for putting an end to a war which tends more than any other circumstance to propagate the malady.

As we may therefore consider the re-organization of Poland to be an affair already in progress, and likely to be brought to a termination as favourable to liberty, as have been the recent revolutions in France, Belgium, and, we may add, in England, it will be interesting to inquire into the past history of that country, to inform ourselves of the genius of its people, its laws, its boundaries, and the means which it possesses for the construction of a solid European nation. At the most remote period to which authentic history seems to extend, it would appear that the confines of Poland lay between the Vistula and the Oder, extending not much beyond the modern Posen to the North, and barely as far as the Carpathian Mountains to the South. It is assumed, (for in such cases a great deal must rest upon assumption,) with a great degree of probability, that this district was peopled by some of the wandering tribes east of the Vistula, who advanced, or were pressed, westward, occupying, under the name of Sclavonians, the countries abandoned by the hardy races who rushed down like a torrent upon the Roman empire. The Sclavonian emigrants called their adopted country Poland, from a term in their language which signifies flatness; the district being almost one uninterrupted level. So much is this the character of the country, that Vautrin says that "an observer in a balloon might pass at the height of twenty toises over almost the whole of Poland, without fear of coming in contact with any mountains or other obstructions." The political power of the community was originally chiefly in the hands of the Voyvodes, or Barons, who dethroned and elected the duke or king at their good pleasure. It was seldom that the sceptre descended without interruption in one family for three generations; war seemed to be the business and delight of the people, and so early as the tenth and eleventh centuries, Bohemia and far-spreading Russia, Saxony, and the country now called Prussia, felt the weight of their arms. Indeed it would seem that the Polish sovereigns encouraged the native disposition to war, for the sake of preserving their own power, to which peace was always dangerous. It was at such a period that Casimir I. was driven from the throne by the Barons, on account of what they called his tyrannical imposts, when he became a wanderer over

the face of the earth, begging his bread from door to door, and at length finding refuge as a monk in the abbey of Cluny. He was, however, restored to his throne; the remainder of his reign was comparatively untroubled, and he was succeeded by his son, Boleslas, who was a sort of monarchical Quixote, seeking adventures and fighting the battles of every body who chose to invite his assistance. His fall was tragical. His absence and that of the flower of the army from Poland exceeded, at one period, seven years. The consequence was that the slaves revolted, the people became tumultuous, and the wives of the absent soldiers took serfs for their temporary husbands. Boleslas upon his return deluged the country with blood, punishing the people for their insubordination, the slaves for their rebellion, and the women for their infidelity. Justice, however, though she sometimes lingers, is found ever dogging the wrong-doer.

'But the last scene of the tragedy was yet to come. St. Stanislas, bishop of Cracow, either being shocked at the unchristian slaughter, or making it a pretext for other designs, reproved Boleslas, threatened him with the vengeance of the church, unless he ceased from his bloody work, and even went so far as to refuse him admittance to his church, still called *St. Stanislas-Kirche*, while he was performing mass. The hasty and provoked king, in a moment of rage, burst into the sanctuary, and murdered the poor prelate at the very altar.

'The thunders of the Pope now roared over the devoted head of Boleslas, he was accursed, excommunicated, dethroned, and banished. He who had given away kingdoms, found none to bestow on him the poorest pittance, and those who had grown rich on his bounty, refused him the meagre alms of a tear. Abandoned by men, and denounced as one abhorred by God, he crept away into the forests, whose savage tenants were the only living creatures which were left to afford him an asylum, and make him an inmate of their caverns. At length the poor penitent, brokenhearted, went to pour out the last bitter dregs of his cup of life in a monastery in Carinthia; and he who had wielded a sceptre, and revelled in all the luxuries of Kiow, spent the last few days of his life in preparing lentils and hard bread for the monks, in a miserable kitchen.

'The life of Boleslas forms one of the saddest and most striking pictures afforded by the worst vicissitudes of human life. From the almoner of kings to the pensioner of mendicants; from the leader of armies to the menial of a monastery; from the royal voluptuary to the starving beggar; from the palace to the kitchen; how stupendous was his fall! and how stupendous the power which hurled him from the throne! Nor was his moral fall less great. He had set out in life with a heart full of generous feeling; he had a noble spirit; but the bland and seducing smile of the votary of gaiety, lured him to its orgies, and corrupted the pure warm blood of a hero's heart. Self-dissatisfaction, added to the violence of his passions, then accelerated his downfall; and the hand which was once stretched forth only to help the weak and assist the poor, was now stained with the blood of a minister of that faith, to which his great namesake and predecessor had devoted all the energies of his vigorous

mind. Had the first and last parts of this king's life been transposed, his character would now perhaps be viewed in a very different light.'—pp. 21—23.

The monarchy was now extinguished for nearly two hundred years, or rather it was merged in that of the Dukedom of Poland. In the list of the princes who exercised its attributes, the name of the second Casimir shines out with a mild and beneficent lustre; his clemency under all circumstances "smoothed the rugged brow" of war; he was of the most generous disposition, and a father to his people. He had it not in his power to emancipate the serfs, but he mitigated their slavery as much as he could by laws of protection which he strictly enforced. His subjects called him *the Just*, and history characterises him as a lover of peace, and the most amiable sovereign that every swayed the Polish sceptre. He founded the University of Cracow.

It was reserved, however, for the third Casimir to obtain, as he deserved, about the middle of the fourteenth century, the title of the Polish Justinian. Before his time the administration of justice was placed upon a most unequal and uncertain footing; he gave order, and equity, and dignity, to the laws, and caused them to be respected. Upon his death, a collateral relative, Louis, King of Hungary, was called to the throne upon certain constitutional terms which were embodied in the *Pacta conventa*, the Great Charter of Poland, which so far limited the prerogatives of the king, that he was little more than the mere guardian of the laws. The existence of this written compact is of itself a proof of the progress in power, which the Diet (so called from an old German word signifying a multitude) had already made. This body is said to have been first assembled in Poland in 1331, about sixty years after the first organization of our own parliamentary system, and upon a similar principle, the Diet having been formed with a view to a balance of power between the aristocracy and the lower barons, or, as we should call them, the gentry; who, though they possessed the titles of noblemen, constituted in fact a separate interest. It would appear that in Poland every man who fought on horseback was styled noble, *miles* and *nobilis* being in that country synonimous terms.

It is worth remarking, that the commercial classes seem never to have risen to sufficient influence in Poland, to obtain seats in the Diet. The people having been almost perpetually engaged in war, at home or abroad, and the profession of a soldier having been the only means of arriving at fortune and the distinction of nobility, the trade fell principally into the hands of Jews and other foreigners. To the present hour this has very much continued to be the case; the Jews, indeed, are supposed to concentrate in their own hands the mercantile wealth of the country; a fact which would, possibly, render it necessary to incorporate them in any new system of political representation that may hereafter be adopted.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the Duchy of Lithuania was united to Poland, in consequence of the marriage of Jagellon (Duke of Lithuania) to Hedwiga, the daughter of Louis, who left no male heirs. The limits of the nation were thus materially extended; the duchy embracing a tract of dominion nearly four times as large as that of Poland proper. Soon after this period, the territory was still farther augmented by successive conquests, learning began to be very generally cultivated by the Polish gentry, and the Latin has ever since continued to be almost a living language in that country. An important modification was also made in the constitution of the Diet.

'The diets, up to this period, had been general assemblies of all the nobles, that is, of the army; but the inconvenience of holding meetings of more than a hundred thousand horsemen, obliged the Poles to adopt the form of representation, which had become almost universal in Europe. Dietines, or *Colloquia*, had long been held by each of the palatines in their palatinates, for the administration of justice, and these now began to appoint deputies for the management of the public business. In the course of time, every district assumed the same privilege, and at length, in 1468, sent two deputies to a general diet. This first diet was convened to debate on the propriety of renewing the war against the Teutonic knights, of which we have already seen the conclusion. The nobles of many of the provinces refused to give up their rights to a deputy, and Regal Prussia, in particular, was so tenacious of this privilege, that it has reserved even to modern times, the power of sending as many nobles to the diet as it pleases. The deputies also were bound to act precisely according to the instructions of their constituents, and the nobles still maintained their custom of general meetings, or confederations when occasion required. The towns also at this time enjoyed the elective franchise.'—pp. 51, 52.

Unhappily the power of the higher nobles still greatly preponderated over that of the third estate; the evil was clearly apparent to the sovereign, and he resolved, if possible, to apply a remedy. But the third estate was not yet sufficiently strong to afford him effectual assistance; his designs were suspected and frustrated by the aristocracy, and there were no commercial corporations, as in England, to assert their rights; and thus the aristocracy engrossed almost all the political influence of the country. Their authority over their serfs was quite arbitrary, notwithstanding the laws of protection established by Casimir; and they succeeded in obtaining from the Diet, in 1496, a decree by which persons engaged in trade were interdicted from becoming proprietors of land, or patrons of church preferment.

The line of the Jagellons ended with Sigismund, who, at his death, being without a male heir, restored the crown to his subjects for their disposal. Thus it became an affair of election and a prize for the competition, not of the native nobility, who were too jealous of each other to allow one of their own order to be raised to the throne, but of foreign princes, of whom many were at all

times found ready to contend for it. Laws for regulating the election of the sovereign were passed in 1573: it was agreed that all the nobles should have a voice in the nomination, and certain additions were made to the *pacta conventa*, whereby the crown was recognised as elective, and at the same time stripped of all active power; the Diet was ordered to be convoked every two years, and perfect toleration of religious opinions was established, the Roman Catholic however remaining the religion of the state, and the kings being bound to be of that faith. The first king elected according to the new constitution was Henry, Duke of Anjou, son of Catharine de Medicis, and brother of Charles IX., the reigning King of France. De Thou has given an animated description of the Polish deputation, which was charged with the office of announcing his new dignity to Henry.

'"It is impossible to express the general astonishment when we saw these ambassadors in long robes, fur caps, sabres, arrows, and quivers; but our admiration was excessive when we saw the sumptuousness of their equipages, the scabbards of their swords adorned with jewels, their bridles, saddles, and horse-cloths decked in the same way, and the air of consequence and dignity by which they were distinguished. One of the most remarkable circumstances was their facility in expressing themselves in Latin, French, German, and Italian. These four languages were as familiar to them as their vernacular tongue. There were only two men of rank at court who could answer them in Latin, the Baron of Millau and the Marquis of Castelnau-Maurissière. They had been commissioned expressly to support the honour of the French nation that had reason to blush at their ignorance in this point . . . . . They (the ambassadors) spoke our language with so much purity, that one would have taken them rather for men educated on the banks of the Seine and the Loire, than for inhabitants of the countries which are watered by the Vistula or the Dnieper, which put our courtiers to the blush, who knew nothing, but were open enemies of all science; so that when their guests questioned them, they answered only with signs or blushes." '—pp. 65, 66.

The honour was not much coveted by Henry; he set out however for Poland with the view of accepting it, but he had scarcely passed beyond the frontiers of his kingdom when he was informed of the death of his brother, which opened to him the throne of France. He at once cut off all the difficulties of his embarrassing situation by absconding as quickly as possible, and the Polish crown was conferred upon the Duke of Transylvania, Stephen Batery, an enlightened prince, who founded the University of Wilna, and gave every protection in his power to learning. The reigns that followed were stormy. The most brilliant was that of the celebrated John Sobieski, a Pole, who was raised to the throne by his superior genius. His successful conduct of the war against the Turks, whom he frequently vanquished in the field with inferior forces, gave an appearance of solidity to his throne, and of political influence to his country, to which it had for many years been a stranger. Nevertheless, the voice of faction was loud

against him towards the close of his reign; he was charged with making treaties detrimental to his country, and with infringing its liberties. It was upon one of these occasions that his indignation was vented in these manly and eloquent terms.

'"It is true they have told me that there was a remedy for the troubles of the republic; that the king should not divorce liberty, but re-establish it. Has he then violated it? Senators, this holy liberty in which I was born, and in which I grew up, rests on the faith of my oaths, and I am not a perjurer. I have devoted my life to it; from my youth, the blood of all my family has taught me to found my glory on this devotion. Let him who doubts it, go visit the tombs of my ancestors; let him follow the path to immortality which they have shewn to me. He will find by the traces of their blood, the road to the country of the Tartars, and the deserts of Wallachia. He will hear issuing from the bosom of the earth, and beneath the cold marble, voices which cry: *Let them learn from me how honourable and sweet it is to die for our country!* I could invoke the memory of my father, the glory he had, of being called four times to preside in the assemblies in this sanctuary of our laws, and the name of buckler of liberty which he deserved. Believe me, all this tribunitial eloquence would be better employed against those who, by their factions, invoke upon our country that cry of the prophet, which I seem, alas! already to hear resounding over our heads: 'yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed!"'—p. 140.

This prophecy was completely realized. Sobieski was the last of the elective kings of Poland who may be said to have been chosen with any appearance of national freedom. After his death the elections were forced; the king being nominally voted by a party in the Diet, but being in truth seated on the throne by the instrumentality of foreign arms. From that period the glory of the kingdom of Poland took its departure; Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Austria, France, and even England, occasionally taking active measures for the support of the candidate whom they respectively chose to set up. The proceedings of the Diet became a mere farce, as in consequence of the practice which had for some time prevailed, of requiring the assembly to be unanimous in all its resolutions, it was in the power of any deputy by expressing his dissent, thus exercising what was called his right of *Liberum veto*, to break up the assembly whenever such a step was found expedient. In such a state of things it was not difficult for Catharine of Russia to render her own influence predominant in Poland. The violent steps which she took for that purpose are properly characterised by Mr. Fletcher. She completed the overthrow of Polish independence, and the result was that the country was entirely at the mercy of the adjacent powers. The prophecy of Stanislas Lesczynski was now about to be realized.

'The fulness of time was now come to show the Poles the accomplishment of the prophecy which had been so often shouted in their ears to no purpose by the true friends of the republic, that the mutual jealousies of their neighbours was not a sufficient safeguard from foreign encroach-

ment and oppression. They seemed to forget that, even supposing the states of Europe were able to counterpoise each other, the balance of power was constantly vibrating; and that the equilibrium might be preserved, as well by making the Polish shares to be taken by the several powers proportionate, as by keeping to their own boundaries.

'One who was the most competent to judge of the interests and prospects of Poland, from having been its sovereign, had exhorted them many years before, in the plainest and most forcible terms, to open their eyes to their danger. "I reflect," said the royal and beneficent philosopher, Stanislas Lesczynski, "with dread upon the perils which surround us; what force have we to resist our neighbours? and on what do we found this extreme confidence which keeps us chained, as it were, slumbering in disgraceful repose? Do we trust to the faith of treaties? How many examples have we of the frequent neglect of even the most solemn agreements! We imagine that our neighbours are interested in our preservation by their mutual jealousy, a vain prejudice which deceives us; ridiculous infatuation, which formerly cost the Hungarians their liberty, and which will surely deprive us of ours, if, depending on such a frivolous hope, we continue unarmed; our turn will come, no doubt, either we shall be the prey of some famous conquerors, or, perhaps, *even the neighbouring powers will combine to divide our states.*" In vain were this and similar appeals made to the Poles; sad experience only was to convince them of their truth.'—pp. 260, 261.

Russia, Prussia, and Austria, had already resolved upon the partition of this unfortunate country. We have already seen in the character of Sobieski a source of elevating recollections for the Poles of the present day, and, indeed, of all future time. Many patriot voices were raised against the iniquitous plan of partition, which was concocted by the three powers. Amongst those noble defenders of their country, none were more distinguished than a deputy from Nowogrodeck, named Reyten, a Lithuanian by descent, and his worthy colleague, Samuel Korsak, to whom his father, on his setting out from home, addressed these valedictory words:—"My son, I send you to Warsaw accompanied by my oldest domestics; I charge them to bring me your head if you do not oppose with all your might what is now plotting against your country." It happened that Poninski, a mere creature of the three allied powers, was irregularly nominated as marshal of the Diet; a majority of the voices was in favour of Reyten, and he was determined on exercising the office, which was one of great influence in the assembly. Poninski, however, acted as marshal, he having been appointed by the intervention of the ambassadors, and soon after the session opened, he adjourned it to the next day.

'On the following morning, Poninski again made his appearance, merely to postpone the assembly one day more. When this period arrived, he went to the hall with a guard of foreign soldiers, to station some of his faction at the doors, and to prevent the entrance of the public. Reyten, Korask, and their little band of patriots were soon at their posts, when Reyten perceiving that the people were not allowed to enter, exclaimed,

"Gentlemen, follow me. Poninski shall not be marshal of the diet to-day, if I live!" It was already twelve o'clock, and Poninski did not appear, but a messenger arrived to state that he adjourned the meeting. "We do not acknowledge Poninski for marshal," replied Reyten; and seeing many of the members about to retire, he placed himself before the door with his arms crossed, and attempted to stop the deserters. But his exertions proving useless, he threw himself along the door-way, exclaiming with a wearied but determined voice, "Go, go, and seal your own eternal ruin, but first trample on the breast which will only beat for honour and liberty!" There were now only fifteen members in the hall, and of these but six persevered in their patriotic determination; namely, Reyten, Korsak, Durin, Terzmanowski, Kozuchowski, and Penczkowski. At ten, a message arrived from the Russian ambassador, inviting the non-content deputies to a conference at his house. Four of them, among whom was Korsak, accordingly went, and Stackelberg at first addressed them mildly, but finding them resolute began to threaten them with confiscation of their estates. On this Korask rose and declared, since they wished to seize his possessions, which were already, however, mostly plundered by the Russian armies, there was no occasion for so many preliminaries; and he actually put into his hand a list of all his property, adding, "This is all I have to sacrifice to the avarice of the enemies of my country. I know that they can also dispose of my life, but I do not know any despot on earth rich enough to corrupt, or powerful enough to intimidate me."

'Reyten remained still at his post, and the four patriots, on returning, found the doors closed, and lay down without for the night. On the following day the ministers of the three powers repaired to the King's palace; and Stackelberg threatened him with the immediate destruction of his capital, unless he gave his sanction to the forced confederation. Stanislas demanded the advice of his council, but received no reply, and taking their silence for an assent, and not knowing how to evade a direct answer, he yielded to the ministers' demands. The corrupt diet held their assembly, without the hall, because Reyten was still at his post, and such was their dread of even one patriotic individual. On the 23rd of April, when Poninski and the confederates entered, they found Reyten stretched senseless on the floor, in which state he must have lain thirty-six hours; such was the determination with which he resisted the oppression of his country; and so entirely were all the energies of his mind devoted to the cause, that when he learned its fall, he lost his reason.'—pp. 289—291.

Assuredly in the memory of such men as Reyten and Korsak, the Poles of our time have the noblest examples to incite them to deeds of patriotism. It was not until 1774, that this disgraceful partition of the greater portion of the Polish territories was finally agreed upon, without a single word of opposition from either France or England, and the public have still hardly forgotten the outrageous violation of the laws of nations, which were perpetrated in order to carry that arrangement into execution. We need not remind the reader of the admirable exertions of that glorious band of patriots, with Kosciusko at their head, who resisted this most iniquitous proceeding; nor of the unhappy fate with which those exertions were attended. The remnant of the

kingdom which had been at first spared to Stanislas Augustus, as the viceroy (for he was no more) of Russia, was soon taken from him; he was persuaded to abdicate, and the country became, for a season, a mere Russian province. The policy of Napoleon, at a subsequent period, amused the Poles with new notions of independence, but they soon found that they had merely made an exchange of a Russian for a French master, and, in 1815, the Congress of Vienna decided that the duchy of Warsaw, to which the limits of Poland may be said to have been then reduced, should be formed into a kingdom, and united to the crown of Russia, upon the condition, however, which was of course intended by that assembly of legitimates to be merely nominal, that it should enjoy a separate constitution and administration. A form of constitution was, indeed, given to Poland by the Emperor Alexander, but we may all remember the manner in which it has been carried into execution. The Emperor's nominal lieutenant was a Pole, but the late Grand Duke Constantine was the real governor, as he held the appointment of commander in chief of the army. The author has collected from an authentic source several instances of gross misconduct on the part of that prince.

'A most opulent and respectable man, named Woloski, the principal brewer of Warsaw, had, through some of his people, without his own knowledge, hired, as a servant in his establishment, a Russian deserter. The offender was detected, and proof of innocence on the part of his employer being disallowed, the Grand Duke, by his individual decree, ordered this respectable individual to be fettered, and in that condition he was compelled to work with a wheelbarrow in the public streets! His daughter, an amiable young lady, ventured to appeal to the mercy of the Grand Duke in behalf of her parent; and the unmanly monster kicked her down stairs, using, at the same time, the most abusive language. In the same way he caused two Polish officers to be seized in the dead of night, and without trial, or even accusation, sent them to Russia. Some of the publishers of Warsaw having incurred his displeasure, he sent soldiers in the middle of the night to break up the presses and destroy the types. Taxes were levied without consulting the diet; and when a distinguished member, Niemoyewski, protested against such proceedings, he was arrested and sent to his country-house under the charge of Cossacks, who kept him there for ten years, notwithstanding the most urgent affairs that required his attention elsewhere. The students, too, especially at Wilna, were persecuted and harassed by a most notorious person named Nowozilzoff, who succeeded Prince Adam Czartoryski as curator of the universities. This fit tool in Constantine's hands displayed on every occasion the most atrocious rapacity, and an entire absence of common humanity. One of the richest inhabitants of Lithuania had been arrested at the instance of this modern Sejanus; but 15,000 ducats, or 7,000*l.* sterling effected his liberation. This most infamous act, if it be possible to give any pre-eminence in acts all most pre-eminently wicked, was performed on the following occasion :—A boy of nine years of age, a son of Count Plater, had, in the playfulness of childhood, written in chalk on one of the forms, "The 3rd

of May for ever!" that being the anniversary of Kosciusko's Constitution. The fact was discovered by some of the innumerable spies, employed even among these infants, to Nowozilzoff, who instituted an inquiry among the boys; not one would betray poor Plater: they were all ordered to be flogged with the utmost severity! The unhappy offender declared that he had written the offensive words. The Grand Duke condemned him to be a soldier for life, incapable of advancement in the army; and when his mother threw herself before his carriage to implore forgiveness for the wretched child, he spurned her like a dog with his foot!

'Every one possessed of the means, naturally fled from such unheard-of tyranny, and, among others, a highly accomplished gentleman, who sought refuge in London. Constantine sent an emissary after him, in the foolish belief that he could carry him off. The emissary soon discovered the folly of his errand, and returned, to the great chagrin of his master.

'Shaving the heads of females who displeased him was a common occurrence; and, on one occasion, four soldiers were severely punished because they abstained from carrying such an order into effect, as they found it impossible to do so without using personal violence. Tarring and feathering the shaved heads of the offenders was also a favourite recreation of the commander-in-chief, whose delight it was to witness these barbarities.'—pp. 404—406.

'One of the most atrocious acts of this most atrocious period, is the treatment of Major Lukasinski, a Polish officer of high character and blameless life. He was distinguished by the Grand Duke, indeed was especially favoured on all occasions, but being a member of the association at the time that it became particularly obnoxious, he was arrested, and after some time brought into the presence of his imperious chief, who, addressing him in terms of kindness and friendship, invited him to repose confidence in the known attachment he felt for him: thus thrown off his guard, the unhappy man spoke with frankness and candour. He was removed to his dungeon, tried on his confession to the Grand Duke, was convicted, and condemned to be deprived of all his honours, to chains, and to perpetual imprisonment. In compliance with this sentence, he was conveyed to the fortress of Zamosc, where upwards of a thousand persons similarly circumstanced were confined. One of the Grand Duke's emissaries was introduced into the prison; he got up a conspiracy for effecting the escape of the prisoners, and without the privity of the wretched Lukasinski, contrived to procure his nomination as the leader of the conspirators. Then further persecutions were instituted, and for this imputed crime, which, even if real could not be blamed, by any man, he was condemned to death. This was however, too humane; death would have afforded relief to the wearied, which was not the object of Constantine. It was therefore commuted to perpetual imprisonment and a WEEKLY FLOGGING! And it was directed that a record should be kept for Constantine's especial information of the effect of each blow on the wretched victim! Humanity recoils at recording such atrocity, such cold-blooded ferocity; and we should not have ventured on making the statement, had not the facts been attested by documents found among the papers of the Grand Duke after his precipitate retreat from Warsaw last November. To guard against the possibility of relief or escape, Lukasinski was alternately confined in a prison in the heart of Warsaw, or in the fortress of Goura; and he was instantly removed, if the scene of his actual sufferings were even suspected.'—pp. 408, 409.

To this catalogue of crime, for which the wretched prince has since been called upon to answer before a higher tribunal, we cannot forbear adding another specimen of his cruelty towards a Polish gentleman now in this country.

'His career may be described as one of pain and misery. His father—a distinguished champion of the liberties of his country at the period of the last partition—was expatriated: being accompanied with his wife, the subject of the present detail was born during their flight, and was seized with his father's property by the government! He was placed with a man who appears to have possessed some of the feelings of humanity; for on the death of his own child, he reported the stranger to be dead, at the same time restoring him to his parents. Subsequently to the establishment of the Duchy of Warsaw, he entered the service of Napoleon, and served with distinction, but was taken prisoner in 1812, and was three years in prison. After the cession to Russia, and the establishment of the kingdom, he wished to retire from military life; and, after fourteen refusals to accept his resignation, the permission to retire was most ungraciously granted. His pertinacity had offended, and his integrity made him a marked man. Accordingly, on the occasion of which we speak, he was arrested, (having at that time previously spent about seven years in Russian prisons,) and without condemnation placed in a dark dungeon, where for eleven months he neither saw the face of man or the light of day. At the expiration of that time he, with others, was suddenly taken from their cells, thrown into common carts, and conveyed under a burning sun to St. Petersburg, where he was kept in rigorous custody, until he had completed his fourth year of additional captivity. Almost at the moment of his arrest he had been married to a lovely and amiable female: he had no intercourse with his family during his wearisome confinement; and when he returned to be cheered by domestic affection, he found that he had become a father, but that his wife, worn out by her feelings, was no longer the beautiful partner of his hopes and fears, but an exhausted being, drooping fast into her grave.—She died in two months!'—pp. 411—413.

When we consider the natural character of the Poles, the high and fiery spirit by which they are animated, the recollections of ancient liberty and of national glory which they must dearly cherish, and of the personal influence which they formerly exercised in the affairs of their country, we cannot be surprised at the electric mass of indignation which these and a thousand other acts of the oppressor kindled in their breasts, and which at length broke upon him in sounds of thunder. The 30th of November, 1830, will be a day ever memorable in Polish annals. Secret associations had been already organized, for the purpose of taking advantage of any favourable circumstances that might arise for the liberation of their country. The French revolution of July gave new vigour to their hopes, and prepared them for any extremity. Constantine's police were aware of the excitation that prevailed, and in order to establish the guilt of those whom they most suspected, inveigled them into an association of their own; from indolence, or rather perhaps from fear of devising a new scheme of organization, they made use

of one that had been already adopted by patriotic associations, against the members of which the government had proceeded with its characteristic violence. The production of this scheme alarmed the younger conspirators, who were enthusiastic in the cause; and believing that they were about to be immolated on the spot, they rushed to the military school at which they were receiving their education, and with very little exertion persuaded all their comrades to arm and join them in an attack upon the palace. Amongst 180 individuals there was not a single dissentient; even one who was lying sick in bed joined his companions, and they forthwith commenced the revolution.

'The Grand Duke, though affecting a reckless courage on all occasions, did not choose to incur the risk of living in the centre of Warsaw, but established himself at the palace of Belveder in the outskirts of the city, having at a short distance, the barracks of three regiments of Russian guards. From some whimsical motive he surrounded the barrack with a wide and deep ditch, over which some very narrow bridges were thrown, so that by boats it was most conveniently crossed. Constantine had no guards about his residence, but the disguised spies were so numerous, that no stranger could approach beyond the outer gate without interruption. The habits of the Grand Duke, too, favoured the plan of the conspirators. His usual practice was to rise at four, to appear among the troops and in public until his hour of dinner, which is two in the afternoon; then to retire to bed, sleep until seven or eight o'clock, then rise again and devote himself to amusement for the evening. The hour chosen for proceeding to his palace, for the purpose of making him a prisoner to be detained as an hostage, was seven. At that time the young soldiers proceeded to the bridge of Sobieski, where the main body posted themselves, while a dozen of the most determined pressed forward to complete their object. They forced their way into the palace, where they were first opposed by the director of the police, one Lubowidizki, who fled on being wounded: next they encountered the Russian General Gendre, a man infamous for his crimes; he was killed in the act of resisting. Lastly, when on the point of reaching the bedchamber of the Grand Duke, who alarmed had just risen, they were stopped by the valet-de-chambre Kochanowski, who by closing a secret door enabled his master to escape undressed through the window. He fled to his guards, who instantly turned out. Disappointed in their prey, the devoted band rejoined their companions at the bridge of Sobieski, where they had been awaiting the result of the plan. On finding that the first object had failed, they resolved on returning into the city. In doing this, it was necessary to pass close to the barracks, where the soldiers were already mounted, but unable to cross the ditch, from the precautionary arrangements of the small bridges. They could therefore only fire on the hostile party, who from being thus peculiarly situated, returned the fire so briskly that they killed three hundred before they retreated, carrying off only one of their party wounded. On reaching the city, they instantly liberated every state prisoner, were joined by the school of the engineers and the students of the university. A party entered the only two theatres open, calling out, "Women home—men to arms!" Both requisitions were instantaneously complied with. The arsenal was next forced, and, in

one hour and a half from the first movement, so electrical was the cry of liberty, that 40,000 men were in arms. The sappers and the fourth Polish regiment declared in favour of the insurrection very soon: and by eleven o'clock the remainder of the Polish troops in Warsaw, declaring that their children were too deeply compromised to be abandoned, espoused the popular cause. On hearing this, the Grand Duke fell back, forcing two regiments of Polish guards along with him!'—pp. 414—416.

There is little doubt that if time had allowed the arrangements of the revolutionists to have been somewhat better matured, Constantine and his troops might have been easily captured. They were foolishly permitted to escape under a convention; but the patriots have since then given abundant proof to the world that this was an act of clemency, not of timidity. Nobly indeed have they vindicated the Polish name. Their recent deeds of arms have given new lustre to the cause of liberty throughout the civilized world; and we trust that the time is fast approaching when they shall receive, as well from the government as from the people of England, that active sympathy which they have so richly earned. We have been, since the very commencement of their operations, so intensely occupied with our own affairs, involving not merely a change of ministry, but the election of a new parliament, and the discussion of many essential alterations in its constitution, that we have hardly had time to pay even a moderate degree of attention to the operations of those chivalrous champions of Sarmatia. We fervently pray that they may be able to disperse the armies of the haughty Czar, drive them back to their native marshes, and for ever remove from his head the diadem which his tyranny has sullied. If the effusion of blood can indeed be prevented by mere diplomatic interference, we may envy the French nation the glory of originating it. But we cannot the less admire and thank that great country, in the name of humanity and freedom, for listening to the voice of instinct and feeling in such a cause, instead of waiting for events, and the ceremonious routine of that phlegmatic policy, which has too long hung like an incubus over our own cabinet.

ART. VIII.—*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—The Architecture of Birds.* Parts I. and II. London: Knight. 1831.

FOR this charming volume of Natural History we are indebted to Mr. Rennie, the Author of Insect Transformations and Insect Architecture. It has been thought by some of our contemporaries that the titles which he has chosen to give to his works, have been somewhat fanciful, and calculated chiefly for the purposes of attraction. They may be open to this objection to a certain extent, but we are inclined to think that it is of very little consequence what name an author gives to his book, provided that it be in itself capable of rewarding the attention which we bestow upon it. In a

production of this class, destined for the entertainment of a large class of readers, the absence of formality and system is, in our eyes, a great recommendation. We do not think that it signifies a great deal, whether there be or be not any decided and striking analogy between miners and mining-birds, masons and mason-birds, tailors and tailor-birds, weavers and weaver-birds. If there be the slightest possible ground for the justification of these appellations, a mere peg as it were to hang an association upon, that is sufficient. In an elaborate treatise, affecting to discuss the subject scientifically, we should undoubtedly look for an arrangement of topics according to rules that either have been, or deserve to be, stamped with a legitimate authority. But in such a publication as the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, we seek principally for amusement, and if with it we obtain a little instruction, we may feel assured that it will not be the less pleasing or impressive, because it has come in a kind of dishabille.

Nothing, in our estimation, can be done amiss which tends to increase our love of nature and of her wondrous works. To some readers, and perhaps to all deep thinkers, system, classification, and a technical nomenclature are indispensible; and they look upon any thing in the shape of a popular vehicle of knowledge as undeserving of their notice, and beneath even their contempt. But all such persons we leave to the enjoyment of their stilts. They cannot put a cloud upon the sun, nor stop the song of the lark, nor ruffle the music of the brook, nor lessen the pomp of the woods, nor spoil the garniture of the fields. If they choose to enter into the subject of Natural History with their spectacles on, and a box of Pontet at their elbow, we wish them joy of their preference. For our parts, we love to roam abroad beneath the garish eye of day, to read the glorious volume of nature in her own handwriting, for the understanding of which neither spectacles, Pontet, nor dictionaries are required—nothing but the light of heaven, the balmy breeze, and the harmony of a mind at peace with all the world, and especially with Him who made the world. Alexander Wilson, the Scotch weaver, who went to the United States without a friend, a wanderer in a strange country, never, perhaps, read a line of Buffon or Cuvier. Nevertheless, at the age of forty, he taught himself to draw and colour after the designs of nature, such as he found them amid the forests and mountains: he sought information concerning her works at her own hands; in seven years he travelled ten thousand miles, such was the good man's enthusiasm in pursuit of a knowledge of the native birds of that continent; and he has succeeded in producing an account of them, which has thrown almost all other books on the subject into the shade.

The object of the present volume is said to be 'an examination of birds in the exercise of their mechanical arts of constructing nests:' a subject replete with interest, inasmuch as the modes are infinite in which the birds perform that office, in order to adapt their nests

to the peculiar habits of the individual. Mr. Rennie does not, however, confine himself exclusively to this department of the business of the feathered race. He merely uses the title as an apology for collecting together, as well from his own observations, as from those of other naturalists, the most interesting facts which enter into the general history of birds, his real object being to produce a readable book, rather than a regular treatise, Thus, for instance, we have several pages concerning the habits of the Petrel, commonly called the stormy Petrel, or Mother Cary's chickens, but scarcely more than a line or two about their nests, and not a word about the construction of those habitations. But would this deviation from the proposed plan of the work prevent us from admiring with Wilson, as quoted by Mr. Rennie, "these little birds in a gale, coursing over the waves, down the declivities, and up the ascents of the foaming surf that threatens to burst over their heads, sweeping along troughs of the sea as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, and just above its surface, occasionally dropping their feet, which, striking the water, throw them up again with additional force, sometimes leaping, with both legs parallel, on the surface of the roughest waves for several yards at a time?" We suspect that the mere divergence of the matter from the proposed outline, will not diminish the reader's pleasure in perusing the glowing and picturesque description (abridged by Mr. Rennie) which the Scottish weaver gives of these birds, although it does not contain a syllable about their nests.

'"There are," says the same writer in another place, "few persons who have crossed the Atlantic that have not observed these solitary wanderers of the deep, skimming along the surface of the wild and wasteful ocean; flitting past the vessel like swallows, or following in her wake, gleaning their scanty pittance of food from the rough and whirling surges. Habited in mourning, and making their appearance generally in greater numbers previous to or during a storm, they have long been fearfully regarded by the ignorant and superstitious, not only as the foreboding messengers of tempests and dangers to the hapless mariner, but as wicked agents, connected somehow or other in creating them. 'Nobody,' say they, 'can tell any thing of where they come from, or how they breed, though (as sailors sometimes say) it is supposed that they hatch their eggs under their wings as they sit on the water.' This mysterious uncertainty of their origin, and the circumstances above recited, have doubtless given rise to the opinion, so prevalent among this class of men, that they are in some way or other connected with the prince of the power of the air. In every country where they are known, their names have borne some affinity to this belief. They have been called witches, stormy petrels, the Devil's birds, and Mother Cary's chickens, probably from some ideal hag of that name; and their unexpected and numerous appearance has frequently thrown a momentary damp over the mind of the hardiest seaman. It is the business of the naturalist, and the glory of philosophy, to examine into the reality of these things; to dissipate the clouds of error and superstition wherever they darken and bewilder the human understanding, and to illustrate nature with the radiance of truth."

'When we inquire, accordingly, into the unvarnished history of this ominous bird, we find that it is by no means peculiar in presaging storms, for many others of very different families are evidently endowed with an equally nice perception of a change in the atmosphere. Hence it is that, before rain, swallows are seen more eagerly hawking for flies, and ducks carefully trimming their feathers, and tossing up water over their backs, to try whether it will run off again without wetting them. But it would be as absurd to accuse the swallows and ducks on that account of being the cause of rain, as to impute a tempest to the spiteful malice of the poor petrels. Seamen ought rather to be thankful to them for the warning which their delicate feelings of aërial change enable them to give of an approaching hurricane.

'"As well," says Wilson, "might they curse the midnight lighthouse that, star-like, guides them on their watery way; or the buoy that warns them of the sunken rocks below, as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approaching of the storm, and thereby enables them to prepare for it." The petrels are nocturnal birds. When, therefore, they are seen flying about and feeding by day, the fact appears to indicate that they have been driven from their usual quarters by a storm; and hence, perhaps, arose the association of the bird with the tempest. Though the petrels venture to wing their way over the wide ocean as fearlessly as our swallows over a mill-pond, they are not, therefore, the less sensible to danger; and, as if feelingly aware of their own weakness, they make all haste to the nearest shelter. When they cannot then find an island or a rock to shield them from the blast, they fly towards the first ship they can descry, crowd into her wake, and even close under the stern, heedless, it would appear, of the rushing surge, so that they can keep the vessel between them and the unbroken sweep of the wind. It is not to be wondered at, in such cases, that their low wailing note *weet, weet,* should add something supernatural to the war of the waves, and whistling of the wind, and infuse an ominous dread into minds prone to superstition."' —pp. 28—30.

In the same manner who can fail to be delighted with that writer's description of the belted king-fisher, which differs in but a few points from our European halcyon?

'"Like the love-lorn swains," says he, "of whom poets tell us, he delights in murmuring streams and falling waters; not, however, merely that they may soothe his ear, but for a gratification somewhat more substantial. Amidst the roar of the cataract or over the foam of a torrent, he sits perched upon an overhanging bough, glancing his piercing eye in every direction below for his scaly prey, which with a sudden circular plunge he sweeps up from their native element and swallows in an instant. His voice, which is not unlike the twirling of a watchman's rattle, is naturally loud, harsh, and sudden; but is softened by the sound of the brawling streams and cascades among which he generally rambles. He courses along the windings of the brook or river, at a small height above the surface, sometimes suspending himself by the rapid action of his wings like certain species of hawks, ready to pounce on the fry below; now and then settling on an old dead over-hanging limb to reconnoitre. Mill-dams are particularly visited by this

feathered fisher; and the sound of his pipe is as well known to the miller, as the rattling of his own hopper.' "—p. 48.

It is wonderful with what unerring sagacity birds in general contrive to combine two essential requisites in the construction of their nests—warmth and security. This sagacity is dignified by some philosophers with the name of reason; by others it is designated as mere mechanical instinct. We should say that it was both. It seems impossible for any body who is much conversant with the facts which natural history has disclosed, not to have observed that occasionally some faculty, higher than that of instinct, presides over the operations of the lower animals of the creation. Although the generations do not improve upon the works of their ancestors, and the rooks of 1831 build their nests precisely after the fashion of their predecessors, in the time of the heptarchy, nevertheless we may observe in the habitations of some individuals of the race, an adaptation to circumstances, which would seem to have been dictated by a more comprehensive intelligence than that which is commonly ascribed to them. Birds, it cannot be doubted, have very philosophical notions of the temperature that is required for the hatching of their eggs. Hence some construct their nests in the ground, their object being to obtain in this manner the advantage of that uniform temperature, which the interior of the earth has been ascertained to possess. Others, as the ostrich and several sea-birds, only sit on their eggs during the night, or in moist or gloomy weather, and at other times leave them altogether to the influence of the solar beams. To some perfect dryness, to others moisture, is a greater object than warmth. The *Pill-will-willet* of America is one of the latter, building on the ground among the grass of the salt marshes, its nest being chiefly composed of wet rushes, in order, as it is supposed, to counteract the heat of the mother, which is naturally too high. It is evidently for the same reason that " during the term of incubation," as Wilson informs us, " the female often resorts to the sea-shore, where, standing up to the belly in water, she washes and dresses her plumage, seeming to enjoy great satisfaction from these frequent ablutions."

It is a common belief that the red-breast is to be seen only towards the close of Autumn and during the prevalence of severe frost; and that in the other seasons of the year he takes refuge in wild and solitary places far distant from the haunts of man. This, however, is a mistake, for we have ourselves frequently seen him in his usual hedges in the very middle of July. Mr, Rennie says that one has been in song close to his house all this summer, and that he remarked another 'singing for several months among some elms at Lewisham bridge, though there are houses all around, and the bustle of the public road just below.' He adds that 'the red-breast, indeed, does not usually come to the cottage for crumbs during summer, because the insects are plentiful, and this may

have given rise to the common opinion.' He once, however, saw an instance, at Compton Basset, in Wiltshire, in which a red-breast made a daily visit in summer *within* a cottage door, to peck up what he could find. Graham's sketch of this favourite bird is copied from nature.

'"High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well concealed sometimes within the sound
Of heartsome mill-clack, when the spacious door
White dusted, tells him plenty reigns around.
Close at the root of brier bush, that o'erhangs
The narrow stream, with shealings bedded white,
He fixes his abode, and lives at will.
Oft near some single cottage he prefers
To rear his little home; there pert and spruce
He shares the refuse of the good wife's churn.
Not seldom does he neighbour the low roof
Where tiny elves are taught."'

Birds of Scotland, p. 29.

The swallow, who builds his nests in the angles of our windows, and immediately beneath the eves of our houses, is ranked with sufficient propriety, by Mr. Rennie, amongst his mason-birds. The popular supposition that these creatures knead the clay with water from the nearest brook or pond before they carry it to the spot destined for the construction of their nest, is discarded by him as fabulous.

'Swallows, we admit, may be frequently seen both drinking and washing on the wing, and also collecting mud from cart-ruts and other places. But they never carry water in their bills, or on their feathers. They are incapable of performing either operation; for they want the necessary muscles to carry water in their mouths, as we can do, and whatever water might adhere to their feathers would be instantly shaken off in flying, for, according to our observations, it runs off from them as it does from the feathers of ducks and other water-fowl. Besides, their inability to find materials sufficiently moist is a supposition altogether improbable, with respect to a bird of such powerful wing, whose flight is so excursive, and usually in the vicinity of water.

'That some liquid is requisite, however, to make their mortar more adhesive, will be evident to any person who will take the trouble of picking up a little mud from the same place where the swallows collect it, and endeavour to make it adhere to a wall, as they do their nests. We have more than once tried such an experiment without success. We have further ascertained, by examining nests during the process of building, that the portion of clay just added is considerably more moist than that of the ruts from which it has been taken. The natural conclusion is, that the swallows employ some salivary fluid besides the water which may be in the mud. That this is the fact, and not a fancy, we shall find numerous occasions to prove as we proceed. That the bird moistens the clay with saliva is confirmed by anatomical examination, the presence of large salivary glands being shewn upon dissection.

'M. Montbeillard, in his elaborate and otherwise excellent account of

the window-swallow's nest, has fallen into a mistake from not being aware of this circumstance. "The nest," he says, "which I observed in the month of September, and which had been broken off from a window, was composed externally of earth, particularly the soft mould thrown up in the morning by worms in new-delved borders." Now, looking at the outside of one of these curious nests, we are not surprised that the ingenious naturalist should have fancied it thus composed; for the process by which it is constructed is precisely similar to that pursued by the worms. The swallow, not requiring to have the outside of her nest smooth and neat like the interior plastering of the thrush, only rough-casts it, as our workmen say, by daubing the little pellets of clay as she brings them, rounded and moistened with saliva; and, of course, when these dry, the external wall of the nest appears as if it were composed of worm-casts, though no swallow, we are well persuaded, has ever been seen collecting these for her building materials, as Montbeillard conjectures.

* * * * * *

'It is very rarely that the observations of the ingenious naturalist of Selborne require correction. We can testify to the minute accuracy of his excellent description of the building process of the window-swallow, or martin (*Hirundo urbica*). "About the middle of May," he says, "if the weather be fine, the martin begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall without any projecting ledge under, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion, the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, put itself down by its own weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast; but by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen, when they build mud-walls (informed at first perhaps by the little bird,) raise but a moderate layer at a time and then desist; lest the work should become top-heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method, in about ten or twelve days, is formed a hemispheric nest with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm, and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended.

'"The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic-work full of knobs and protuberances on the outside: nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all; but is rendered soft and warm and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers; and sometimes by a bedding of moss interwoven with wool. They are often capricious in fixing on a resting place, beginning many edifices and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, after so much labour is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as nature seldom works in vain, the same nest serves for several seasons. Those which breed in a ready finished house, get the start in hatching of

those that build new, by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labours in the long days before four in the morning; when they fix their materials, they plaster them on with their chins, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion."

* * * * * *

'The swallow is a general favourite. He comes to us when nature is putting on her most smiling aspect, and he stays with us through the months of sunshine and gladness. "The swallow," says Sir H. Davy, "is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he glads my sense of seeing, as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature; winter is unknown to him, and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn, for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa."

'"Gentle bird! we find thee here
When Nature wears her summer vest;
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
And when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile."

'The places which the swallow loves are consecrated, too, by our great dramatic poet, in one of his most characteristic passages, in which, after the turmoil of dark passions, the mind is for a moment relieved by the contrast of pure feelings, clothed in the most exquisite language.

'"This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Swells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate."

'But the attractions of poetry are not required to give a charm to the "loved mansionry" of this delightful bird. The simple description of an Italian poet interprets the delight which its cheerful industry affords to an imaginative mind:—

'"La Rondinella, sopra il nido allegra,
Cantando salutava il nuovo giorno."

'It is the voice of innocent gladness; the bird is happy, as it seems to us, because it is constantly active in its proper duties.'—pp. 100—108.

If any of our readers, passing over the descriptions of the poets and the enthusiasm of the naturalists, be desirous of preventing swallows from building in their windows, or beneath the roofs of their houses, they need only have the forbidden places well rubbed with oil and soft soap, which will render it impossible for the bird to make the clay adhere to the wall. Once foiled, the swallow will not try the spot again for years. With most persons, however, the bird is a favourite—particularly the barn swallow, to which the Anglo-Americans are so much attached, that they have many con-

trivances for enticing them to build near their houses. Wilson says, that "in the woods they are never met with; but as you approach a farm they soon catch the eye, cutting their gambols in the air. Scarcely a barn, to which these birds can find access, is without them; and, as public feeling is universally in their favour, they are seldom or never disturbed. A German has assured me, that if a man permitted swallows to be shot, his cows would give bloody milk!" Some swallows, it is well known, build their nests five or six feet, or more, down the chimney, without any regard to the smoke that issues from the funnel, in order to obtain greater security for their young. Others prefer the shafts of old wells, and even of coal-pits, in which men are continually passing and repassing. M. Hebert says, that he saw a pair of window-swallows build on the spring of a bell, the bottom of the nest resting on the spring, while the upper semicircular brim leaned against the wall by its two ends, three or four inches below the eave. The frequent concussion given by the spring prevented the hatch from succeeding, yet the pair did not abandon their musical mansion until the end of the season. Bingley mentions a pair, which built for two successive seasons on the handles of a pair of garden shears, that happened to be stuck up against some boards in an out-house. But a still more curious fancy must have actuated another pair of swallows, which are recorded to have constructed their habitation on the wings and body of a dead owl, that was hung up on the rafters of a barn, moved by every gust of wind. The owl, with its odd appendage, was deposited as a curiosity in the museum of Sir Ashton Lever, who directed a large shell to be put in the place where the owl had previously been suspended, and the following year, as he expected, a nest was built there, which has also, with the shell, been preserved in the same museum.

The flamingo, which is now to be seen only near the waters of Africa and America, constructs his nest of materials similar to those which the swallow uses. They do not, however, inhabit these buildings, their long legs preventing them from doing so. They frequent the marshes, where they can find plenty of slime; this they heap up with their claws, and form hillocks, resembling little islets, rising to the height of about a foot-and-a-half above the water, the base being broad and solid, and the structure gradually tapering towards the top, where they leave a small hollow to receive their eggs. When they lay or hatch, says Dampier, from whom this account is taken, they stand erect, not on the top, but very near it, their feet on the ground and in the water, leaning themselves against the hillock, and covering the nest with their tail. Their eggs are very long, and as they make their nest on the ground, they could not, without injuring their eggs or their young, have their legs in the nest, nor sit, nor support their whole body, but for this wonderful instinct which nature has given them. They appear, in fact, astride on the little pyramid, like a man on horseback. The crested penguins build

their nests after the same fashion; in the Falkland Islands they are so numerous, that the places in which they chiefly congregate are called Penguin Towns. The masonry of our own magpie is so well known that it need hardly be alluded to. The same observation would be thought to apply to the ingenuity of the song-thrush and blackbird, although their nests cost much more labour than is generally imagined.

The carpenter birds form a distinct class in themselves. Of these the woodpeckers may be said to be the masters, especially those distinguished by the ivory bill.

'Were we merely to judge from the bill alone, we should be disposed to consider the ivory-billed wood-pecker *(Picus principalis)* the prince of the carpenter birds. This powerful instrument is as white and much tougher, if not harder than ivory, and elegantly fluted. With this he can dig into the hardest trees, either for food or for nestling. In the low countries of the Carolinas, this bird usually prefers the large timbered cypress swamps for breeding in; and in the trunk of one of these trees at a considerable height, the male and female alternately and in conjunction dig out a large and capacious cavity for their eggs and young. Trees thus dug out have frequently been cut down with sometimes the eggs and young in them: the hole being said to be generally a little winding, the better to keep out the weather, and from two to five feet deep. The labour of digging out a hole of such dimensions, may be considered almost beyond the execution of these birds; but when we read of some of their other feats in carpentry, the fact does not appear in the least surprising. Wilson gives the following interesting history of one which he captured.

'"The first place," says he, "I observed this bird at, when on my way to the south, was about twelve miles north of Wilmington, in North Carolina. There I found the bird from which the drawing of the figure is taken. This bird was only wounded slightly in the wing, and on being caught uttered a loud reiterated and most piteous note, exactly resembling the violent crying of a young child, which terrified my horse so, as nearly to have cost me my life. It was distressing to hear it. I carried it with me in the chair, under cover, to Wilmington. In passing through the streets, its affecting cries surprised every one within hearing, particularly the females, who hurried to the doors and windows, with looks of alarm and anxiety. I drove on, and in arriving at the piazza of the hotel, where I intended to put up, the landlord came forward, and a number of other persons who happened to be there, all equally alarmed at what they heard; this was greatly increased, by my asking whether he could furnish me with accommodations for myself and my baby. The man looked blank and foolish, while the others stared with still greater astonishment. After diverting myself a minute or two at their expense, I drew my wood-pecker from under the cover, and a general laugh took place. I took him up stairs and locked him up in my room, while I went to see my horse taken care of. In less than an hour I returned, and on opening the door he set up the same distressing shout, which now appeared to proceed from grief that he had been discovered in his attempts at escape. He had mounted along the side of the window, nearly as high as the ceiling, a little below which he had begun to break through. The bed was covered

with large pieces of plaster, the lath was exposed for at least fifteen inches square, and a hole large enough to admit the fist, opened to the weather boards; so that in less than another hour he would certainly have succeeded in making his way through. I now tied a string round his leg and fastening it to the table, again left him. I wished to preserve his life and had gone off in search of suitable food for him. As I reascended the stairs, I heard him again hard at work, and on entering had the mortification to perceive that he had almost entirely ruined the mahogany table to which he was fastened, and on which he had wreaked his whole vengeance. While engaged in taking the drawing, he cut me severely in several places, and on the whole displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit, that I was frequently tempted to restore him to his native woods. He lived with me nearly three days, but refused all sustenance; and I witnessed his death with regret. The head and bill of this bird is in great esteem among the southern Indians, who wear them by way of amulet or charm, as well as ornament, and, it is said, dispose of them to the northern tribes at considerable prices. An Indian believes that the head, skin, or even feathers of certain birds confer on the wearer all the virtues or excellences of those birds. Thus I have seen a coat made of the skins, heads, and claws of the raven; caps stuck round with heads of butcher-birds, hawks, and eagles; and as the disposition and courage of the ivory-billed woodpecker are well known to the savages, no wonder they should attach great value to it, having both beauty, and, in their estimation, distinguished merit to recommend it."

'A singular circumstance which occurred at Chelmsford in 1807, places the carpentry of birds in a very striking light. An elm was cut down on the estate of Mr. Parker, and upon being sawed into planks, a hollow was discovered near the centre of the tree, containing a bird's nest and several eggs, which were unfortunately broken by the saw. How long it had lain in this recess cannot be known; but as the yolks of the eggs were not dried up, one would suppose that it could not be a very long period; though it is not apparent how any part of an elm, naturally a slow-growing tree, should increase so rapidly as to enclose the nest and eggs, before the latter were destroyed by moisture or insects, particularly as the cavity in question was covered with five or six inches of solid timber. Yet this is not more unaccountable than the circumstance which has been repeatedly recorded by authentic witnesses, of live toads being found enclosed in growing trees, and other instances of a very similar description. On examining an elm near Brockley, in Kent, in which the cross-bar of a style was fixed a few years ago, we found that over this the elm had grown so as to enclose it for more than a foot in the live timber, the bark being so closely compacted around the dead style-bar, that the blade of a knife cannot be inserted between. We have watched the progress of this for several years, and find that it makes a regular advance every summer. Had a pair of red-starts or creepers built a nest at the end of the cross-bar within the elm, and been accidentally killed after the eggs were deposited, it would have been inclosed in the same manner as the end of the bar.'—pp. 152—156.

The basket-making birds form a numerous and very curious tribe, to which our rook belongs. But the most remarkable amongst

them is the baya, a sparrow found in most parts of Hindostan, distinguished for its beautiful plumage, and the sagacity with which it constructs its nest. His habitation is much in the form of the large bottles which the chemists display in their windows, having a large belly and a narrow neck, and is composed of long grass woven most ingeniously together, and suspended by the narrow end to the extremity of a flexible branch of a tree, in order, says Forbes, "the more effectually to secure the eggs and young brood from serpents, monkeys, squirrels, and birds of prey." "These nests," he adds, "contain several apartments, appropriated to different purposes: in one the hen performs the office of incubation: another, consisting of a little thatched roof and covering a perch, without a bottom, is occupied by the male, who, with his chirping note, cheers the female during her maternal labours." Dr. Fryer is enthusiastic in his admiration of these birds, who, he tells us, construct the nest "like a steeple-hive, with winding meanders, before which hangs a penthouse for the rain to pass, tying it with so slender a thread to the bough of the tree, that the squirrel dare not venture his body, though his mouth water at the eggs and prey within; yet it is strong enough to bear the hanging habitation of the ingenious contriver, free from all the assaults of its antagonists, and all the accidents of gusts and storms. Hundreds of these pendulous nests may be seen on one tree."

The weaver-birds are so called because the materials of their nests are generally found more or less neatly interlaced. The hedge-sparrow lines its nest with a woof of hair-work, which is generally of considerable thickness; the pied wagtail does the same thing, and also the red-breast and the yellow-hammer. But all these are exceeded in neatness and skilfulness of workmanship by the chaffinch, still more by the Baltimore starling, of whose operations Wilson gives a detailed account. This bird fabricates a kind of cloth, not unlike felt, which it forms into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lined with a variety of soft substances, and finished with a layer of horse hair. The whole is shaded from the sun by a natural penthouse, or canopy of leaves. Like the baya, the Baltimore starling suspends its habitation on the extremity of a branch of a tree. In the season of building, the women in the country are obliged to watch any thread which they may have bleaching, as the Baltimore, finding it so convenient for his purpose, often purloins it in great quantities. Some of the weaver-birds in India, it seems, not only construct nests of the most beautiful texture, but also light them up at night by means of glow worms!

'There is a bird (the species of which has not been well ascertained) celebrated in India for lighting up her nest during the night with glow-worms or fire-flies. It is further added to this wonderful circumstance, that, after collecting those luminous insects, she fastens them to the inside of her nest by means of a peculiar kind of clay of a glutinous nature.

"What an elegant illumination!" exclaims Mrs. Wakefield, "could our minds be divested of the sufferings of the poor glow-worms, whose brilliancy subjects them to a painful death: they form an apt emblem of beauty that so often misleads its possessor into error and folly." This story of the bird lighting up its nest with glow-worms has been considered, however, as unreal as the poetical fancy that the light of the glow-worm itself is intended as a nuptial torch, to guide the darkling flight of the male to his home; which popular belief, adopted even by the best naturalists, must give way to the fact, first ascertained by De Geer, that the larva of the glow-worm (which cannot propagate) exhibits the same light. The nest of the Indian sparrow (*Loxia Bengalensis* ?) is thus described, and its illumination explained, by Sir William Jones:—

'"This bird is exceedingly common in Hindoostan; he is astonishingly sensible, faithful, and docile, never voluntarily deserting the place where his young are hatched, but not averse, like most other birds, to the society of mankind, and easily taught to perch on the hand of his master. In a state of nature he generally builds his nest on the highest tree he can find, especially on the Palmyra, or on the Indian fig-tree, and he prefers that which happens to overhang a well or a rivulet: he makes it of grass, which he weaves like cloth, and shapes like a bottle, suspending it firmly on the branches, but so as to rock with the wind, and placing it with its entrance downwards to secure it from the birds of prey. This nest usually consists of two or three chambers, and it is popularly believed that he lights them with fire-flies, which he is said to catch alive at night, and confine with moist clay, or with cow dung. That such flies are often found in his nest, where pieces of cow dung are also stuck, is indubitable; but, as their light could be of little use to him, it seems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper, or any small matter that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropt into a deep well, and a signal be given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted, that if a house, or any other place be shown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately, on a proper signal being made. The young Hindoo women at Benares, and in other places, wear very thin plates of gold, called *ticas*, slightly fixed, by way of ornament, between their eyebrows, and when they pass through the streets it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines, who amuse themselves with training these birds, to give them a signal which they understand, and send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their mistresses, which they bring in triumph to their lovers."'

'It is not improbable, however, that some of these feats have received a colouring from Oriental imagination. The separate chambers of the nest, also, may possibly be accounted for, as Vaillant has most satisfactorily done respecting the perch of the pinc-pinc. We have, however, received the following account from a gentleman, long resident in India, whose testimony in favour of the popular opinion that the loxia uses glow-worms to light up its nest, and makes separate chambers in its dwelling, is so strong, that we cannot refuse to place it before our readers:—

'"Desiring to ascertain the truth of the current belief that the bird employs the glow-worm for the purpose of illuminating its nest, I adopted

the following method :—Taking advantage of the absence of the birds, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I directed a servant to prevent their return, while I examined their nest, which I cut open, and found in it a full-sized glow-worm, fastened to the inside with what is in India called *morum*, a peculiarly binding sort of clay. Having sewn up the division, I replaced the nest, which on the following evening I again examined, and found another smaller sized glow-worm, with fresh clay, a little on one side of the former spot. I subsequently tried the experiment on three other nests, in two of which the same results were elicited, and in the third the fresh clay was fixed, but no glow-worm. That the insect is placed in the nest as food, is, I think, rendered extremely doubtful, by the fact of its being fixed in the clay, a useless labour for that purpose ; and from the little likelihood there is that a bird, which, as I believe, never quits its nest after roosting, which delights in sunshine, and which is never known to take any food during the night-time, should be of such a greedy disposition as to be unable to retire to rest without providing food for a future occasion. As to the separate chambers, also, it may be observed that the fact of their existence is indisputable ; and I think it is equally certain that they are not occasioned by adding new nests to old ones, as such additions would be at once discernible, from the difference occasioned in the colour and texture, by exposure to the inclemencies of the seasons." '—pp. 249—252.

We come next, as we are proceeding through all the mechanical trades, to the tailor-birds, some of which, it has been ascertained beyond doubt, make the bill perform the office of a needle. 'Of this,' says Mr. Rennie, 'we have unquestionable evidence, both in the workmanship of the nests of more than one species, and in the ocular testimony of observers who have watched the little mechanics at work!' The account given of one of these, will serve as a specimen of the whole tribe, concerning which, we may observe, the details collected by our naturalists are rather scanty.

'But the most celebrated bird of this division is the one which in the East is, *par excellence*, named the tailor-bird (*sylvia sutoria*, LATH.), the description of whose performances we would be apt to suspect for an Oriental fiction, if we had not a number of the actual specimens to prove their rigid authenticity. We do suspect, however, that these very specimens have misled European naturalists a step beyond the truth in their accounts of its proceedings. "The tailor-bird," says Darwin, "will not trust its nest to the extremity of a tender twig, but makes one more advance to safety by fixing it to the leaf itself. It *picks up a dead leaf, and sews it to the side of a living one*, its slender bill being its needle, and its thread some fine fibres ; the lining consists of feathers, gossamer, and down ; its eggs are white ; the colour of the bird light yellow ; its length three inches ; its weight three-sixteenths of an ounce ; so that the materials of the nest, and the weight of the bird, are not likely to draw down a habitation so slightly suspended. A nest of this bird is preserved in the British Museum." '

'There are now three such nests in the Museum, all of which certainly give some colour to the story of a dead leaf having been sewed to a living one ; yet we have the authentic narrative of an eye-witness of its operations,

which mentions nothing of this kind; but, on the contrary, serves to confirm our doubts. It will consequently be desirable to give this narrative in the language of the original observer, whose splendid figure we shall likewise take the liberty of copying. Comparing it with the baya, which we have already described, he says, "Equally curious in the structure of its nest, and far superior in the variety and elegance of its plumage, is the tailor-bird of Hindoostan; so called from its instinctive ingenuity in forming its nest: it first selects a plant with large leaves, and then gathers cotton from the shrub, spins it to a thread by means of its long bill and slender feet, and then, as with a needle, sews the leaves neatly together to conceal its nest. The tailor-bird (*Motacilla Sutoria*, LIN.) resembles some of the humming-birds at the Brazils, in shape and colour; the hen is clothed in brown; but the plumage of the cock displays the varied tints of azure, purple, green, and gold, so common in those American beauties. Often have I watched the progress of an industrious pair of tailor-birds, in my garden, from their first choice of a plant, until the completion of the nest and the enlargement of the young. How applicable are the following lines, in the 'Musæ Seatonianæ,' to the nidification of the tailor-birds, and the pencil nests of the baya:—

'"Behold a bird's nest!
Mark it well, within, without!
No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join: his little beak was all:
And yet how neatly finish'd! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
Could compass such another?"'—pp. 258.

Mr. Rennie dedicates a separate chapter to felt-making birds, although we have already seen that some of these were classed amongst the weavers. The difference however is this, that in one case the cloth is woven, in the other it appears as if felted, that is to say, the materials of which the nest is composed, seem as if they were carded together. Instead however of describing the operation of the felt-maker with minuteness, we shall give Vaillant's very animated account of the proceedings of a pair of small African birds, which had come particularly under his notice.

'This romantic though accurate naturalist had contrived, by tempting tit-bits, to render the species alluded to, which he calls the Capocier (*Sylvia macroura*, LATHAM), so familiar, that a pair of these birds regularly entered his tent several times a day, and even seemed to recognise him in the adjacent thickets as he passed along. "The breeding season," he goes on, "had no sooner arrived, than I perceived the visits of my two little guests to become less frequent, though, whether they sought solitude the better to mature their plans, or whether, as the rains had ceased and insects became so abundant that my tit-bits were less relished, I cannot tell, but they seldom made their appearance for four or five successive days, after which they unexpectedly returned, and it was not long before I discovered the motives that had brought them back. During their former visits they had not failed to observe the cotton, moss, and flax which I used to stuff my birds with, and which were always lying upon my table. Finding it, no doubt, much more convenient to come and furnish themselves

with these articles there, than to go and pick the down from the branches of plants, I saw them carry away in their beaks parcels of these, much larger in bulk than themselves.

'"Having followed and watched them, I found the place which they had selected for constructing the cradle which should contain their infant progeny. In a corner of a retired and neglected garden belonging to the good Slaber, there grew, by the side of a small spring, beneath the shelter of the only tree which ornamented that retreat, a single plant, called by the Colonists of the Cape *Capoc-bosche*. In this shrub they had already laid a part of the foundation with moss, the fork of the branches chosen for the reception of the nest being already bedded therewith. The first materials were laid on the 11th of October. The second day's labours presented a rude mass, about four inches in thickness, and from five to six inches in diameter. This was the foundation of the nest, which was composed of moss and flax, interwoven with grass and tufts of cotton.

'"I passed the whole of the second day by the side of the nest, which the female never quitted from the moment my windows were opened in the morning till ten o'clock, and from five in the evening till seven. On the morning of the 12th, the male made twenty-nine journies to my room, and in the evening only seventeen. He gave great assistance to the female in trampling down and pressing the cotton with his body, in order to make it into a sort of felt-work.

'"When the male arrived with parcels of moss and cotton, he deposited his load either on the edge of the nest, or upon branches within the reach of the female. He made four or five trips of this kind without interruption, and then set about helping his mate in the execution of her work.

'"This agreeable occupation was often interrupted by innocent and playful gambols, though the female appeared to be so actively and anxiously employed about her building, as to have less relish for trifling than the male; and she even punished him for his frolic by pecking him well with her beak. He, on the other hand, fought in his turn, pecked, pulled down the work which they had done, prevented the female from continuing her labours, and, in a word, seemed to tell her, 'you refuse to be my playmate on account of this work, therefore you shall not do it!' It will scarcely be credited that, entirely from what I saw and knew respecting these little altercations, I was both surprised and angry at the female. In order, however, to save the fabric from spoliation, she left off working, and fled from bush to bush for the express purpose of teasing him. Soon afterwards, having made matters up again, the female returned to her labour, and the male sung during several minutes in the most animated strains. After his song was concluded, he began again to occupy himself with the work, and with fresh ardour carried such materials as his companion required, till the spirit of frolic again became buoyant, and a scene similar to that which I have just described, recurred. I have witnessed eight interruptions of this kind in one morning. How happy birds are! They are certainly the privileged creatures of nature, thus to work and sport alternately as fancy prompts them.

'"On the third day the birds began to rear the side walls of the nest, after having rendered the bottom compact by repeatedly pressing the materials with their breasts, and turning themselves round upon them in all directions. They first formed a plain border, which they afterwards

trimmed, and upon this they piled up tufts of cotton, which was felted into the structure by beating and pressing with their breasts, and the shoulders of their wings, taking care to arrange any projecting corner with their beaks, so as to interlace it into the tissue, and render it more firm. The contiguous branches of the bush were enveloped, as the work proceeded, in the side walls, but without deranging the circular cavity of the interior. This part of the nest required many materials, so that I was quite astonished at the quantity which they used.

'"On the seventh day their task was finished; and anxious to examine the interior I determined to introduce my finger, when I felt an egg that had probably been laid that morning, for on the previous evening I could see there was no egg in it, as it was not quite covered in. This beautiful edifice, which was as white as snow, was nine inches in height on the outside, whilst in the inside it was not more than five. Its external form was very irregular on account of the branches which it had been found necessary to enclose; but the inside exactly resembled a pullet's egg placed with the small end upwards. Its greatest diameter was five inches, and the smallest four. The entrance was two-thirds or more of the whole height, as seen on the outside; but within it almost reached the arch of the ceiling above.

'"The interior of this nest was so neatly worked and felted together, that it might have been taken for a piece of fine cloth, a little worn, the tissue being so compact and close that it would have been impossible to detach a particle of the materials without tearing the texture to pieces; yet was this only effected by the process which I have already described, and it must be confessed that it was a work truly admirable, considering the instruments of the little mechanics."'—pp. 280—284.

The cementers next follow in the order of Mr. Rennie's classification, their nests being generally formed of a paste; in some instances, as in that of the esculent swallow of Java, nests of this description are highly valued for their supposed restorative qualities, and are sold and eaten for that purpose. The best of these nests are the white ones, which have been ascertained to consist chemically of a substance intermediate between gelatine and albumen, indicating nothing of animal origin, but strongly allied to vegetable gums. They are chiefly to be found in deep, damp caves, some of which are difficult of access, which makes the business of collecting the nests a kind of trade amongst persons who have been accustomed to it from their youth. On the south coast of the island of Java, says Mr. Crawfurd, "the caves are only to be approached by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cavern is attained, the perilous office of taking the nests must often be performed with torch light, by penetrating into recesses of the rock, when the slightest trip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rock. The only preparation which the birds' nests undergo, is that of simple drying

without direct exposure to the sun, after which they are packed in small boxes, usually of a picul, or about 135 pounds in weight. They are assorted for the Chinese market into three kinds, according to their qualities." The English reader will be surprised to learn, that some of these nests are sold in China for more than their weight in silver.

Of the parasite birds, or those who seize the nests of others, whom at the same time they dispossess, the house sparrow seems to be the most audacious. He is particularly fond of the nest of the swallow, because, we suppose, he finds it the most comfortable in the season of frost and snow. Neither does he hesitate to roost in the nest of a rook, who has chosen to absent himself for a while from his native home. This parasitical instinct is sometimes taken advantage of by those who are desirous of having birds in their neighbourhood.

'Those who are fond of harbouring birds near their habitations, take advantage of these parasite propensities of some species, by fixing conveniences for them to nestle in, about houses and gardens. Belon tells us, that in certain provinces of France it is customary, in this way, to hang pots in the tops of trees which are haunted by thrushes; and these birds, finding convenient sheltered nests, seldom fail to lay their eggs in them, to hatch and rear their young. This plan, which Aldrovand says is unknown in Germany, (nor is it, we believe, practised in Britain), contributes doubly to the multiplication of the species, for it both preserves the brood, and, by saving part of the time spent in building nests, it enables the birds to make two hatches a-year.

'Buffon thinks this is a modern improvement upon the ancient Roman method of breeding thrushes for the table in voleries, of which Varro and Coulmella have left curious details. Each of these voleries contained many thousand thrushes and blackbirds, besides other birds excellent for eating, such as ortolans and quails. So numerous were those voleries in the vicinity of Rome, and in the territory of the Sabines, that the dung of the thrushes was employed to manure the lands, and, what is remarkable, to fatten oxen and hogs. These thrushes had little liberty in their prisons, for they were never suffered to go abroad, and they laid no eggs; but as they were supplied with abundance of choice food, they fattened to the great profit of the proprietor. Each fat thrush, except at the time of migration, sold for three denarii, equal to about two shillings sterling; and on the occasion of a triumph or public festival, this sort of trade yielded a profit of twelve hundred per cent. The voleries were a kind of vaulted courts, the inside furnished with a number of roosts. The door was very low; the windows were few, and placed in such a manner as to prevent the prisoners from seeing the fields, the woods, the birds fluttering at liberty, or whatever might awaken their sensibility, and disturb the calm so conducive to corpulence. A little glimmering light was sufficient to direct them to their food; which consisted of millet, and a sort of paste made with bruised figs and flour. They had also given them the berries of the lentisk, of the myrtle, of the ivy, and whatever, in short, would improve the delicacy and flavour of their flesh. They were supplied with

a little stream of water, which ran in a gutter through the volery. Twenty days before they were intended for killing, their allowance was augmented; nay, so far was the attention carried, that they gently removed into a little ante-chamber the thrushes which were plump and in good order, to enjoy more quiet; and, frequently, to heighten the illusion, they hung boughs and verdure, imitating natural scenery, so that the birds might fancy themselves in the midst of the woods. In short, they treated their slaves well, because they knew their interest. Such as were newly caught were put in small separate voleries, along with others that had been accustomed to confinement; and every contrivance, every soothing art was employed to habituate them somewhat to bondage; yet these birds were never completely tamed.

'We are not aware that any contrivance is resorted to in Britain to entice birds to build in particular places, except in the case of the house-sparrow. Sometimes, pots of unglazed delf ware, of a sub-oval shape, with a narrow hole for an entrance, are fixed upon the walls of houses, several feet below the eave; and the sparrows, finding a domicile so suited to their habits, very soon take possession of every pot thus provided for them. But those who are so careful to accommodate the sparrows, do it, not because they are fond of their neighbourhood, or their yelping concerts, but to prevent their nestling under the eaves, where they dig out the mortar with their strong bills, when they do not find holes large enough for their accommodation. It probably never struck those persons that, by thus encouraging the sparrows to breed, they are promoting the increase of the race; and, unless they multiply their sparrow pots yearly, they may be almost certain that the supernumeraries will resort to the eaves nearest their birth-place.

'In Holland, square boxes are placed on the house-tops to entice the stork (*Ciconia alba*, BELON) to build; and, for the same purpose, it was customary in France, in Belon's time, to place wheels there,—a practice said to be still followed in some parts of Germany.

'In North America, probably to increase as much as possible the rural charms of their brief summers, more than one species of bird is invited "by all appliances" to nestle near the houses. Among these half-domesticated and sociable birds, the house-wren, the blue-bird, and the purple martin, are the most noted. The latter (*Hirundo purpurea*, LATH.) is like our window-swallow, a bird of passage; and he always makes his summer residence among the habitations of man; who, deriving considerable advantage as well as amusement from his company, is generally his friend and protector. Accordingly, whenever he comes he is almost certain of finding some hospitable retreat fitted up for his accommodation and the reception of his family, either in the projecting wooden cornice, on the top of the roof or sign-post, or, if all these be wanting, he betakes himself to the dove-cot, among the pigeons; and when he makes choice of a particular quarter of the latter, not a pigeon dare set foot within his premises. Some of the Anglo-Americans have large conveniences constructed for these birds, consisting of numerous apartments, which are for the most part fully tenanted every spring; and, in such swallowries, individual birds have been noted to return to the same box for several successive years.'—pp. 339—343.

The swallow, notwithstanding the velocity and apparent ease of its movements, must be a cowardly bird, as it will permit even the little wren to enter its nest and take forcible possession of the premises, which it will retain against the lawful owners. These and other birds of a similar propensity, make the conquered nest their own, and in it they will rear their offspring with the utmost attention. But there is more than one species of these parasite birds, which take no trouble whatever with their young, contenting themselves with finding a nest in which their eggs may be deposited. This is especially the case with the cuckoo, who never builds a nest for herself, but drops her eggs into the habitation of another, to whom it confides the care of bringing forth its progeny. This kindness, it was formerly, and still in many places is, believed, the young cuckoo repays by devouring its foster-mother. But this certainly is an error.

'M. Montbeillard put the matter beyond doubt by experiment. On the 27th of June he put a young cuckoo, already nine inches long, in an open cage with three young fauvettes, which were scarcely fledged, and could not eat without assistance. The cuckoo, however, so far from devouring, or even threatening them, seemed eager to repay its obligations to the species, suffering the little birds, which were not in the least afraid, to warm themselves under its wings. On the other hand, a young owl which had as yet only been fed by hand, began of itself to eat by devouring a fauvette which was lodged with it. The account of the carnivorous habits of young cuckoos has by some been qualified, by alleging that it swallows its foster-nestlings just as they burst from the shell; and as these little embryos might be looked upon as something intermediate between eggs and birds, they might therefore be eaten by the cuckoo, which is said to feed on eggs. This, however, requires to be confirmed by observation; but of the insatiable voracity of the cuckoo there can be no doubt. In the summer of 1829, a gardener at Lee, in Kent, kept a young cuckoo for several months, and such was its appetite, that it never seemed to have enough. Yet it did not make any attempt to eat, unless it was fed, up till October; of course after all his brethren had migrated, and the possessor, disliking the constant trouble of feeding it, had it killed and stuffed.

'The disappearance of the foster-nestlings from the nest in which a cuckoo is hatched, is more satisfactorily accounted for by the observations of the late Dr. Jenner, to whom the world was indebted for the inestimable discovery of vaccination. "On the 18th of June, 1787," says he, "I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow (*Accentor modularis*), which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrows' eggs. On inspecting it the day following, the bird had hatched; but the nest then contained only a young cuckoo and one hedge-sparrow. The nest was placed so near the extremity of a hedge, that I could distinctly see what was going forward in it; and, to my great astonishment, I saw the young cuckoo, though so lately hatched, in the act of turning out the young hedge-sparrow. The mode of accomplishing this was very curious; the little animal, with the assistance of its rump and wings, contrived to get the bird upon its back, and making a lodgment for its burthen by elevating its elbows, clambered backwards with it up the side of the nest till it reached the top,

where, resting for a moment, it threw off its load with a jerk, and quite disengaged it from the nest. It remained in this situation for a short time, feeling about with the extremities of its wings, as if to be convinced whether the business was properly executed, and then dropped into the nest again. With these, the extremities of its wings, I have often seen it examine, as it were, an egg and nestling before it began its operations; and the nice sensibilities which these parts seem to possess, seemed sufficiently to compensate the want of sight, which as yet it was destitute of. I afterwards put in an egg, and this, by a similar process, was conveyed to the edge of the nest and thrown out. These experiments I have since repeated several times, in different nests, and have always found the young cuckoo disposed to act in the same manner. In climbing up the nest, it sometimes drops its burthen, and thus is foiled in its endeavours; but after a little respite, the work is resumed, and goes on almost incessantly till it is effected. The singularity of its shape is well adapted to these purposes; for, different from other newly-hatched birds, its back, from the shoulders downwards, is very broad, with a considerable depression in the middle. This depression seems formed by nature for the design of giving a more secure lodgment to the egg of the hedge-sparrow, or its young one, when the young cuckoo is employed in removing either of them from the nest. When it is about twelve days old this cavity is filled up, and then the back assumes the shape of nestling birds in general." "It sometimes happens (which disproves Pliny's statement) that two cuckoos' eggs are deposited in the same nest, and then the young produced from one of them must inevitably perish. Two cuckoos and one hedge-sparrow were hatched in the same nest, and one hedge-sparrow's egg remained unhatched. In a few hours afterwards a contest began between the cuckoos for the possession of the nest, which continued undetermined until the next afternoon, when one of them, which was somewhat superior in size, turned out the other, together with the young hedge-sparrow and the unhatched egg. The combatants alternately appeared to have the advantage, as each carried the other several times to the top of the nest, and then sunk down again, oppressed by the weight of the burthen; till at length, after various efforts, the strongest prevailed, and was afterwards brought up by the hedge-sparrow."

'Here, then, we have the high authority of one of the most celebrated scientific men of his day for these very remarkable circumstances, which clearly explain the origin of the mistakes of Aristotle and Pliny, as well as of many modern writers, who having ascertained the disappearance of the eggs and young of the cuckoo's foster-parents, conceived (plausibly enough, though erroneously) that they were devoured by the young cuckoo.'—pp. 365—368.

Colonel Montagu states, that he had ocular evidence of the fact stated by Dr. Jenner, of a young cuckoo turning out of a hedge sparrow's nest a young swallow; and a similar circumstance is mentioned from his own observation by Blackwall, in the Manchester Memoirs, with the difference, that in this case, the young cuckoo, soon after it was hatched, expelled a whole nest, not of swallows, but titlarks, together with some unhatched eggs, without much difficulty.

In closing Mr. Rennie's volume, we must express a wish that he had digested with somewhat more of method, the entertaining matter which he collected with so much industry. He frequently confounds one class with another, and more than once, repeats the same facts under different heads. We care little, in a work of this kind, about systematic arrangement; but there is a natural order of proceeding in all subjects, which cannot be abandoned with impunity. Nor can we conclude without observing, that though the volume is upon the whole useful and amusing, it is by no means equal in merit to those by which it has been immediately preceded. Mr. Rennie, in fact, was much more at home upon the subject of Insect Architecture, than he seems to have been upon that of the Architecture of Birds.

ART. IX.—*Mémoires de Madame La Duchesse D'Abrantès, ou Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoleon, La Revolution, Le Directoire, Le Consulat, L'Empire, et la Restauration. Tome premier*, 8vo. Paris: Ladvocat. 1831.

NOTWITHSTANDING the multitude of volumes which has been poured upon the world during the last few years, for the purpose of illustrating the life and career of Napoleon, still a small, but by no means an uninteresting portion of the great historical picture, remained to be filled up. The part which he took in the revolution, the period of the Consulate, the imperial reign, the two exiles, and death of the memorable hero, are now made familiar to the world by innumerable volumes of authentic details. The early life of Buonaparte alone stood in need of that candid explanation, which it is now pretty much acknowledged that the remaining portion of it has received. Perhaps the curiosity of the world upon this point was not a little stimulated by the fact that Napoleon himself seemed always reluctant to recur to the period of his youth: the perseverance with which he conducted a plan for destroying the papers of General Menou, which he knew to contain memoranda respecting his early career, indeed, demonstrates the extent of this repugnance.

The chief value of the present work consists in its presenting a good many materials for completing the biographical record of one of the most extraordinary of men. The Duchess of Abrantes, who, it may not be unnecessary to state, is the widow of Marshal Junot, enjoyed a singular combination of opportunities for collecting facts connected with the boyhood of Napoleon. Her mother lived upon intimate terms with the mother of Buonaparte, and she actually carried him when but an infant in her arms. Her relations were on the most familiar footing with the Buonaparte family: and during the time that the future hero attended as a school boy at the military school at Paris, he spent his leisure hours chiefly with

her father. Marshal Junot, besides, was attached to Napoleon during that most critical and interesting part of his career—the period which intervened between the date of the Siege of Toulon and that of the expedition to Egypt. The Duchess too all her life held intercourse with some of the family. In short so numerous and so favourable were her opportunities either for hearing authentic information of Buonaparte or observing for herself, that we are persuaded to believe that the Duchess is not presumptuous in claiming, as she does, to be the *only* person who thoroughly knew the late emperor.

But it is not alone on account of what is contained in this volume relating to Buonaparte, that we consider it well worthy of attention. In the circumstances in which she was placed, the lady of Marshal Junot must have seen much of the under plot system from which no court is exempt, and she must have been privy to many state secrets, the nature of which would confound even the most knowing with amazement. She herself indeed tells us, in her very lively manner, that this was actually the case.

'In the notes and memoranda which I possess, there is a very ludicrous combination of court intrigues and state matters, dark plots and brilliant events—scenes which depict the peculiar manners of the time, and actions which recal to us the memory of illustrious contemporaries. All these materials would most likely have proved barren, as far as I am concerned, rather than profitable, had I begun to write when my friends urged me to do so; since every thing depends on the manner of getting up a work, and none perhaps is more difficult than that in which I am engaged. Truth is often sacrificed to passion: I have already said that I was not exempted from it; and fortunately I am aware of it in time. I was valiant enough for some years to avoid encountering any resentment, and carefully to observe a description of speech the least possible offensive to certain persons. These individuals I shall not name; but in reading these memoirs they will understand me; let this be their punishment.'—p. 17.

The Duchess proceeds to give a brief account of her parentage, which proves to be originally Greek. She appears very proud of the accident, and labours hard to shew, and we must say not without success, that Napoleon also could trace his origin to the same people. Her immediate parents, however, were Corsicans—were neighbours and friends, as we have already mentioned, of the Buonaparte family; and by a curious coincidence both families migrated to France, there to form those relations with each other, which has enabled the Duchess to contribute so amply to the history of Buonaparte's life. The part of the narrative which refers to the childhood of Napoleon was, of course, derived from the traditions of the family; besides which the Duchess had the good fortune to be acquainted with a woman named *Saveria*, a sort of housekeeper to Madame Buonaparte. The general impression which she has drawn, after all her inquiries from persons who had seen and known Napoleon during his boyhood, is, that there was nothing at all sin-

gular about him. He was, she says, a coarse, chuckle-headed boy—very obstinate, and fierce when in a passion. The following anecdote Saveria related to the Duchess, which she said she heard from his own lips :-

' " Napoleon, when scolded, or even chastised, never was known to cry, and even when punished, without being in the wrong, he offered no explanation. One of his sisters once accused him of eating a basket of grapes, figs and oranges, which were pulled in the garden of his uncle, the canon. You should have been intimately acquainted with the family to be able to estimate the magnitude of such a crime as that of clandestinely eating fruit from the garden of his uncle, the canon. To eat thus anybody else's fruit would not have been half so bad. There was forthwith a solemn investigation, and Napoleon being examined, denied the charge, for which he got well flogged. He was urged to confess his guilt, and that if he did so, he should be forgiven. He said he had already denied being guilty and was not believed, but was well chastised. I remember very well he told me that his mother was out on a visit at the time. The result was, that Napoleon was kept three whole days without any thing whatever to eat, except a piece of bread and cheese, and the cheese none of the best either. However he never cried—he looked a little sorry, but showed no signs of displeasure. On the fourth day, a little girl, a friend of Marianne Buonaparte, returned from her father's grapery, and hearing what passed, she unhesitatingly confessed that it was she and Marianne who had dispatched the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. Napoleon was asked why he did not mention his sister: he said he did not know that she was guilty, but in consideration of the candour with which his sister's young friend acted he should say nothing. This is very remarkable, for Napoleon was at the time only seven years old." '—pp. *51*, *52*.

Another and more extended anecdote of the youth of Buonaparte is given by the Duchess on the authority of her mother :—

' " When she arrived at Paris my mother's first care was to inquire for Napoleon Buonaparte, who had but recently entered the military school in that metropolis, having previously studied at a school in Brienne. My uncle Demetrius met him the very day he arrived, and just after he had left the coach—' And truly' used my uncle to say, ' did he look like a new *importation* : I caught him at the Palais Royal gaping at the crows, turning his eyes on every side, and altogether having the appearance of one of those subjects whom a pickpocket would chuse for a victim.' My uncle inquired where he dined, and as he was not engaged he brought home the young traveller, for though my uncle was then but a young man, he was not lodging with a *traiteur*. (This was the title which those persons went by, who now have that of restaurateur, which certainly was not introduced until several years after the period I speak of.) My uncle observed to my mother that she would find Napoleon very morose, and ' I am afraid,' he added, ' that the young man has a great deal more vanity than is suited to his circumstances. Whenever he comes to see me he declaims loudly against the luxury of his fellow students : he came sometime ago to speak to me of Mania, (in Greece), and the state of education

amongst the young Maniotes, particularly with reference to its resemblance to the ancient Spartan education, and all this he tells me is for a memoir which he intends to lay before the minister of war. Now this course will only get him embroiled with one of the students and perhaps cost him a thrust of a sword.' A few days only elapsed when my mother saw Napoleon, when his ill humour appeared to be very much excited. He allowed but few remarks, even those of an agreeable nature, and I am persuaded that it is on account of this irritability, which was ungovernable in him, that he obtained the reputation of having been gloomy and atrabilious in his infancy and boyhood. My father, who was acquainted with some of the masters of the school, used often to bring out Napoleon. On some pretext or another he was induced to remain at my father's for a week. Even now, whenever I walk on the Quai Conti, I invariably direct my eyes to a flat and round roof just at the left corner of a house, on the third floor, where Napoleon lodged during the time that he was on a visit with my friends. It was a neat little apartment, and my brother occupied the one next to it. They were both nearly of the same age: my brother perhaps was older by a year or fifteen months. My mother always recommended my brother to associate with Buonaparte: but after repeated attempts my brother found it impossible to put up with the cold civility or perhaps affectation with which he was treated by the other. He observed, as he thought, in Napoleon, a sort of acerbity and a bitter irony, which he was for a long time at a loss to account for. 'I really believe,' said Albert, one day to my mother, 'that the poor young fellow, keenly feels his dependant condition.' 'But,' said my mother, 'it is not dependant, and I hope that you have not made him feel that he was with us.' My father, who was present, immediately observed to my mother, that Albert was not wrong in what he said, for that Napoleon was wholly influenced by a spirit of pride. 'I do not blame him,' continued my father, 'he knows you, he is aware that your family and his are in Corsica upon an equal footing with respect to fortune: he is the son of Letitia Buonaparte, as Albert is your son: I believe even you are relatives. All these considerations do not settle regularly in his brain, when he sees so immense a difference in the manner in which he is brought up as a free scholar (boursier), isolated and at a distance from his friends, and wanting all those attentions which are so amply bestowed on our children.' 'But,' rejoined my mother, 'it is not jealousy surely, that you are ascribing to him.' 'No,' replied my father, 'it is a very different thing from jealousy that this young man feels. I am too well acquainted with the human heart to mistake what is in his. He suffers, and in all probablity more in your house than elsewhere. You are kind, but you are not aware that misplaced attention is not always a remedy for trouble; when you used your interest to get young Napoleon to spend some days with you, I can tell you that you are doing very ill; you do not wish to believe me, and in your zeal on behalf of his mother, you place her son in a situation which must be painful to him, for the question must occur to him, "why is not my family like this?" 'You tease me,' said my mother; 'if he said that, he would be a foolish as well as a bad boy.' 'No,' added my father, 'neither foolish nor wicked:' he would be only human. Why is it that he is in a constant passion all the time he has been in Paris? Why is he eternally exclaiming against the indecent luxury, these are his words, of his

school-fellows? Because their circumstances are a permanent reproach as it were to his. He ridicules these young men for keeping servants, because he is not able to keep one himself: he thinks it wrong that there should be two services at meals, because when there are pic-nics amongst the boys he cannot contribute. In short, I was to see him, and I found him still more melancholy than usual. I was in doubt as to the cause, and I offered him a small sum, which perhaps he might want. He blushed deeply, his cheek then assumed its habitual yellow tinge, and he declined my proposal.' My mother observed that it was because my father made the offer in an awkward manner, for men are always very awkward. 'Well,' said my father, 'when I saw the young gentleman's spirit so particularly elevated, I trumped up a tale for which I have no doubt the Almighty will grant me his pardon. I told him that his father, who died in our arms at Montpellier, had placed at my disposal a small sum of money for the use of his son, which, however, was to be given to him only in small quantities when his necessities were very pressing. Napoleon looked at me with so scrutinizing an eye as almost to disconcert me.' 'Well, Sir,' said he, 'since this money really comes from my father, I will take it: but had this been in the nature of a loan, I would never have accepted it. My mother is already sufficiently burdened: it is not for me to increase that burden by adding to her expences, especially when they are to be incurred in consequence of the stupid folly of my fellow-students.' 'You see then,' concluded my father, 'that if his pride is so easily wounded by strangers at school, what must he suffer here, however tenderly we may treat him? Let, however, Albert continue to give his attentions, although I candidly confess my despair of seeing them end in an intimate intercourse of the parties." '—pp. 76—81.

The manifestations of an impotent and dissatisfied spirit were almost of daily occurrence in the language and actions of young Buonaparte. Perhaps nothing in the book more strikingly exhibits the character of his mind than the following account. The writer relates that she was accompanying her father from St. Cyr, where he had been to see his sister, then at school in a convent, and that something had but just occurred to put the young man entirely out of temper.

'When they had got upon the coach, Napoleon burst forth into all manner of invectives against the detestable administration which governed St. Cyr, but particularly the military schools. My uncle, who was rather warm, felt displeased at the bold and bitter tone of his companion, and he told him so. Napoleon was for a time silent, for that universal respect felt by boys for those more advanced would not permit him to proceed. But his heart was all the time bursting—he turned the conversation at length to the forbidden subject, and his language at length became so offensive that my uncle was forced to say—"Hold your tongue; it is no business of yours, brought up as you have been on the charity of the King, to speak as you do." My mother told me that she thought Napoleon would have been suffocated. In a moment his face became crimson. "I am not a charity boy of the King," replied Napoleon, in a voice trembling with emotion, "I have been educated at the expence of the state!" "A fine distinction, truly," observed my uncle, "but whether you were brought

up by King or state is of no consequence. Besides, is not the King the state? And I hope, at all events, that you would not speak in this manner of your benefactor, at least before me." "I shall say nothing, sir," answered Napoleon, "that may be unpleasant to you—but you will allow me to add, that if I were the master empowered to make the regulations, they should be very different from what they are—they should be for the benefit of all." In relating this conversation, I am only desirous of recording the words—"If I were the master;" because Napoleon afterwards did become the master, and what he did for the management of the Military Schools is well known. I am quite satisfied that he retained for a considerable time the painful recollection of those humiliations which he was compelled to endure at the Military School at Paris.'—pp. 109—111.

The Duchess indulges a great deal in political observations. She sketches in a vivid and striking manner some of the most extraordinary events of the famous revolution. Her characters, consisting for the most part of the chief men whom that unparalleled convulsion had thrown up from the chaos of society, are drawn with considerable power. She really seems to speak of persons and events with the greatest candour, and in general she is very happy and graceful, and certainly always entertaining, in her portraits. The remembrance of those scenes of horror which she witnessed in Paris, during the commencement of the revolution, when the more flagrant atrocities were perpetrated, seems to revive in her soul those emotions of terror with which the reality must have originally inspired her. She paints them in a most graphic manner; but without any apparent effort at dramatic effect. Indeed we may remark that little of affectation is in general to be met with in a French memoir. That species of intellectual exertion seems to be a national habit with our neighbours, and they acquit themselves in it naturally and mechanically, never supposing that any extraordinary endeavours are required. Hence, their execution in this branch of literature is quite unequalled, so that it would be next to impossible to detect, in the French language, a memoir that is even indifferent.

The Duchess gives us a very brilliant account of the clever but unfortunate Mirabeau, and she thinks him by far the most amply endowed man which the fermentation of the revolution produced. She adds a very curious account of an attempt which was made on the part of the Queen to buy over Mirabeau, when she found that he was, as a member of the states general, about to take a part against her. She couples his name also with an incident which she adduces, to confirm her notion that a fatality pursued the Bourbon race from about the middle of the last century. She says that the Queen resolved to bribe Mirabeau at least into silence, knowing that he avowed hostile intentions against her. An agent accordingly waited upon this gifted man with the usual instrument of corruption—plenty of money. "But," says the noble authoress, and we cannot do less than quote her words.—

'But on account of that ill luck which is inherent in every undertaking of the Bourbons, it so happened that this very man (Mirabeau) who never before had money, who was always in need, and continually dunned by his creditors—who never had even enough for himself—it so happened that this man now had money, and that he was certain of having more. The truth is, that he refused the proffered bribe and bowed his visitor out of the room with a dignity full worthy of the elder of the Gracchi.'—p. 162.

'"Well," adds the Countess in another place, "who can hope for success in the case of one that has been destined to misfortune? The question of fate, so long a subject of dispute, and still so little understood, may be greatly elucidated by a reference to those successive misfortunes which nothing can arrest. Whatever a particular person does, whatever he undertakes, the seal of ill luck is fixed to his destiny—and nothing can remove it. There it is—stuck, as it were, to the certificate, which misfortune has issued—its characters traced with a pen of iron. Against this fatal decree how vain is all the opposition which the ingenuity of man and the intensity of his desire to be happy can engender. Happy! what is it a man will not do to make himself happy? Is there any enterprize deemed insuperable which has a chance of conferring happiness? And yet what is the first expression of the crowd when there is presented before it an unhappy object which is calculated to excite its sympathy—"We must not grieve, he is the author of his own ruin—fool!—idiot!"—nay, often, the unhappy man is denounced as a criminal. This is meant particularly for the Bourbons—for it is impossible that any body could be influenced by a star more inauspiciously placed than that of the Bourbon race, since the middle of the last century, Countries there are no doubt where pity and sympathy would be felt for their calamities: but here, the bitterest inculpation is sure to fall upon the most insignificant of their acts.'—pp. 160, 161.

We return with pleasure to some of the anecdotes which Madame Junot relates of the early life of Napoleon.

'It was in the spring of 1793, before repairing to Toulon, that Buonaparte, having obtained a furlough, made a journey to Corsica. He took up his residence, immediately on his arrival at Ajaccio, near the Porte-de-Mer, at an old countess's of the name of Rossi, a friend of his family. I cannot explain the reason of his not going to sojourn with his mother. However, there was a club established at the time outside the town, consisting of a great many orators, and Napoleon was an active member. The people of Ajaccio became alarmed at the influence of the club, and they formed another society, with many of the members of which I myself was acquainted. Amongst others, I knew a sea captain, whose ship was at the time in the roadstead, and who, by his intelligence and courage, and his well marked Breton head, was very well calculated to oppose the leaders of the original association, in case they thought of molesting the new club. The object of the latter was to preserve peace, and put down any disorders. The conduct of the first club appeared to be so opposed to the public tranquillity, as that a deputation from the rival body waited upon them to remonstrate and represent the injuries which they were doing to the quiet and order of the district. Our naval captain headed this deputation, which consisted only of himself and three other members of

the new society. They exhorted the old club to cultivate principles of peace, and adopt the example which had been set them by the republican government. Buonaparte, upon this, ascended the tribune, and delivered a most forcible speech, the purport of which was that in times of revolution, every man must be either a friend or foe of the new order of things. He told his audience that Solon inflicted the penalty of death on all who took a neutral part during the rage of civil commotions, and he concluded by denouncing as enemies to their country, all who in the existing juncture were moderate. As soon as the sitting was over, Napoleon proceeded to the square, where he appeared much excited, and very little disposed to conciliation. His bearing, however, had very little influence in intimidating my friend, who, as he was well acquainted with Napoleon, was enabled to remonstrate with him in strong terms upon the course he had taken in the debate. "Bah," exclaimed Buonaparte, "that's all the mere style of the club, man. But you, my friend, how is it that with all your talents you cannot see the advantage of assuming a firm attitude? how is it that you do not take the high road, instead of confining yourself to a mere by-path." "The by-path," replied my friend, "which I have chosen, is as strait, and perhaps straiter, than the road on which you, Buonaparte, may one day meet your destruction, and it is in the name of the friendship which I bear your that I now beseech you to abandon your present tactics." Buonaparte knit his brows, and turning about, sought some of his turbulent colleagues of the club.'—pp. 229—231.

A few days after this occurrence, Buonaparte was informed by the same friend, that about a thousand of the country people were about to make a descent upon the town, and would direct their vengeance principally against him. He profited by the intelligence, and assuming the disguise of a sailor, he was rowed off the isle the same night to a place of safety. It was very shortly after this event that he received his appointment at the siege of Toulon. Here, too, it appears that Napoleon was the same, unsociable carping, and discontented person that he was at the military school. The officers were prejudiced against him, but his abilities and skill commanded the confidence of the besieging army, though he was no more at the time than five and twenty years old. We must pass over a great deal of very interesting and agreeable writing, in which the Duchess exhibits the very first order of powers for delineating character. We particularly allude to her whole account of Salicetti, one of those men whose fortunes appear to be the realization of some strange vision, created by a distempered imagination. We cannot, however, omit the passage in which she speaks of one of her husband's early attachments, if it were only to shew the philosophy with which a French lady can talk of a subject connected with a hazard that must have been dreadful for her to contemplate. The time of the following scene was just at the breaking out of the revolution. We must premise that both Napoleon and Junot were in the habit, in common indeed with every conspicuous man in Paris, of frequenting the Garden of Plants, which at that time com-

bined both for the gratification of the senses, and the mind, materials such as we never shall expect to see associated again.

'One evening' writes the Duchess 'they (Buonaparte and Junot) plunged into the thickest of the shades in the garden, where the breath of myriads of flowers shed the most balmy perfume around. The air was mild, and the two friends paced the walk, arm in arm, for the epaulette no longer interposed to disturb the most perfect equality between them. Beneath a clear and beautiful sky, and surrounded by beds of the most beautiful and precious flowers, and touched by the charming scene, the two friends opened their hearts to each other. The influence of a lovely night is powerful on those who feel strongly. Buonaparte was afterwards governed by a ruling passion which absolutely parched up his heart, and which told him—"I shall reign alone over thee"—I need not name this passion. But at the period to which I allude he was very young: his heart beat rather violently under the influence of a passion for a lady, and he was fairly in love. He spoke of his passion to Junot, and spoke of it with bitterness too, for he was far from being happy. Junot has told me that if Buonaparte had not of his own accord severed every tie which subjected his heart to the passions, he would have felt them in a terrible manner. Upon the evening of which I speak, in mentioning this matter to Junot, his voice trembled, and Junot observed how he was affected. But he suddenly broke off the conversation and appeared to have forgotten his emotion.

'Nothing begets confidence so much as confidence. Junot's heart was full of such thoughts as could only be disclosed to a friend—but for a long time he gave his confidence to Napoleon. Junot was in love, foolishly in love, with Paulette Buonaparte. His young and burning heart could not resist at the sight of so enchanting a creature as Paulette—he loved her with passion—he loved her to distraction—and honour compelled him to declare it to Buonaparte. The latter neither rejected nor accepted his proposal, but consoled him, and raised his spirits very much by telling him it was quite certain that Paulette would reply "Yes," with pleasure, on the day when Junot might be able to offer her an establishment; not, indeed, a very opulent one, but such as would secure them from the hazard of bringing children into the world in poverty. Junot, thus excited, became very importunate, and showed Buonaparte a letter which he had received from his father, and in which the writer said that at present he could give his son nothing, but that his ultimate share would be twenty thousand francs. "I shall then be rich," said Junot to Buonaparte, "for, with my estate, I shall have 1200 livres de rentes. I conjure you, then, to write for your mother's consent." They left the garden, crossed the water in a boat, and promenaded for some time that part of the Boulevard which is opposite the Chinese baths. Buonaparte all this time listened to Junot attentively; but he was no longer the same man that had been just enjoying the delights of the garden with Junot: in returning to the tumult of the city, his soul seemed to have been kindled to the recollection of those dependencies and obligations which are essential to a state of society. His manner, however, was still affectionate, and he thus admonished his friend:—"I cannot apply to my mother in this matter, for it appears that you *are* to have 1200 livres de rentes, which is very well—but you have not them now. Your father, I dare say, is in very good health, and may make you

wait for a good while. In a word, you have got nothing whatever but your lieutenant's epaulette. As to Paulette, she has got nothing either—so that you have nothing, and she has nothing—which added together make a total—nothing. Then, you cannot marry at present. Wait awhile; we shall yet see better days, my friend. Yes, we shall, when I am able to seek them in another part of the world." '—pp. 281—285.

With these quotations, which will give a very fair idea of the importance and value of this work, we shall dismiss the first volume. It is our intention to notice the contents of each succeeding volume as it issues from the press.

NOTICES.

ART. X.—*The Church Establishment founded in error.* By a Layman. 8vo. pp. 219. London: Wilson. 1831.

UPON all sides enemies are rising, we may say in masses, against the church. The House of Commons already has declared itself determined to withhold at a future period the venerable grant to the venerable society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts; the Bishopric of Derry remains still vacant, and will doubtless be subjected to considerable curtailment; and a severe scrutiny is going on in the legislature into the whole of the revenues of the Irish church, we presume with a view to their partial, if not, indeed, their total abolition. Divines complain of the liturgy, and of pluralities, and episcopal translations in both countries, and here we have a layman boldly asserting the English church establishment to be in error; a proposition which he has established so much to his own satisfaction, that he places it as the very front and title page of his pamphlet. He cannot be said, like certain other opponents of the establishment, to be a Papist in disguise, for he condemns the system of the catholic church as much as that of the church of England. His doctrine is, that enough was not done, in the way of radical change at the period of the reformation, and that the omissions which occurred then, through inadvertence, ignorance, or haste, ought now to be supplied, it being admitted, by one of her own advocates, that "the church of England has gone on from the commencement of the reformation of religion until the present time, a period of almost 300 years, acknowledging and lamenting her own incompleteness in some important particulars, but prevented by some extraneous circumstances from applying the remedy." In the mean time the people, not seeing these faults, have gone on from father to son, supposing the church to be a model of truth, those who dissent from it being occasionally flattered with a relaxation of the penal laws, that in times of excitement were passed against them, and being hitherto contented with the growing liberality of *toleration*—which, in the author's opinion, 'is as disgraceful to its authors as to its endurers, and is moreover insulting to the majesty and wisdom of heaven, who has pronounced every man to be a free agent.' He then expresses his be-

lief that the period ' is rapidly approaching when it will become a work of necessity, if not of choice, very much to modify, perhaps altogether to destroy, the connection between the church and state.'

Various causes have been assigned for the turn which public opinion has taken in this direction: some good persons assure themselves that it is entirely owing to the want of a sufficient number of churches! but, strange to say, in proportion as the number of new churches increases, that of the disciples of the church decreases, in something like a mathematical proportion. Some say that it is to be attributed to the press, and to the erroneous notions of their own importance which it circulates amongst the people; while others admit that the chuch requires a few alterations, and that if these were effected, it would, as by law now established, be the best of all other practicable systems for the pure perpetuation of Christianity. Our author ridicules all these notions, and courageously contends that the true cause of the declension of the church, and of the increase of dissent, is to be found in the errors which pervade the establishment, errors which may be traced in its origin and progress, in the hypotheses upon which it is maintained, in its characteristic features, in the sacrifices by which it is upheld, and the evils it inflicts upon the church of Christ, individuals, and society. Not, however, that churchmen may not be saved; on the contrary, our layman excludes nobody but the *unjust* from heaven, where he hopes to meet the professors of every variety of creed, into which Christianity has yet been divided. So far, it cannot be denied that at least he is an amiable opponent.

The author then proceeds to give an historical view of the origin and progress of the church of England, comparing it, as he advances, with the simplicity of the primitive church, which certainly did not count amongst its supporters Bishops with principalities at their command, nor pluralities of wealthy benefices. The union of the church with the state let in upon the former the tide of corruption which now overwhelms it, and that union might have been, and, as he insists, ' ought to have been broken up at the reformation.' The investiture of the sovereign with supreme spiritual power, was without legitimate precedent, and therefore could not have been necessary to the amicable settlement of the church: but the reformers in this act voluntarily remained in the twilight, and the papal power was transferred to the princes of the countries that adopted the reformed doctrine! The fact is true, but the author speaks of reformers, as if what he calls reform began in England with a body of men attached to Christianity. He seems to forget that here it commenced with, and was carried on by the sovereigns of the country, originating with Henry VIII., who took good care to provide that whatever changes took place should tend rather to the increase than the diminution of their authority.

After thus detailing the circumstances and consequences of the union of the church with the state, the author argues that, whatever may have been the regulations under the Jewish law, no authority was ever delegated to the Apostles to intreat, still less to command the assistance of political institutions; and upon this point we think that his position is unassailable. Such a connection he contends to be one of pagan

origin, and indeed he thinks that this is not the only pagan practice which the church of England has adopted. With respect to the support of the clergy, they ought undoubtedly to be decently maintained; but that the subject, whether professing the religion of the state or not, should be *compelled* to contribute to the support of any body of men, is obviously unjust! The primitive teachers of the Gospel were not maintained in any such manner; their means of subsistence were drawn from the voluntary contributions of the people, made, not from fear of a citation, but from religious motives. The tax becomes a positive injustice when it is imposed upon persons who dissent from the established faith, who believe that it is erroneous, and who are thus prevented from giving to the support of their own religion as much as they could afford, if they had not that unjust tax to pay. The author dwells at considerable length, and reasons with unanswerable force upon this part of his subject, and maintains that the church tax is an unfair premium upon a particular sect, and that to much of the property now in the possession of the Church, it can, even as a sect incorporated with the state, exhibit no claims superior to those of others. 'And here,' he pointedly observes, 'it may not be improper to remark, that to a portion of the revenue of the establishment, the favoured party has no greater moral right than any other Protestant denomination. We refer to those possessions, with which the church was endowed by Roman Catholics in olden times, and which produce little less than 550,000*l.* per annum. The donors of the immense property from which this annuity arises, cannot appear to have been less well-minded towards the successors of the Puritans, than to those of the chartered sect. When the church of Scotland relinquished its popish tenets, it also lost its papistical endowments. Such an act of justice ought to be rendered to the Roman Catholics of this country. It does not appear to us that there is even the shadow of justification for so great a violation of the sacred obligation of testamentary bequests, as is involved in the possession of the property in question; and sure are we, that so long as the church of England continues to receive the usurped possessions, she cannot fail to be as obnoxious to the Almighty, as she is opposed to every principle of right.'

We cannot, in a notice, go through the whole of the author's reasoning: it will be sufficient for us to add, that he shows, with admirable force, that the incorporation of the church sect with the state, and the enormous revenue which it draws from the people, is a virtual continuation of penal laws against all dissenters; that the church is a mere secular association; that the secular authority constantly interferes in the appointment of the dignitaries and subordinate clergy, there being in the gift of the king and government 1014 livings, and in that of the lay nobility and gentry, no fewer than 5,030, out of the 13,872 livings which constitute the church of England; that the secular authority also interferes in the spiritual legislation and discipline of the church; and finally, that it wants the essential characteristics of the Christian church, which are spirituality, unity, identity, and independence. The author maintains many of his arguments with great energy and learning; his language is always free from vituperation and personality; and although on some religious points we differ widely from his

doctrine, we nevertheless feel no hesitation in strongly recommending his pamphlet to the attention of the public, as a most clear and able exposure of the errors of the church of England.

ART. XI.—*Manuscript Memorials.* 8vo. pp. 208. London: Wilson. 1831.

THERE is a good deal of *mind* in these memorials, although it must be confessed that they are altogether a most heterogeneous mixture of verse and prose, of sound sense well expressed, and flighty nonsense let off in a madcap style, which has made us sometimes doubt whether the good and the bad be from the same pen. One of his most amusing chapters is an exposé of the errors and anachronisms of poets, painters, and others, which, though many of them have been noticed separately before, have not been hitherto brought together under one view, at least not in so entertaining a manner. Thus he notices a painting observed by Burgoyne in Spain, in which Abraham is seen preparing to shoot Isaac with a *pistol!* While writing this sentence, we happened to see an engraving from Teniers of St. Peter denying Christ, in the front ground of which is a group of persons playing at cards made with *paste-board!* At Windsor there is a painting of Antonio Verrio, of Christ healing the sick, in the presence of the artist himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller and Bap May, surveyor of the works, in long *periwigs!* At Venice may be seen in the church of St. Zacharia, a picture of a virgin and child, to whom an angel is playing the *fiddle!* A thousand instances of these errors might be adduced; but the author does not deal exclusively in these light matters. He qualifies them with fire-side reflections, which are of a much more sober nature, and these again are set off by wild Irish tales, ghost stories, and portraits, and sketches in verse, which combine to make up an agreeable medley.

ART. XII.—*Address of Earl Stanhope, President of the Medico-Botanical Society, for the Anniversary Meeting,* Jan. 16, 1831. 8vo. pp. 28. London: 1831.

WE are always pleased when the time arrives for the periodical delivery of Earl Stanhope's printed address to the Medico-Botanical Society, for the fact itself reminds us of the excellent example of honourable ambition and patient industry, which a nobleman, bred up in the lap of luxury, has set, not merely to his peers, but to every other individual in the country; and further, the contents of those orations generally consist of matter of a very interesting and valuable nature. The noble Earl commences by exhorting the members to be diligent in inquiring into the nature and medical virtues of plants, and he lays before them many happy illustrations which prove the value of earnestly adopting his advice. His lordship then proceeds to notice the most remarkable papers which have been presented during the year. Amongst these are the communications of Dr. Hancock, on the Juribali or Febrifuge Bark Tree, and one of a very important nature from that "distinguished" physician, as the Earl calls him, Dr. Ryan, of Hatton Garden, The paper of that gentleman contains many valuable facts and arguments, tending to show that the Ergot of Rye does not induce the labour of parturient women, but only accelerates it when begun. The noble speaker has some valuable ob-

servations on the guaco plant, which has been proposed for the cure of hydrophobia. This discourse, taken altogether, is well worthy the attention of the public; it is free from all declamation, particularly from that elaborate verbosity beneath which is almost always disguised a woful paucity of ideas. It is plain and practical, full of curious facts and pertinent observations, and the whole is set off by a combination of ardour and sincerity in the pursuit, which qualities certainly cannot be more usefully employed than in urging so opulent and influential a nobleman to the study of science. We may mention that the question for the gold medal for the ensuing year (for which all persons are competent to be candidates,) is, "What is the vegetable substance which could be employed with success in the cure of hydrophobia?"

ART. XIII.—*The Fossil Flora of Great Britain, or Figures and Descriptions of the Vegetable Remains found in a Fossil State in this Country.* 8vo, Part I. By John Lindley, F. R. S. and G. S. and William Hutton, F. G. S. London: Ridgway. 1831.

WE hail this specimen of the Fossil Flora of Great Britain as another proof of the progress of that spirit of improvement, which has now happily insinuated itself into every department of education. If this be, as we conclude it is, a fair sample of the future work, we have no hesitation in saying that we think it will make many converts to the study of geology, and that in itself is a triumph to be envied. The curse of this, as indeed of all sciences, is that it first presents itself to the mind in a fantastic jargon, which at once strikes the student with despair. Geology in particular is prejudiced by this affectation, and it is because this work offers, not difficult and grotesque names in the first instance, but very beautiful and striking resemblances of the natural object itself, that we are disposed to give it our most cordial support. This is effected by means of lithographic plates, which illustrated each specimen; and from the care and neatness of the execution, they are calculated, quite as well as the originals themselves, to answer every possible end which the student or the curious in geological matters may have in view. The number of plates is ten in the present Part, but several of those plates have more than one figure. The management of the able and scientific editors is a sufficient guarantee for the value and accuracy of the work; and we are certain, when completed, that it will do more than most of the geological publications which have yet seen the light, to popularize that most interesting and truly important branch of knowledge.

ART. XIV.—*A Discourse occasioned by the removal into Eternity of the Rev. John Clowes*, M. A., &c. By the Rev. S. Noble. 8vo, p. 43. London, 1831.

THIS discourse gives us a very interesting account of a very interesting person, whose history, for many reasons, will frequently deserve a solemn reference by his contemporaries and posterity. The Rev. Mr. Clowes was a regular and learned clergyman of the church of England, who, at an advanced period of his life, and whilst in the full discharge of his duties as a rector at Manchester, was induced to read the writings of Swedenborg.

The effect, particularly after he had perused the Vera Christiana Religio, was sudden but permanent, and the reverend gentleman became an unreserved apostle of the Swedenborgian doctrine. Mr. Noble tells us, that before Mr. Clowes had been brought over to the new religion, it could not be said, to number amongst its professors, more than above twelve persons throughout the world —but that after that reverend gentleman had revised the creed of Swedenborg, and translated and dispersed the writings of his new master—and further, after having made considerable personal exertions to propagate the novel faith himself, the effect was very striking. In most parts of the kingdom there are now societies of Swedenborgians established—they are found in France, Germany, Sweden, and of course in the United States of America, which must be admitted to bear the palm in respect of the ardour of its hospitality towards new doctrines in general.

Now for our own parts, we feel that it would be just as proper for us to quarrel with Mr. Clowes for choosing smoky Manchester for his residence, as it would be to blame him for giving a preference to the religion of Swedenborg. But what we cannot very easily digest, is this very sterling fact, that after having avowed and taught the peculiar tenets of Swedenborg, he still retained his rectorship as a priest of the church of England, and that too, we believe, until the day of his death. Mr. Noble, with great suavity as well as ingenuity, attempts to palliate this glaring inconsistency, and tells us that the emoluments of the rectorship were consumed, or nearly so, by the expenses of the curacy. What has that fact to do with the principle of the question? If Mr. Clowes was a real Swedenborgian, what business had he to pretend that he was a minister of the church? He must have deceived those who were ignorant of his real faith: and to those who were aware of his double character, he has left this precious sentiment as a legacy, that a man may, with impunity, be a disbeliever in the doctrines of the church, and hold at the same time a confidential office in the ministry of that church. We sincerely hope that such an example will never be imitated, and indeed we cannot see how it can, by any person having honestly and conscientiously changed from one set of religious opinions to another.

ART. XV.—*An Equitable Property Tax: a financial Speculation: and a fair rate of wages to the Labouring Poor.* By a Loyal Briton. 8vo. pp. 24. London.

THE 'Loyal Briton' in this case is, we believe, the Rev. Richard Warner, a gentleman who has been long distinguished for the benevolent and useful attention which he has paid to the interests of the labouring poor. The object of his present tract is to show, which he does by a comparative calculation of receipt and necessary expenditure, that the wages of the labouring poor are altogether inadequate to their maintenance. Considering that the ancient advantages which they possessed in the commons, forests and wastes, and that their cottages in many places have been altogether taken away from them, he insists that it would only be equitable for the landlords to divide all their large farms into two or more smaller ones, none exceeding the annual rent of 300*l.* a year, and not letting more than one farm to the same individual, a practice

which, if universally adopted, would, he thinks, increase the demand for human labour to an indefinite amount. He suggests that, in addition to this, they should grant long leases on a moderate rent, and bind the farmer, in consideration thereof, to 'employ a certain number of labourers at fixed wages; that they should allot to the peasantry on their estates, on just conditions, small portions of land for their own use, build comfortable cottages for them, and manifest at least the same solicitude for them which they feel for the preservation of game'—the effect of all of which favours, if they were conceded by the landlords to the fullest extent of Mr. Warner's wishes, would be just like an experiment to appease the angry ocean by pouring a phial of oil upon its surface! Unless a very extensive system of emigration be adopted and acted upon in the course of a very few years, or unless war, or the cholera morbus, or some such plague, "thin the land," wages must of necessity bear no proportion to the constantly increasing expenses of the necessaries of life.

With respect to the reverend gentleman's proposition of a property tax, that is a much more practicable affair. He would take off all those imposts which press severely upon industry, and supply the amount of them by a tax fairly levied upon property. The proposition is very far from being new; but it is not, therefore, the less worthy of consideration.

ART. XVI.—*Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth, Esq., chiefly for the use of Schools, and Young Persons.* 8vo, pp. 365. London: Moxon. 1831.

THIS school book has long been a desideratum, and it gives us pleasure to find that it has been at length supplied. Although we do not deem ourselves worthy to be enumerated amongst those persons who are so enthusiastic in their admiration of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, that they prefer it to every other in the English language, and speak of it and of its author with a kind of reverence approaching to idolatry, yet we hope that we can feel the beauties of his natural imagery, and the simplicity of his diction, and the fervent glow of his thoughts, as fully as the most devoted of his worshippers. We will not, indeed, swear that "Peter Bell" is the most charming poem that ever was written; yet even in Peter Bell we can recognise some of Wordsworth's most peculiar merits. The selections here extracted from his works are for the most part judiciously made, and the volume is in every respect so well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, that we hope it may find its way very generally into the hands of youth.

ART. XVII.—*A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Bath and Wells, at the Visitation of the Diocese, in May and June,* 1831. 4to. pp. 23. Wells: Backhouse. London: Rodwell and Rivington. 1831.

THE air of Christian charity, of sincerity and truth that breathes throughout this address, must recommend it most powerfully to the attention of the community at large. Dr. Law opens his charge with a formidable picture of the state of the country, in which, however, we do not recognise a single trait of exaggeration: he paints crime of every kind—crime marked too in characters of a deep and unwonted dye, as on the increase; vice stalking abroad in higher life, at noon-day,

unabashed and unconscious of shame; whilst among the lower orders there prevails a spirit of insubordination that brooks no restraint, appearing in frequent instances of cruelty, and midnight depredations, hitherto foreign to the character of our people.' 'And,' adds the Right Rev. Prelate, 'what is of all circumstances the most appalling, the truths and precepts of our holy religion itself, are by many lightly regarded, if not entirely set at nought and despised.' The Bishop, after stating these alarming facts, tells his clergy that the most effectual mode of endeavouring to arrest this general career of sin, is to inculcate a clear knowledge of the uncorruped doctrines of religion, natural and revealed, upon both of which subjects he expatiates at considerable length with his wonted eloquence. 'Let not then,' he recommends, 'the Sunday pass by, so frequently, as of late it hath done, without your displaying to your hearers the goodness of the Almighty, in the formation and providential care of his creatures. Convince them that the line which the Deity has marked out for them by his eternal laws, is the path of virtue. Every act of obedience to the will of our Creator, hath its appropriate inducement and recompence. Kindness is, for the most part, repaid by kindness. Temperance is its own reward. Industry hath in its right hand, length of days; and in its left hand, competence and content.' If the virtuous be sometimes overwhelmed with misfortunes, this is but a proof that there is a better world, in which they shall meet with their reward; nor is this, he contends, the only evidence which natural religion affords of a resurrection from the dead. The Bishop's ideas upon this point have often been inculcated before, but we have never seen them clothed in more persuasive language.

'The mind of man shrinks from, and dreads the idea of annihilation. It looks with fond and anxious hope to future and brighter scenes; to a reunion with those we have loved upon earth made Saints in Heaven. Surely then we are justified in believing that a God of all power, and of all justice, would not have implanted in our Souls this aspiration after, this longing for immortality, if it were a state we are never destined to attain. This feeling then, which gives life a charm; which is the parent of noble thought and action; this, cannot be the groundless vision of the fancy: an expectation which never is to be realized—a desire which never can be granted. Far more consistent is it even with the deductions of our reason alone to believe, that the hope of bursting the bands of death and triumphing over the King of Terrors, is an instinct which will lead to its own fruition; that it is a link which unites earth to heaven, an anticipation which may render us more fit partakers of those joys that are to be revealed.'

It is no part of our object, at present, to enter into those doctrines advanced by the prelate, which many members of his own church, not to speak of the dissenters, strongly contravert. We may observe, however, that his explanation of the intimate connection between faith and good works is as concise as it is exact and eloquent in language. Among the causes of those evils which, he says, the church has to deplore, he particularly notices 'those wild and enthusiastic notions of religion, which are at present so frequently inculcated in conventicles, and sometimes even in our public ways and fields!' The 'tendency of such

preaching,' he adds, 'is too often to reconcile a life of sin with the assuredness of salvation'! The prelate thinks the present systems of toleration and of education rather too unlimited, and as so many causes of the evils which he laments, to which he adds the distressed state of the poor. Upon this latter point he agrees in principle with Mr. Warner, in recommending to those of his clergy who have glebes, to let out to each labourer with a family, a small allotment of land, upon which they might subsist in content and peace. The bishop clearly sees, and would endeavour to stem, the tide of opinion so strongly setting in against the whole system, spiritual and secular of the established church, and prudently concludes with informing his clergy that he is a friend to reform, hoping that they will follow his example. We trust that his advice will not have been given in vain.

ART. XVIII.—*Thoughts on Various Subjects.* By William Danby, Esq., of Swinton Park, Yorkshire. 8vo. pp. 253. London: Rivington. York: Todd. 1831.

WE have here a Second Edition of Mr. Danby's "Ideas and Realities," considerably enlarged, and we may justly add much improved. Wit he aims not at, humour he never affects; and though he would risk occasionally to pass to the lively from the severe, he cannot be charged with much of the buoyant qualities of mirth. His thoughts are such as we may easily suppose likely to float through the mind of a country gentleman, liberally educated, surrounded by useful books, enjoying all the luxuries of a pleasant seat in Yorkshire, and finding employment in his many leisure hours in the soothing occupations of literature. It is something for such a man to be able to say to himself every morning—Well, I shall advance so far in the preparation of my book to day! We can easily understand the feeling with which Mr. Danby sent the proof of his last sheet to the press. It must have been like parting with a friend, who had long been near him, and kept away the blue devils from his library. The general current of his 'thoughts' is sober, religious, and respectable, without being very profound. They are generally clearly, sometimes neatly expressed; as in the following three or four specimens, which we shall cite.

'Life has its pleasures, but the only real ones are those which are doubled on reflection; and they are most felt in the encouragement they give to hope for more.'

'Nothing can add more to the expression of our feelings than laying our hand on the arm of him to whom we are expressing them. It is an *argumentum ad fratrem*, a kind of animal magnetism, an electric chain, that conveys the fluid to the breast of him whom we are addressing ourselves to, if he has feelings to receive it, and if the address is worthy of exciting them. It disposes him to sympathize with us, and to listen to us with the same confidence that we seem to place in him; accordingly it is introduced into the conversation between Yorick and the Mendicant Friar, in the "Sentimental Journey," and it is much more interesting to me to recollect it in one whose example I most wish to follow, and whose memory I have the most reason to respect; my own father. This expression of natural feeling is surely among the most pleasant that can be given, received, or recorded: and if all that accompanies it is in concurrence with it, we cannot well doubt of its sincerity. It has the feeling of truth, and should only be expressive of it.'

'The mind's exertion of its own powers is very sufficient to show that there is much beyond them; and the glimpse that it catches of this is as sure

a proof that it is within the reach of higher intelligence.'

'In all cases of personal attachment between the sexes, the less sensuality there is the better; for whatever degree of sentiment may be mixed with it, it is still the part that draws the human nearer to the mere animal nature, and not the less so for the sentiment that may be mixed with it; for the comparison must be made between the two; Moore's

"O the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,"

ought to be, and will be true, if that love has its proper seat in the mind. And, look we not forward to a far higher love than any that the excitements of this world can inspire? Young most truly says,

"Virtue alone entenders us through life:
I wrong her much; entenders us for ever."

For virtue must be immortal. Nothing that is really good, can be lost; for it must have come from God, and will return to, and abide in Him.'

ART. XIX.—*Translations of the Oxford Latin Prize Poems. First Series.* 8vo. pp. 193. London: Valpy. 1831.

To men of classical education, especially to those who have been educated at the universities, the publication of which we have here the first series, will be eminently acceptable. It is to contain translations of the best Latin poems which have gained prizes at Oxford, and we may observe the interest which the work excites from the long and highly respectable list of subscribers, with which the present volume is ushered into the world. Of the manner in which the translations are executed, we do not hesitate to speak in terms of the highest praise. The energy and modulation of the verse, reminds us in every page of the best days of English poetry. A single example, from the version of Mr. Canning's Pilgrimage to Mecca, will, we think, fully justify our applause.

'What holy rites Mohammed's laws ordain;
What various duties bind his faithful train;
What pious zeal his scatter'd tribes unites
In fix'd observance of these holy rites;
At Mecca's shrine what votive crowds surround
With annual pomp the consecrated ground;
The Muse shall tell:—revolving years succeed,
And Time still venerate Mohammed's creed.
'Nor faint the glory shed o'er Mecca's brow:
Land of the Prophet! dear to fame art thou.
Here first in peace his infant hopes were known;
Here fix'd the Chief his temple and his throne:
Though from thy gates opposing factions here
With stern defiance drove the gifted Seer,
Yet, sacred city of his love! 'twas thine
To heap the earliest incense on his shrine;
To own the terrors of his conquering blade,
And hail with joy the Exile thou hast made.
Yes!—thou art known to fame! to thee, 'tis said,
A voice divine the wandering Abraham led:
Within thy courts, at his command re stored,
Blazed the pure altars of Creation's Lord.
And hence thy race, for ancient faith renown'd,
Surpassing favour with Mohammed found;
His seat of empire hence thy walls became,
And shared for sanctity Mohammed's fame.
Nor strange that hence, with pious gifts array'd,
Thy shrine revered the Moslem tribes invade;

Such duteous zeal the Prophet's laws demand,
And fabled raptures of his promis'd land.
For woe to him, who ne'er with awe profound
At Mecca's shrine hath kiss'd the holy ground:
For him, denied celestial joys to share,
No blooming Houris shall his couch prepare;
But his the doom, where countless horrors reign,
To feel a dark eternity of pain;
Of deep remorse the bitter tear to shed,
Each hope of Paradise for ever fled.'—pp. 3—5.

ART. XX.—*Stories for Young Children.* By the Author of "Conversations on Chemistry," &c. 12mo, pp. 103. London: Longman, &c. 1831.

A VERY pretty little book, well calculated to explain to children, in language which they may easily comprehend, many of the common objects which at first puzzle their uninformed minds, such as the building of houses, the planting of trees, the manufacture of bricks, the cutting of glass, and some of the simplest elements of mechanics. The incidents of the stories in which these things are explained are natural and sufficiently attractive.

ART. XXI.—1. *Pietas Privata.—The Book of Private Devotion: A series of Prayers and Meditations; with an Introductory Essay on Prayer, chiefly from the writings of Hannah More.*

2. *Daily Communings, Spiritual and Devotional.* By the Right Rev. George Horne. London: Nisbet, 1831.

WE are glad to meet with such publications as these, for never was there a period, perhaps, in the history of the world, when they were so much wanted. Mrs. Hannah More's religious feelings are well known—her whole life having been one round of dedication to pious and benevolent thoughts. Dr. Horne's 'Communings' form a complete manual of religion in themselves. A passage is selected from the Psalms, which is slightly amplified, and at the same time expounded, in the prayer, or rather we might call it the aspiration that follows it; and thus a small volume is composed, which may be said to contain the spiritual essence of the whole Book of the Psalms. One of these prayers is appropriated to each day in the year. The two volumes are beautifully printed, and would easily find room in a gentleman's waistcoat-pocket, or a lady's reticule.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Thunder Storms.—In England, thunder-storms generally occur in the afternoon. Of thirty-five remarkable ones which are noticed in the Philosophical Transactions, twenty-seven commenced between noon and midnight; generally it was about three or four in the afternoon. One lasted all day, and the remaining seven were in the morning.

Flower Stakes.—No person who is fond of flowers should think of using wooden laths to support them. A much more substantial, as well as an infinitely more elegant substitute for the lath will be found in the delicate iron stakes

which are now manufactured for that purpose, and which are particularly well calculated for sustaining all the tall growing plants, such as fuschias, georginas, pinks, and others which require protection against high winds. The evil of wood is, that it soon becomes decayed, and easily yielding to the blast, both plant and stake fall at once to the ground. Moreover, the iron rod from its slightness is much less conspicuous than the wood, and consequently tends in no degree to diminish the natural beauty of the plant to which it lends assistance.

Red Spiders.—These insects are the pest of some gardens. It is recommended by an experimentalist, that the leaves of plants which they infest, should be frequently syringed on both sides with clear water, which has been found completely to destroy them. In green-houses the same effect may be produced, by the application of steam.

Atmospheric Tides.—It has been inferred with a great degree of probability, from a variety of ascertained facts, that there exists an analogy between the lunar influence on the tides of the ocean and the temperature of the atmosphere. During the last winter, the lowest degree of temperature, both in London and Paris, was in each period of frost the day, or day but one, after one of the lunar quarters.

Elevation of Territory.—From observations that have been made by Boblaye, in the Morea and Egina, it appears that the whole soil of the Peninsula has risen considerably, not in a continuous manner, but by sudden starts, so that the grounds abandoned by the sea, are marked out in steps or layers, in irregular gradations.

Mr. Campbell.—This gentleman has of late been a watcher of the dead. The breath had scarcely quitted the frame of Sir Thomas Lawrence, when the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" was proclaimed as already engaged upon the memoirs of the illustrious artist. The task, however, if ever really undertaken, was soon abandoned. Now, again, a similar trick is played off with respect to Mrs. Siddons, who was no sooner buried than her will was opened, bequeathing to the same gentleman the task of celebrating her name to all posterity. It is said that she has left considerable materials for her biography: if so, we hope that they will be consigned to some person who *really will* make use of them.

Cholera Morbus.—It is reported that this dreadful malady has already found its way to Vienna, and to Pest in Hungary. It appears from the Riga Medical Report up to the morning of the 15th of June, that the total number of hospital patients was 1,386; cured, 308; dead, 798; house patients, 1,226; cured, 558; dead, 488. Total, 2,612: cured, 866; dead, 1,286; and left, 466. The physicians say that the disease is now of a much milder character than at first. From the 31st of May to the 1st June, there were only twenty-four deaths; from the 1st (13th) to the 2d (14th) thirty-one deaths, but only seventy-nine new cases. From the 2d (14th) to the 3d (15th) twenty-nine, and eighty-five new cases, whilst hitherto upwards of 100 people were daily attacked. The number of hospital deaths alone was from sixty to seventy daily.

M. Bonpland. — Tidings have been at length received of this eminent naturalist. From a letter written by him to a friend at Buenos Ayres, it appears, notwithstanding all the reports which have been

propagated to the contrary, that he has been at perfect liberty during the whole period of his stay in Paraguay. He was latterly getting opulent, which appears to have been the real cause of his dismissal. He quite regrets his departure, if we are to believe the language of his epistle. "In order," he says, "to put an end to the melancholy suppositions which you and all my friends must naturally have made relative to my existence during the nine years of my detention in Paraguay, I must tell you, that I have passed as happy a life as could be expected by one deprived of all communication with his country, his family, and his friends. The practice of medicine has always afforded me the means of subsistence; but as this did not entirely occupy my time, I employed myself, from disposition and necessity, in agriculture, which has given me infinite enjoyments. At the same time I had established a manufactory of brandy and liqueurs, and likewise a carpenter's and a blacksmith's shop, which not only defrayed the expenses of my agricultural establishment, but yielded some profits from the work performed for private individuals. In this manner I had acquired the means of living with the greatest comfort. On the 12th of May, 1829, without any preliminary, the authorities of Santiago communicated to me the order of the Supreme Director to leave the country. This intimation was a mixture of justice and wrong, which I cannot yet account for in a positive manner. In short, driven about from the 12th of May, 1829, to 2d of February, 1831—that is, during twenty months and twenty days—I at length passed the Parana with all the honours of war. This second epoch of my life in Paraguay has been real punishment to me. I had never given any one cause of complaint,—I had endeavoured to gain the esteem of all. Even the Supreme Dictator, from my arrival in the republic until the 12th of May, 1829, had allowed me the greatest liberty, and the heads of the department in which I was domiciliated treated me with kindness. At last, as every thing has an end, the director definitively decreed my departure from Paraguay, and has done it in the most generous manner. I am at liberty, and soon hope to embrace you."

Optical deception.—Upon the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, when the carriages are proceeding at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles an hour, the rail, as well as the trees and houses on each side, seem to the eye of the traveller to move in a contrary direction; but when the speed is doubled, though the trees and houses still appear to preserve their contrary progress, the iron rail on the road seems to move in the direction of the carriages, and as it were to emulate their velocity. This is the effect of an optical deception. The rails have, at certain distances, slight irregularities in their junction with each other, which, when the velocity is moderate, are sufficient to arrest the eye in passing, and to give them an appearance, while they are passed, of receding in a contrary direction. But when the speed is greatly increased, these irregularities are no longer discernible;—there is nothing seen upon the rails to shew that any particular part is passed by, and the whole seems to move with the carriages, whereas the trees and houses are still sufficiently defined objects, and still seem to have been passed by as before.

Philosopher Walker.—It is with much regret we learn that the

daughter of the late Adam Walker, a man who rendered so many services to his country, whose life indeed is truly said to have been one continued and devoted effort to increase the intelligence, and advance the interests, and improve the condition of the human species, is now a widow, with a son and daughter wholly unprovided for, and is left exposed to the want of the common necessaries of existence. Assuredly some provision ought to be made for the descendants of an individual, who has deserved at least fully as well of his country as most of the great sinecurists by whose pensions it is burthened.

Mr. Roscoe.—The literary world has recently lost one of the most distinguished, as well as the most venerable of its members, in Mr. Roscoe, who was long known to the public as an elegant historian, and an honest patriot. He had reached his 80th year, and died on Thursday, the 30th of June, at his house in Lodge-lane, Liverpool. We are given to understand that the life and correspondence of Mr. Roscoe are already in preparation for the press by some of the members of his family. These, together with his miscellaneous works on a variety of important subjects, will be printed uniformly with an octavo edition of the Lives of Lorenzo and Leo X. The correspondence, we understand, embraces a period of nearly sixty years, during which this celebrated writer was in the habit of communicating with the most distinguished characters of the age, both literary and political.

Steam Carriages.—There is little doubt that these vehicles will soon be brought to a degree of perfection, which will enable them to be applied to the purposes of conveyance both of goods and passengers on the high road. Messrs. Heaton, of Birmingham, have recently obtained a patent for such a combination of contrivances, which are already separately known, as makes their steam carriages better calculated to overcome the inequalities of roads than any other now in use. They may be turned round the sharpest corner with as much ease as a stage coach. In order to prevent the loss of speed caused upon rail-roads by ascents, Messrs. Vignoles and Ericson have added a third rail in the centre of the road, proportioned to the requisite distance, in which rail there are teeth that catch a central wheel contrived for the purpose of assisting the vehicle up the inclined plane.

Church Patronage.—The Duke of Buccleugh inherits no fewer than thirty patronages in Scotland. The following is a list of the parishes whose ecclesiastical livings are at his disposal:—Dalkeith, Kirknewtown, Inveresk, Hawick, Wiltown, St. Boswell's, Melrose, Middlebie, Dornock, Hoddam, Kirkmichael, Langholm, Canobie, Castletown, Ewes, Westerkirk, Eskdale Muir, Terregles, Kirkmachoe, Kirkbean, Colvend, Lochrutton, Penport, Keir, Glencairn, Tynron, Kirkconnel, Durrisdeer, Morton, Sanquhar.

Joan of Arc.—A most remarkable monument has lately been discovered at Orleans. It is no other than the greater part of the turrets of the old bridge that formed so distinguished a scene in that interesting episode of the history of France, of which Joan of Arc was the heroine.

Bees.—By the successful mode in which Mr. Nutt manages his bees, he contrives to obtain from one hive, in the course of five years, nearly eight hundred pounds of honey, clear of all charges. His plan is not only thus productive beyond all others, but he never loses a bee, unless by natural demise or mere accident. There is no swarm-

ing, no tinkling of the pan. The insects have abundance of room, and are constantly employed during the gathering season. We hope that he may be induced to favour the public with the particulars of his mode of management; indeed he owes it to the winged nations, for whose welfare he has so long and so fortunately laboured.

New Motive Power.—A letter was recently read at the Academy of Sciences in Paris, in which the writer asserted that he had discovered a new moving power, resulting from a combination of two chemical agents with a certain mechanical principle, which is applicable to every species of labour, and particularly to locomotion on public roads. He does not give any further explanations, waiting, we suppose, for the perfection of his patent.

Etruscan Antiquities.—It is said that Sir William Gell has recently made some valuable discoveries of Etruscan antiquities, anterior to the Roman era, which he is engaged in preparing for publication.

Prize Essay.—The Medico-Botanical Society of London have resolved that their gold medal should be offered for the best essay in the English, French, German or Latin language, on the question, "What is the vegetable substance which could be employed with success in the cure of Hydrophobia?"—and that their silver medal should be offered for the best essay "On the medicinal qualities and uses of any indigenous plant which is not yet sufficiently known, or on new uses and applications of any other indigenous plants," provided that such essays possess sufficient merit, that they should be received till the close of the present year, and that the medals should be bestowed at the next anniversary.

Sour Beer.—Most housekeepers must have found a difficulty in preserving their beer from turning sour in summer weather. Upon the supposition that acidity is produced by the introduction of too much atmospheric air into the cask, through the vent hole, a little invention has been suggested, which seems capable of counteracting that evil. Instead of opening the vent to the air, it is placed in communication with a copper ball filled with carbonic acid gas. The ball is screwed into the cask: and it has a small cock, which is opened as soon as the beer ceases to run through the brass cock below, and admits a quantity of the gas; this gas pressing on the liquid, not only causes it to run out with facility, but also impregnates it with a gas such as we may observe in the manufacture of soda water.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We can assure the author of the Welsh Tales that we expected to meet in his work not much more than the ordinary share of nonsense. We have been indeed surprised to find so much of that common quality in his letter. He cannot deliberately suppose that our object was to injure him. He is an old reviewer, he says; if so, we presume that he judges of us from what he would have done himself under similar circumstances.

The Rev. Mr. Potter has addressed us in almost a similar tone; as if indeed we never can pass judgment upon any literary work without being influenced by personal motives. We have not the honour of the reverend gentleman's acquaintance; and, until we saw his book, never heard even of his name. How then is it possible that we should be liable to the charge which he, rather angrily, brings against us?

To M. M. we answer, that the question of Church Reform is one which we shall take leave to treat in our own way. We shall be glad, however, to profit of his suggestions. Upon the same subject we must inform Londinensis *that his threats of denouncement have no effect whatever upon the editor of this journal. A public prosecution indeed! The Age of the Inquisition has passed, and let him take care whether he may not be only hastening to pull down the house about his own ears!*

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